THE FOURTH CHRISTY PICTURE—"THE REVOLUTIONARY GIRL"

PICTORIAL REVIEW

JUNE
1912

FIFTEEN
CENTS

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY NEW YORK

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Next month's cover will be The Pioneer Girl, the dashing girl of the glorious Middle West. Following this come The Dixie Girl, The Western Girl and then, best of all, The Girl Queen of Today. These are pictures of manly men and beautiful women, resonant with the spirit of chivalry and romance. Each one has its lesson to impart to the youthful American, for every one of these pictures depicts an important period in American history.

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On this condition—

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The Quaker Oats Company—Sole Makers, Chicago

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE

Volume XIII
Number IX

June
1912

A Frank Talk to the Newly Married

IF Aunt Myra had not come one hundred and fifty miles to attend the wedding of her favorite niece, this editorial never would have been written.

She was sitting in a corner of the parlor, watching the gathering of guests for the dinner which her sister was giving in honor of the bridal party. Suddenly the bride-to-be gripped the elder woman's hand and whispered:

"There's Jack—stopping to speak to Mother. Oh, Aunt Myra, isn't he *splendid*? There isn't another man like him in the whole world!"

What Aunt Myra saw was a wholesome looking young man of medium height, with a figure that would some day become "pudgy," with irregular but pleasant features, small, twinkling eyes and stubborn hair. He was the type of man to bring home friends unannounced, to become absorbed in his morning paper, to forget to order the coal, and to consider life too short to worry about trifles.

A few minutes later, Jack sat beside Aunt Myra, watching his heart's desire flutter from guest to guest. He turned impulsively to the gray haired little woman and murmured:

"Isn't she adorable? I don't think I'm half good enough for her."

And what Aunt Myra saw this time was a slim young woman, at least an inch taller than her intended, with shoulders that stooped just a trifle, a mouth which was a bit too large for the rest of her features, but which fortunately disclosed beautiful teeth, a fair complexion and dull brown hair—just an average girl whose face was illuminated by great happiness. A girl, too, whose quick movements and retraced steps suggested impulsiveness and irritability, instantly regretted.

Aunt Myra studied Jack, an inscrutable smile playing about her lips. He did not speak again. He was glaring at one of the ushors who was evidently paying too much attention to the bride of to-morrow.

And no one dreamed that right out of the chatter and laughter, a queer little prayer made its way heavenward.

"Oh, dear Lord, mix in a little common sense with their love. Let her see, before it's too late, that he's just a man like her father and the brothers she's lived with all these years, and must be treated accordingly. And make it clear to him that she's cut off the same strip as his mother and sisters."

ALL over this beautiful, June-kissed land, there are weddings and rumors of weddings. May blossoms have given way to bride roses. Misty veils are settling upon fair heads. And hundreds of Myras are saying:

"There's not another man like him in all the world."

And there never will be, if only each Myra mixes a fair measure of common sense in with this wonderful new love which she means to use in glorifying her Jack's prosaic existence. It will take a lot of common sense to receive the unannounced guest with a smile and to serve the warmed-over Sunday dinner with grace. More common sense will be needed to forgive Jack for not ordering the much needed coal, and still more to refrain from nagging at him about trifles which a man prefers to ignore.

"But," demands some astonished Myra, "why should I have to contribute all the common sense?"

You don't. We are merely starting with your side of this beautiful life partnership. Jack will get a word or so later. Then, too, you see, so many marriages are wrecked because the bride builds her happiness on a shifty foundation, an idealized figure, a dream knight behind which stands the real man, her seven-days-in-the-week husband. She endows him with qualifications and characteristics which he does not possess, the stuff that the gods were made of. Vaguely he has felt this and tried to put himself straight in her eyes. He has even gone so far as to tell her a few blunt truths about himself. But she closes her ears and proceeds to set him up on a pedestal, only to pull him down again before the honeymoon is over.

And when you come to think of it, this is not fair to the man. He has been honest, and he at least has the right to be taken at his own estimate of himself.

How much better it is if the bride-to-be opens her eyes to her beloved's weaknesses and faults, and then decides that she loves him despite these defects and can be content with him—and them.

You girls who have lived your young lives among fathers and brothers (pretty good men-folk at that) ought to be prepared for a few utterly human or masculine faults in the men you marry. You have no right to expect perfection. Do you expect to leave your own small faults at the wedding altar, to walk away in your white robes, a perfect being in whom a husband will find no flaw, physical, mental or spiritual?

Of course not!

Then why expect your young husband to pick up perfection at the marriage altar?

LOOK back over the days of your engagement. Jack lived with his mother, seeing you only at intervals, regular and frequent, no doubt, but still he saw you less than his mother. He spent part of his time at business. He did not cut all his old friends just because he was engaged. He even dropped into his club or lodge occasionally.

And you approved of all he did. You did not pursue him with jealous thoughts, with telephone messages, with hysterical letters. You were courteous to his family and showed them the usual social attentions expected of a fiancée. You were charming to his old friends. You wanted them to approve the engagement. You listened to the funny stories he brought back from the club or lodge, and you admired the smallest trinket he brought you for Christmas, birthday or anniversary.

Incidentally *you* have done your duty by your family, kept up your social connections, lived your own personal life, in fact, have maintained your individuality. Why should all this be changed after marriage?

You will see even more of Jack now. Every night he will come home to you. Aside from his business interests, you will be the center around which all his life revolves. He has chosen you before all women, and most of the time when he is away from you, he is working for you.

And yet we know of some young wives who never will understand this.

If he is five minutes late, you demand an explanation.

If he telephones that he will be detained an hour at the store or office, you work yourself up into a frenzy, and humiliate yourself and him by telephoning in fifteen or twenty minutes to make sure he told the truth and is really there.

If he stops off to see his mother or sister of whose illness he has learned by telephone, you accuse him of disloyalty to the wife waiting for him at home. You could have gone down with him after supper.

If an out-of-town friend, stopping at the local hotel, declines your invitation to dinner because he is travel worn or is expecting a customer any minute, you resent your husband's stopping down-town to dine with his old acquaintance. You rush off to tell Mother that Jack is already weary of the home you are slaving to make for him.

If he suggests spending an evening at his club or lodge, you suddenly discover that any organization from which wives are barred must be a den of iniquity.

And all this time, you are going your own sweet way, turning the key in your door and flitting off as you will, spending whole days with your mother, lunching with one friend, having tea with another, and attending meetings of the church guild, the musical or bridge club. You are living your own life precisely as if your mother and Jack had changed places.

Do you think that it's quite fair for you to go scot free as an individual, while Jack is nagged about every move he makes?

Give him an occasional evening off. You allow the hired girl that privilege, you know. Invite his men friends to your house. Study them, make them *your* friends and then occasionally turn him out to graze with them.

Every normal man likes to get away from home and petticoats once in a while. Don't think because he has so good a time at his man-managed, man-and-smoke-infested club or lodge, that he is tired of you. Far from it—he'll appreciate you all the more.

A little bit of faith, a little more tact, a lot of love, with common sense pressed down and running over—these are happiness insurance!

IF Jack is the average man, he needs common sense in starting household accounts with his bride. For every man who is born stingy, there are ninety-nine made stingy by their own folly. They start the new home off on a wild, unsystematic business basis.

"Go ahead and get what you like," says Jack in the first flush of honeymoon happiness. And the little bride takes him at his word and is extravagant, only to be pulled up with a sharp jerk that hurts, to be stung with unjust criticism of her bad management and eventually to decide that men turn brutes after marriage.

If you expect your wife to be a sane and sensible manager of your home, an efficient spending partner, be honest with her. Don't be "romantic" in money matters. That's one place above all others where you need common sense.

When you asked her to marry you, you gave her a pretty fair idea of your financial prospects. Now sit down and be specific. Let her see the figures which represent your income and her share of it; how much you need to conduct your business; how much she will have to run the home; how much you intend to reserve for your personal expenses, clothing, etc., and what her personal allowance is to be. Don't forget the last item. It makes your wife respect you and herself, and it puts her on her honor.

Don't be afraid to let your wife see that you consider yourself the business head of the concern. Women respect men who know how to run their business. They like to be consulted. They like to have the business confidence of their husbands, but they admire a man keen and strong enough to say decisively, "This is the best thing to do."

If you want to hold your wife's respect, remain master of your house. This does not mean ignoring your wife's wishes, nor riding over her good judgment in domestic matters. It is the delicate balancing of your relations, whereby you defer to your wife in all things which constitute her realm, and yet remain the power which influences her nature and all that she does. It is the indefinable quality in a man which commands a woman's respect and love while it casts out fear. The happy wife is she who believes in her husband, depends upon him, looks up to him, and yet knows that to him she is superior in that finer, subtler way which makes men reverence women.

Don't let your wife fall into the way of thinking that she conferred a great favor on you by marrying you. A marriage which is a favor on either side is bound to be a failure. It ought to be a partnership, exquisitely balanced. She assumes the responsibility of making the home, you of supporting it. She gives up some girlish pleasures, some measure of freedom. You give up in equal measure the comradeship of men, your independence after business hours. She must sacrifice to be the mother of your children. You must sacrifice for both her and the children. She and those children are going to look to you for all things material. It is a wonderful privilege to keep a family together, to educate them, to see them "make good," to watch your name pass unstained to the next generation and the next.

But you will lose half the reward of the sacrifices you both make, you will never quite touch the heights of wedded happiness in a splendidly balanced family life, unless you start out right, with common sense stirred into all the rainbow colorings of Love.

A LITTLE CIVIL STRIFE

By Lucile Baldwin Van Slyke

Illustrations by Edwin F. Bayha

BUD Bronson had company. His distinguished guest, Randolph Bronson of Chicago, was a year older than his host and somewhat condescending in his manner. The awe he roused in his cousin's heart, he also inspired in all his cousin's friends. As soon as Bud realized that he was shining in the reflected glory of the grand manner, his spirits rose to such heights, that he ventured an occasional "Dolphy" instead of the tremulous "you" which had pervaded his conversation during the first days of the visit.

"Co-ed!" ridiculed Randolph, as they scuffed across the gravel path to the academy. "Well, I don't think much of that system."

"We didn't have it until this year," apologized Bud. "Honest we didn't, Dolphy. The girls' school went and burned down, and they had to come over here."

"Oh, well," allowed Dolphy grudgingly, "of course you couldn't very well help it then; but women are a fierce proposition."

"They are," agreed Bud gloomily. "I don't want nothin' to do with 'em—any more."

But he was bowing elaborately, a moment later, as Helena Sherman and her chum, Betty Forbes, passed them.

"That brown-eyed one is the real peach," murmured Dolphy. "Pity you wouldn't knock a fellow down to a girl like that."

"She *looks* all right," sputtered Bud, "but she is the most heartless—well—er—heartless, you know."

"Ever trun you down?" queried Dolphy.

"Me? Well, I guess not," lied Bud stoutly; "but a fellow I know told me some things about her."

"Girls like that ought to be taught a lesson," said Randolph sternly. "If I was going to be here long enough, I'd like the chance of doing it."

Bud grunted.

"'Spose the girls will just run everything?" suggested Dolph.

"Oh, no," said Bud. "We'll let some of them on committees once in a while or something like that, but that's about all."

"You oughtn't to start that even," advised Dolphy. "They'll be at everything if you do."

"Great campus," he admitted a moment later, waving his arm at the broad expanse known as the school lot. "Pretty nice little building, too. Shame the girls got into it. You mark my word, you'll never get 'em out. 'Spose you have a lot of old-maid teachers running things, too, don't you? In Chicago they put a bunch of 'em in. We fellows couldn't stand for that sort of thing; so we started self-government in a lot of classes."

"So?" asked Bud.

As they were passing the Shermans' home a few moments later, Helena called out sweetly:

"Bud, could you put this letter in the box when you go past the corner?"

The two boys stopped. The girls giggled shamelessly.

"We were just thinking of making some lemonade. It's so hot," added Helena artlessly.

"I'm great on squeezing lemons," put in Mr. Randolph Bronson.

"Bud," said Helena with great formality, "if you'd introduce your friend, we might ask him to help us make it."

Bud growled out the introductions.

"I guess we will have to decline the pleasure," he announced haughtily, "though I shall be very pleased to mail your letter. My mother expects us home soon."

"She doesn't expect me," suggested Dolphy. "I think I'll stay, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I'd just as lief stay a little while," grunted Bud, glaring at them all.

In the kitchen he spilled sugar on the floor, broke a tumbler and jammed the ice pick into his hand. Betty rummaged in the cupboard and found court-plaster for him; but Helena and Dolphy only laughed at his wound. From time to time, Dolphy vouchsafed amazing winks in his cousin's direction. Helena seemed entranced with her new acquaintance. Her funny little giggle bubbled merrily through the conversation. When they finally carried the pitcher and glasses out to the veranda, she sank, breathless from laughter, into the hammock. Dolphy promptly slid into the other side of the swing.

"Who asked you to sit there?" she asked saucily.

"Law of gravitation," asserted Dolphy calmly. "I had to do it."

Betty and Helena laughed long at this brilliant bit of repartee; but Bud, perched awkwardly on the veranda railing, refused to smile.

"You wouldn't let him sit there, Nella Sherman," he cried out in sudden rage, "if you knew all the things he said about you girls."

The hammock stopped as Helena brought her feet to the floor with a bang.

"What things?" she demanded.

Bud grinned joyously.

"Oh, he thinks we ought to throw all you girls out of the academy."

Betty and Helena stared at Mr. Randolph Bronson. He was undoubtedly blushing. Bud grinned still more cheerfully.

"You go on and ask him," he suggested wickedly.

"I—I— s—s—simply m—m—meant," stammered Dolphy, as he began his excuses; "I—I—I didn't th—think— that is I—" He straightened slowly and began to speak very clearly as he finished. "I thought it was all right for the fellows, just great for the fellows in fact; but it must be pretty tough on the girls in this town, after having a nice school of their own, to have to go and let a lot of rough fellows run their affairs. I couldn't help thinking it," he finished modestly, "when Bud, here, was telling me a few minutes ago that they weren't going to let you girls run anything."

This brazen bit of perfidy left Bud speechless. The hammock began to sway very gently again.

"It is fierce," sighed Helena. "Last year I was president of our class and Betty was poetess, but I don't suppose we'll get in a single thing this year."

"I could get you on some committees," put in Bud so eagerly that he fell over the veranda railing. He picked himself up from the grass, painfully conscious of the three laughing faces peering over at him.

"I guess I won't bother to go back up on the porch," he growled. "Thanks for the drinks. Dolph and I have to go."

"What's your hurry?" drawled Dolphy. "The girls aren't tired of me yet."

"Oh, Buddie," prattled Betty, "you never told us what a jollier your cousin was!"

"Ye gods, she thinks I'm a trifler!" shouted Dolphy melodramatically.

Bud could not see anything humorous in these remarks. But the others seemed to think them excessively funny, for they were indulging in still more violent laughter. In the general confusion Betty managed to fall into the hammock. The strained ropes gave an ominous crack and broke with a snap that sent them all sprawling to the floor.

"Now see what you've done," sputtered Bud, as he yanked Helena to her feet and held out a grudging hand to Betty. Dolph pulled himself out of the tangles and limped gracefully to the nearest chair. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

"It's that old ankle I hurt at football last year," he murmured. "Don't pay any attention to me. I'll be all right soon."

The girls flew into the house for arnica and witch-hazel.

"I wouldn't be surprised," breathed Helena excitedly, as she tore strips of cloth from her sister's best petticoat, "if he had to stay here for weeks and weeks."

"I'll never forgive myself," sniffed Betty. "If I hadn't fallen in, it wouldn't have fallen down and he wouldn't have fallen out! He'll probably just adore you—they always do after accidents," she ended with an envious sigh.

On the veranda Bud was regarding his cousin seriously.

"Do you think it's broke?" he asked anxiously.

"Broke, nothing!" whispered Dolphy. "I'm just getting that heartless girl on a string. Told you I would if I got a chance."

"See here," began Bud hotly, "if you think I'm going to shut up and let you put up this kind of a game on my best girl——"

"*Your best!*" broke in Dolph. "Gee, you said——" He rolled about in glee, as he remembered what Bud had said. "Stung!" he chuckled softly and closed his eyes as the girls came hurrying out.

He rose with effort and leaned heavily on Bud's shoulder.

"It's a little better now," he said drawing deep breaths. "I guess I can get back to my aunt's if I go slow."

"I can take you in Fred's pony cart if you don't mind the baby looks of it," suggested Helena hopefully. "Bud, you go right out to the barn and hitch up Ginger. You know where all the harness things are."

An enraged boy and two sympathetic girls helped the injured one into the pony cart a few moments later.

"I'll drive him over and bring Ginger right back," said Bud.

"I'll drive him," insisted Helena. "Ginger acts simply fierce if any one heavy gets in the cart."

The pony trotted sedately for the first block. Then he stopped and looked wickedly around.

"Go on," said Helena clucking. "Go on, Gin dear."

Ginger stood still. Helena slapped the lines briskly.

"Please go on," she coaxed.

At length she got out cautiously and patted the maddening little beast.

"We've all spoiled him," she apologized, with a red face. "I do hope your foot isn't just killing you. Probably Gin will go all right when I really get him started."

"I can stand it," said Dolph politely. "My little sister has a pony that acts the same way; so I don't mind."

After much persuasion, Ginger started slowly down the avenue. But as his anxious driver leaned back a moment against the basket's rim, he wheeled sharply and trotted back toward home.

This time they both got out and almost pushed him around. They clambered in, Helena clucking somewhat faintly. She was almost in tears; she hated the pony for making such a fool of her. Bud passed at the next corner.

"You'd better let me take him," he suggested, as Ginger balked for the third time.

"I will not," snapped Helena grimly. "If you'd stop tagging along, Bud Bronson, I could make him go lots better. You know he always stops when he thinks you're going to give him sugar!"

It was after six o'clock when they finally reached the Bronsons' house.

"Thank you so much," breathed Dolph, leaning elegantly on Bud's shoulder once more. "I'll never forget how awfully kind hearted you were, Miss Helena. I tell you I'm pretty sorry I have to go back to Chicago to-morrow, but I'll send you some postals once in a while if you'll let me."

Ginger bolted suddenly and whirled the cart about in a mad rush for his supper.

"Good afternoon, Mister Bronson," Helena called in an embarrassed farewell over her shoulder. "I'm awfully sorry you got hurt in our hammock. 'By, Bud!"

She slashed viciously at the little horse as they dashed homeward.

"You're the hatefullest old beast I ever saw," she muttered. "I wish I'd never loved you at all when I was young."

THE first postal came two days later. She showed it to Betty in geometry class. Betty held it up behind her book to see it better, and Bud, passing to the blackboard, caught a glimpse of the tender missive. He broke three pieces of chalk in making his diagram.

Two weeks later the Greek history teacher, Miss Seamans, made a startling little speech to her class one morning.

"One of our pupils," she began primly, "has a friend in a Chicago school who has taken the pains to explain to her the working plan used in their history classes for self-government. After thinking the matter over carefully, I have decided that should you desire to try it, I am willing to permit a two weeks' trial of the scheme. Miss Sherman," she said, "will you be good enough to present the plan to the class?"

Helena rose. Her voice trembled sweetly and her cheeks flushed with joyous excitement. Bud listened, dazed. He caught only occasional words in her enthusiastic speech, for his brain was whirling at the amazing perfidy of Randolph Bronson. Helena was explaining the very plan that Randolph had flaunted proudly on the academy steps so short a time before. Evidently he had been writing more than postals.

It was a beautiful plan. The recitation room was to be called Athens and the recitations were to become sessions of the Areopagus. Five archons were to be elected to rule and Miss Seamans was to be styled the lecturer. New archons were to be elected every two weeks, the ex-archons becoming a sort of advisory board called "The Tribunal." The rest of the class was the "hoi polloi." When the matter was put to a vote, everybody except Bud Bronson wanted to try it.

Helena smiled discreetly at Betty.

A committee to frame the laws was appointed. Helena, three other girls and one boy were elected archons, and the government started with a flourish. The whole school buzzed with the excitement of the game. Within a week Miss Seamans' class had become very popular, and the school paper had printed a neat little eulogy of the innovation.

Things went very well for a few weeks. The preliminary examinations, however, were not a distinct success, and Miss Seamans insinuated to Helena that the classroom was becoming an altogether too noisy Athens.

Helena, as chairman of the tribunal, presented a few amendments to the constitution the next day. The amendments provided for stringent fines for a classified list of misdemeanors; a committee for the collection of said fines, and an act permitting the funds accruing from the enforcement of said fines, to be expended for the benefit of the community. These important reforms were effected in spite of a ringing speech against them by Citizen Bronson. Much improvement resulted, for Helena, as chairman of the enforcement committee, ruled with a firm hand. Bud came in late one morning. He slammed the door and flopped heavily into his seat. Helena, an important little Portia, was expounding the laws of Solon. In the midst of her speech, Bud began scribbling industriously on the back of his note-book. Helena's curious eyes fell upon it.

"Dance com.," scrawled his pencil. "Myself—Fred R.—Ducky J.—G. B.—Nick Shafer—NO GIRLS."

Helena's lips tightened scornfully as she sat down. When she rose to read the list of fines at the close of the session, she had her revenge.

"Citizen R. Bronson," she read clearly, "late to assembly—two cents; disorderly conduct—two cents; attending to personal business during session—two cents. There are no other delinquents."

The assembly voted to uphold the fines. Bud kicked angrily up-stairs to the reference room and buried himself in the first book he could find.

"Hate girls!" he thought hotly. "Always butting in and running things! I'd like to get good and even with Nella Sherman, I would. Fresh thing!" He turned a leaf angrily, glared at the page without reading it and flapped down another as he saw the teacher watching suspiciously. Suddenly a funny little grin spread over his freckled face. He was reading—reading something so interesting he could not read fast enough. The volume was a hitherto hated one, a fat one prescribed for supplementary reference to "Gk. Hist. II."

After school he held mysterious conversations with many Athenians, in which he thoughtfully presented to them how few times, comparatively, the male citizens had held office.

When the session was called to order the next morning, he rose and laid a lengthy petition on the lecturer's desk.

"I beg permission to read said petition."

The Areopagus, curious, voted him leave. He began calmly, as became a statesman, with guarded statements about the enormous good accomplished by the establishment of the community. But glaring defects had insidiously crept in! Because of this he burst forth into an impassioned appeal to his fellow-citizens.

"Self-government?" he cried scornfully. "Self-government? Bah! We are bound down by needless laws and red tape, until we have no liberties. The veriest primary child has more rights than these archonesses, composed so largely of those to whom the privileges of this school were granted, only because they had burned down their own, allow the majority of us. We sit weakly by, day after day, and let them wrest our rights from us! We are terrorized, terrorized as Pisistratus, as the forty tyrants terrorized our—our—well, the old 'Thenians. Even those ancient Greeks rose against their unjust masters! And furthermore, anyhow, we are decent American citizens. I think you will agree with me, my brothers and sensible sisters, that it's degrading for us to submit to foolish, old, second-hand, foreign forms of dead government!"

He sat down, loudly applauded by his fellows. A startled silence followed. Helena was too stunned to speak, the other girls too scared. Miss Seamans' head was bent tremulously over her record book and her shoulders were shaking.

"I think," she said at length, "that this is too serious a charge to settle at once, perhaps; but, nevertheless, if you desire to vote whether the government shall continue, I am willing to allow ten minutes for the purpose."

Bud jumped briskly to the floor, ready now to play the card he had up his sleeve.

"In the Kitchen He Spilled Sugar on the Floor, Broke a Tumbler and Jammed the Ice Pick into His Hand"

"I move this government have a revolution and dissolve," he cried.

"I second the motion," shouted Fred Russell.

Helena caught her breath at last and rose unsteadily and faced the insurgents.

"Madam Chairman," she said, "I'm the one to blame for this government and I 'spose I'm the one they mean. But I don't care—I don't think any boy has any right to call me tyrants and things like that! I know all of us girls had noble intentions, so there!" Her voice was trembling pitifully now. She faltered, steadied her quivering lips and went on. "Of course they can stop this government any time they want to, 'cause they know there's three more boys than girls in this class; but I don't think it's one bit nice for them to go and break up this when it's the only fun we have in this old school, and it's just cowardly to say such mean things a—a—b—b—out this nice government."

She sat down so suddenly that the class regarded her with dismay. They were fearfully afraid she was going to cry. Bud looked shamefacedly at his new shoes. He had not expected anything like this. He didn't think Helena cared that much about the old government. Her quivering voice tugged at his heart. He felt like a cowardly brute. He stumbled hurriedly to his feet.

"Oh, well," he stammered bluntly, "let's not stop the old thing if she feels that way!"

Shouts of derisive laughter greeted the wavering revolutionist.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Bronson," said Miss Seamans firmly. "If you will all permit me, I should like to say that previous to this skirmish I had decided that our experiment, while highly amusing, was hardly practical, and I think it would finish our fun beautifully if we did stop with a revolution and go back to the good, old-fashioned sort of recitation.

Half a dozen girlish voices tried to make themselves heard in the pause.

"I think that will do," said Miss Seamans with authority. "I will now put the motion before the house."

Helena was sure she would never forget the ignominy of that moment. Twenty boys and a dozen miserable, traitorous girls rose to vote for the affirmative. Betty, Helena and a few faithful patriots stood with flaming cheeks for their principles.

"Carried," said Miss Seamans coolly.

And thus fell Athens!

It seemed to Helena as if one o'clock would never come. Even the comforting notes tucked under the bench in botany class by Betty could not shorten the weary stretch of the hours. Boy after boy passed her desk with a meaning grin. Sometimes the teacher looked at her and smiled. Ex-archon Helena Sherman was suffering as only dethroned rulers suffer.

She hated the laughing, buzzing cloak-room. She almost hated the faithful followers who clung to her on the way home. At one corner they passed Bud. He bowed solemnly, with his eyes fixed on Helena. She ignored him with elaborate disdain.

"He does have a nerve to bow to us," sputtered Betty.

"He looked pretty cheap though, I noticed," asserted Mary.

"Cheap!" snorted Helena. "Well, I think he ought to. I don't believe I can ever bring myself to speak to him again after what he did this morning."

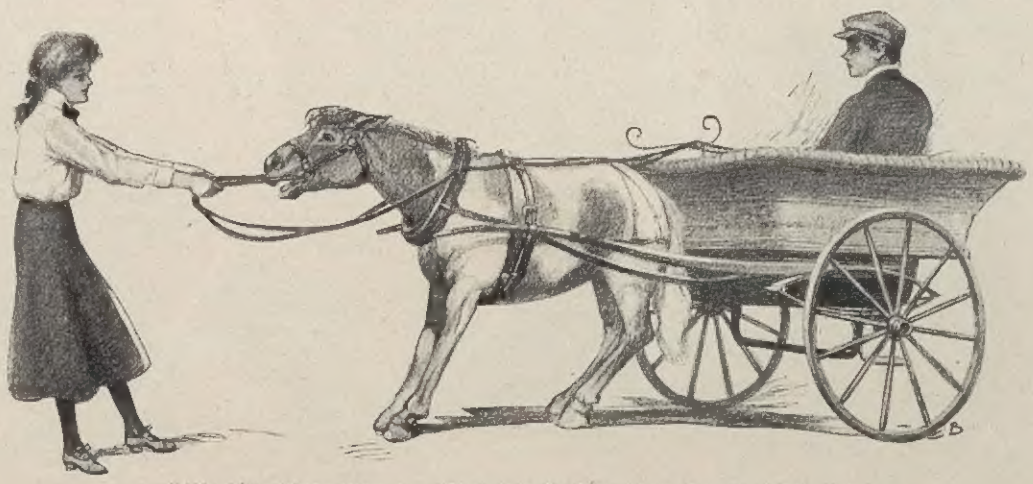
"The worst thing about it all," mourned Mary, "is that it's so near the dance. It's made such awful fools of us that no boy will dare ask any of us to the party."

"Huh," fibbed Helena, "I don't care at all. I probably wouldn't have gone if any one had asked me. I don't care about it at all."

"Neither do I," said Betty stoutly.

"Well, I do—lots," confessed Mary. "I'm just crazy to go. And it's thanks to you I won't, Nell Sherman. You've just got us all into an awful scrape and now you say you don't care at all!"

"Why, Mary Brownell," said Helena hotly, "you're worse than all the others. You're ashamed of doing something decent! You're the worst old turn-tail I ever saw in all my life!"



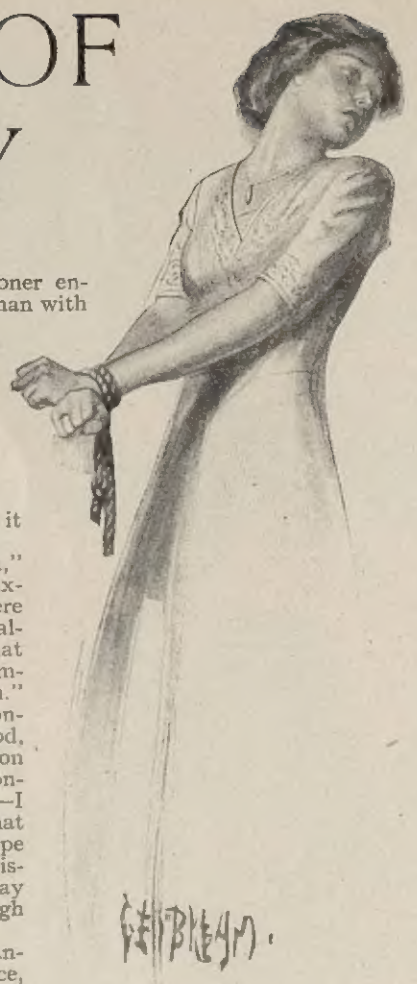
"'My Little Sister Has a Pony That Acts the Same Way; So I Don't Mind'"

(*Continued on page* 52)

THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY

By George Hibbard

Illustrations by George Brehm



MRS. MAXWELL was finally, fully, firmly determined to have a divorce. Many minor incidents had led her to this crisis. One small matter after another had directed her thoughts in this way. Still, she had never actually considered such a result. The idea had first come in its full intensity at the time that Alec unmistakably indicated a wish to go South to shoot, although the third anniversary of their wedding day would occur during his absence. That he cheerfully proposed to send a telegram appeared only to reveal the extent of his indifference. Many minor incidents had happened to strengthen her resolution. His flagrant resumption of the habit from which she had broken him during their engagement, of smoking a pipe, showed to her mind only too clearly how far they had drifted apart. The full decision, however, was absolutely reached only on the preceding evening. When, directly after her lengthy and even tearful statement of his lessening love for her—of his lack of all interest in her—he had actually called her a "goose" and departed with a casual kiss upon the locks of her bowed head, she felt that decided action was imperatively demanded.

She had thereupon made up her mind irrevocably, irrefragably, irretrievably that divorce—the quickest and the most complete—was the only solution of the difficulty. This she said to herself repeatedly; this she was prepared to say to old Mr. Stephen Nesbit when he came. She had no doubt that he would come at once in answer to her hurried note. Though he was a famous lawyer, who had not been in active practice for a very long time and only intervened in the more acute complications of New York society, she felt that she could count upon him. Was he not an old friend who had been at her christening and at her wedding? Had he not always had an indulgent kindness for her, and moreover was not her case such a strong one—of such a distressing character—that he could not help acting at once and vigorously in her behalf?

At the moment she sat enveloped in woe and dressed in the most becoming of morning costumes. She was not weeping, but tears were near her eyes and ready to fall. This added a sadness to her face, but in this there was an increased attractiveness. She was waiting to tell her resolution to her greatest confidante and confederate, Mrs. "Bob" Harwood, whom she had also summoned. Upon the sympathy of this ally she could depend utterly. Mrs. "Bob" was divorced already. Bob Harwood abode in Europe, while she lived with her father, whose wife, her stepmother, divorced from him, had dwelt for years in Paris. With such a propitious environment about her, Mrs. Harwood would certainly listen with full compassion and fellow feeling, though indeed there was no one who could help pitying her condition. Nor was she mistaken in her anticipation of the ready appreciation of her sorrows which Mrs. "Bob" was ready at once to extend to her. Mrs. Harwood had no sooner entered the room, than with a glance she came and sat down beside her and took her hand.

"He Had Actually Called Her a 'Goose'"

"I knew it would come, Constance," she said sepulchrally. "I see that it has."

"Yes, Theresa," replied Mrs. Maxwell. "You were right. You have always told me that marriage is an impossible condition."

"My dear," condoled Mrs. Harwood, with an expression of the greatest concern, "I hoped—I hoped indeed that you might escape the inevitable disaster. I can say now, I feared though from the first."

"I am sure," answered Constance, with great spirit and rather indignantly, "that there was nothing that should have made you feel so. No one could have been nicer than Alec—than Alexander. No one could be nicer."

"No—no—" agreed Mrs. Harwood hastily.

"I do not blame him," Constance asserted. "Understand distinctly that I do not blame him at all. It is the unfortunate nature of the institution of marriage itself; it is the impossibility of carrying on a wholly impossible relationship."

Tears rose in Mrs. Maxwell's expressive eyes. At first she sought to wink them away, but finally checked them with a handkerchief, found after a moment's search.

"I will be strong," she declared. "No, Alec—Alexander is not to blame. Two angels could not be happy in the bonds of matrimony."

"How true," murmured Mrs. Harwood, "and when in fact only one——"

She paused, and her silence appeared to signify an inward lament over the sadness which her own seraphic nature had experienced in the state of wedlock.

"Why did not some one warn me? Why did not some one stop me?" exclaimed Constance. "No girl should be allowed to take such a step."

"I do my best," said Mrs. Harwood. "I try to give every one the benefit of my knowledge."

"I know," replied Constance appreciatively. "For me it was too late; but now I shall follow the only course left for me. I intend to regain the freedom which I have lost. To be dependent on the whims and habits and selfishness of another is a state that is unworthy of any woman. The more I consider it, the more angry I am. Lots of women would have accomplished so much except for marriage. We are expected to make our interests and ourselves wholly subservient to some man. We are obliged to surrender all chance of personal existence, ambition or achievement. We cannot be ourselves. We are hardly allowed to think for ourselves. I say nothing of the gradually increasing irksomeness of an enforced companionship, the unavoidable antipathy that such an association must invariably bring. I know that marriage for women is a mockery. I am going to act as I believe."

"Bravo!" applauded Mrs. Harwood. "Encore! No, of course I don't mean that."

"I hate divorce," sighed Constance. "I have always thought it most vulgar. Forgive me, Theresa; but of course with you it was different, as it is with me. I shall have to go out and live for a time in some wretched, unimaginable place, but I'll not be stopped by it."

"You have sent for Mr. Nesbit?" asked Mrs. Harwood significantly.

"Yes. Perhaps that is he now," returned Mrs. Maxwell, as she caught sight through the wide doorway of a servitor approaching across the vista of the hall, dark in its vastness.

"Then I'll run away," exclaimed Mrs. Harwood. "You'll want to talk to him immediately. There would only be delay if I stayed. I'll slip out. I'll be at home and ready, if you want me, at any moment."

"Thank you," replied Constance, as she pressed both hands of her departing comforter.

Mrs. Harwood had disappeared before the servant advanced with the announcement:

"Miss Caryl, Madam."

"Oh, not Mr. Nesbit!" said Mrs. Maxwell involuntarily in her surprise. "Why did you not bring Miss Caryl here?"

"I thought Madam was engaged, and—" he went on after a slight hesitation, for he was a retainer of long standing—"as Miss Caryl seemed somewhat excited, I took Miss Caryl to the small reception room where I left Miss Caryl in tears."

"In tears!" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell.

"Miss Caryl, Madam, was making all endeavor to conceal it; but as I came away, they were too much for Miss Caryl."

"I'll go at once," announced Mrs. Maxwell solicitously.

When Constance entered the yellow and gold apartment, the young girl seated upon the slender, gilded chair rose quickly. At the same moment, with neatness and despatch, a filmy handkerchief, which she held in her hands, disappeared from sight.

"Oh, Constance, I am so glad to find you!" she began excitedly.

"Why, Betty, what is it? Something has happened."

"It's happening," replied the girl, "and I know that I can depend on you. I came here at once. I throw myself upon you and you will help me!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Maxwell anxiously. "It is something serious."

"Yes."

"Oh, what?"

"I am going to elope," proclaimed Betty, not without a touch of conscious pride.

"Elope!" gasped Constance.

"In fact," continued Betty, "I am eloping at the present moment."

"My dear, what do you mean?"

"It is something of a story; but I'll hurry on, for there is not a moment to lose. I haven't had a chance to tell you since I came back. I couldn't write to you from Europe about it. There was so much to tell and it was so wonderful. And since I have got back, I haven't had a chance to tell you. Now it's all arrived at a crisis."

"A crisis!" repeated Mrs. Maxwell, visibly impressed and desperately interested.

"You know Grandmamma——"

The speaker looked at Constance, who, with a nod accompanied by a significant smile, indicated that she entirely comprehended the meaning the other intended to convey.

"She has been getting crosser and more arbitrary and more dictatorial and more old-fashioned—she calls it 'conservative'——"

"Every one in New York understands," Constance commented, "that Mrs. Peter Phillimore is one who adheres to a standard of the past, which she considers high, but which others think is narrow."

"Her ideas," declared Betty, "are as extinct as that stupid bird, whose name I've forgotten, which people always use as a comparison. Her standards ought to be in a museum, with the Megalosaurus or something like that. Anyhow, they have caused all the trouble. You remember that I have been in Rome all of the winter. There I met Benny——"

"Benny?"

"Now," Miss Caryl narrated intensely, "for me, whose mother was a Phillimore and whose father was a Caryl, to accept anybody for a husband of whose family Granny had never heard—why, the idea was naturally enough to turn the color of her cap ribbons. So when I came back and Benny came home, too, and I told her that I was going to marry the son of Mr. Stubbins——"

"The—the—" began Constance.

"Yes. I can't help it if Benny's father did make millions and millions in 'Slickzawhistle' and then millions and millions more in railways and mines. I'm not willing to agree to a lot of antique fancies, that must have been showing signs of age even in the times of which Grandmamma is always talking—the days of Jerome Park and when the opera was in Fourteenth Street. Benny is just the dearest and the best and the finest fellow, with the nicest tastes, and he is a wonderful all-round athlete. Why, his handicap at polo is just one short of the highest, and his greatest interest is digging for ancient Greek remains in the Ionian Islands, where I am going with him at once for our honeymoon! Grandmamma and I have been fighting it out for a fortnight. Last evening we had a battle royal. I said I would marry Benny and she said I shouldn't and——" Miss Caryl paused to catch the shortest breath—"this morning I telephoned to Benny, who like a wise man had already arranged all the formalities, so that any clergyman could marry us instantly. He is outside in a taxicab at this moment."

"But—but—" protested Mrs. Maxwell, a little dazed. "Why—what is there for me——"

"I didn't want," rushed on Miss Caryl, "to be married without anybody. I want it to be a little like a wedding. I've got some sentiment about that, and you know how fond I am of you and I wanted you there. Besides, I've come away absolutely without anything, for Grandmamma would have found out in a moment. And I didn't dare bring my maid and I'm afraid to send for her. You must help me with something—a hurry-up sort of a trousseau—to throw into a trunk, for the *Burgundia* is sailing early to-morrow morning."

"Dutton is just packing for me," answered Mrs. Maxwell thoughtfully.

"You are going away?"

"Yes—immediately—to-day."

"Where——"

"To—to the West."

"What a queer place! Well, you can't until you have disposed of us. Now you must drop everything and see to the arrangements for my marriage."

"But marriage!" deprecated Mrs. Maxwell, raising her hands.

"What's the matter with marriage?" Betty demanded in open-eyed amazement. "Here are Benny and I just starting out for the most blissful time that anybody

ever had. Think of it—'Love's Young Dream' and the Ionian Islands. Moonshine and mocking-birds! At least I think they have mocking-birds there. Anyhow, I am certain they have nightingales, for I fancy I remember something about it in Byron."

"It—it sounds—entrancing," admitted Mrs. Maxwell. "And you want me to help you."

She stood up alertly and as quickly sat down.

"Oh, Betty—Betty," she lamented, "my poor child, I don't know. I don't know."

"Don't know what?" Betty demanded.

"I don't know—about it," replied Constance lamely and wildly. "Oh, I feel that I ought to beg you to pause and consider."

"Why pause and consider when I know?" asked Betty emphatically.

"So many have thought they knew," sighed Mrs. Maxwell. Then she asked suddenly, "You would go directly off to the Ionian Islands for the wedding trip?"

"Yes."

"Nothing will stop you? Nothing? You—you love him?"

"With all my heart and soul." The sudden gravity of the girl's tone was impressive. "He's all the world to me," she concluded softly and simply.

"He is rich?" mused Mrs. Maxwell.

"Rich!" Betty replied. "There is absolutely no end of the fortune. It's perfectly absurd how rich he is, though I shouldn't care if he did not have a cent."

"You wouldn't?" asked Mrs. Maxwell earnestly.

"Not a bit. Now we must find some one to marry us, and the difficulty is that Benny and I can't think of anybody."

"Why," exclaimed Constance, looking up quickly and eagerly, "Dr. Milton—I am certain if I went with you and told him that it was all right, that he would——"

"You will?" cried Betty, seizing Mrs. Maxwell in her arms and hugging her. "You're a perfect dear. Of course your old friend Dr. Milton is just the one."

"I really think he would give weight and state to the affair."

Mrs. Maxwell once more stood up and this time remained standing.

"I must," she continued actively, "have everything you need made ready. Of course at such a moment you don't want to be bothered thinking about what you are to wear."

"How good you are!"

"Why—I like it," Mrs. Maxwell announced explosively. "You'll find how I'll fit you out in no time. I'll have everything at the steamer for you. We'll have a little luncheon somewhere after the ceremony, and you and Benny can run into the country in the automobile while I take care of everything."

IN the full tide of her planning, Mrs. Maxwell was swept onward into the perfection of further arrangements.

"Come with me," she directed Betty, "while Dutton gives me a hat and coat. I am thinking of something every minute, and I want to consult you."

She hastened into the hall, and ran up the great stairway, sweeping her friend with her. In her own apartment, she summoned her maid and stood talking swiftly to Betty during the few seconds before the tirewoman appeared.

"I wonder if there is anything that we need. I'll make Dr. Milton marry you in the chapel, though it is all so hurried and informal. We can hardly have the wedding march, but we might have a few flowers. I wonder if I telephoned, if any florist could get them there in time. No, I'll tell Parker to take every plant and flower in the house and carry them in one of the automobiles to the church. Oh, Dutton," she exclaimed, as the maid entered the room, "you must help me to get everything ready for a wedding in a flash. Miss Caryl is to be married in an hour and has absolutely nothing—nothing at all with which to start on her wedding trip. There is not a minute. We have to see about everything. I've got," she said, turning to Betty, "to personally conduct the whole affair. That is perfectly evident."

She paused more from breathlessness than from lack of ideas or failure of inspiration.

"Of course, being dressed as you are," she went on at once, "there can't be any veil or anything of that kind. I wish—I wish, though, it was to be a big wedding, for I could make you such a sweet bride."

"You are so dear," returned Betty enthusiastically; "but I knew that you would be."

"Why, I'm so interested, and it's so thrilling," said Mrs. Maxwell energetically; "only we must hurry. We have got to find Dr. Milton. I'd telephone, only I think it's better to go directly to the parsonage."

"Benny will wonder what has become of me," laughed Betty.

"Why, the poor thing, waiting there in the taxicab all by himself! We'll go this instant and set his mind at rest, and assure him that everything will be all right."

More and more Mrs. Maxwell was losing herself in the absorption of the moment. Her own cares and troubles were falling from her in some strange way, and the darker thoughts connected with them appeared to be pushed back into a very remote past—an unreal past, indeed, in which her grief and anger seemed an unreality and an impossibility. In fact, she had really ceased to think of them altogether and no longer were they weighing unconsciously on her spirits.

At the curb, beside the taxicab from which the young man sprang as Betty and Mrs. Maxwell descended the steps of the house, the presentation of the waiting bridegroom was the briefest. Constance viewed with entire approbation the broad-shouldered form, his fresh, vigorous face, and noticed with approval the pleasant tone of voice—the perfect accent of his utterance of greeting. Then she darted into the cab, and the two others bundled after her, all crowding upon the seat with increasing merriment.

"It's a most absorbing adventure," Constance announced. "We'll show your grandmother what it is to try to divide two loving hearts."

"The world is awfully different from what she thinks it is, I can tell you," declared Betty with confidence. "There's a lot that's jolly in it. Of course, I'm not foolish enough to believe that it's all clear sailing and *couleur de rose;* but we've got to take the gray with the gay or we'd lose heaps that's worth while."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Maxwell pensively.

Betty's speech had suddenly brought back to her the consideration of her own sad state. Here were these two, sitting there with such gaiety and looking with so much hope into the future, while she was about to take up such a different course. The days and years to come were to mean loneliness and perhaps regret for her. Might not the wiser way be to bear even the trials which she had undergone—accepting Alec's inconsiderateness? Were his neglect and carelessness so great? A man had many interests. Should she not consider this? Moreover, there were instances, even of late, in which he had not failed in thoughtfulness and even in tenderness. She shook off the unexpected discouragement and went back vigorously to the business of the moment.

No denial stayed Constance from a direct invasion of Dr. Milton's sedate study. She broke into it like a festal banneret before a breeze—all ripples and bright color and swift gaiety—followed by the others, with hardly less spirit and blithefulness.

"Come, haste to the wedding," she accosted the grave divine, who looked up from the preparation of his sermon.

He smiled benignantly, for the years had brought to the Reverend Doctor Milton a large experience. The result was a gentle tolerance, as well as the conviction that the best means of fighting the devil was the employment of a certain worldly urbanity which has always been considered rather the particular property of the evil one.

"My dear child—" he remonstrated mildly.

"I," said Constance firmly, "will not take no for an answer. You must marry these two now—immediately. There is no reason why they should not be married, and there is no reason why you should not marry them. Indeed, there is every reason why you should."

"Isn't this rather sudden?"

"Of course it is sudden."

"However," continued the Doctor, "I know that you have a way of being rather sudden in your resolutions and in your conduct."

"I have not," replied Mrs. Maxwell indignantly. "Besides, this is their decision. This is the result of full consideration on their part. They are absolutely necessary to each other for each other's happiness. You must marry them."

"She Took One Short Step Backward, Then Paused Again. 'Alec!' She Cried"

"But marriage," prompted the Doctor, rising with the smile now grown to a strong expression of quizzical amusement, "we are instructed is not a state to be entered into rashly or ill-advisedly."

"I know—I know," replied Mrs. Maxwell quickly and with decision; "but this is very different."

Constance's determination, her powers of persuasion and her practical presentation of the facts; the Doctor's long affection and sincere regard for her, together with his kindly humor and the evident devotion of the young people—one or the other of these causes or all together prevailed. Presently he agreed to accompany the party to the chapel without delay, the parsonage being next to the church. Together the four came out of the front door into the bright spring day.

Suddenly Mrs. Maxwell, who was in advance of the rest, stopped abruptly. She took one short step backward, then paused again.

"Alec!" she cried.

"Why, yes," explained Benny, pushing forward; "Betty was in the house some time. As I waited, I thought that I'd call in a friend for first aid to the injured. I knew there was no one more ready or better than Alec to see a fellow through a scrape. I fancied he would probably be at the club at that hour; so I skipped out of the cab and telephoned from a shop at the corner and—here we are."

He beamed happily about upon the others.

"Yes, here we are," repeated Mrs. Maxwell blankly. She walked on in silence for a little distance. A few steps brought them to the end of the path.

"May I," she asked suddenly, "speak for a moment—alone—to—my husband?"

Maxwell, who had joined them, looked at her in surprise. They had reached the vestibule of the chapel, where Constance and he halted and were left together. For an instant she hesitated, and then spoke quickly.

"I don't think it's fair not to tell you something at once," she declared.

Maxwell viewed her wonderingly.

"I was going to get a divorce," she burst forth desperately. "I had firmly made up my mind to it."

"I don't understand."

"I didn't understand myself or anything," she hurried on. "I have been very wrong. I was going away and never going to see you again, because I was so awfully mistaken. I was going to get a divorce."

"And—and you have come to a wedding?" he said, throwing back his head and laughing.

"Don't laugh," she begged indignantly. "No, laugh. I don't care. It's right that you should. I've not only come to a wedding, but I've been promoting it."

She stood before him, blushing hotly, with still a remnant of her former spirit left, which gave her the look of proud independence that he admired.

"Do you know," he replied gently, "I have been considering and—I wonder if I haven't perhaps been making that universal mistake of the married man—taking too much as a matter of course? I believe that I have been pretty thoughtless."

"And—and," she half sobbed, "it was really all because I love you."

She rushed at him, hiding her face against his shoulder. For a moment both stood unconscious of time or place. They were oblivious of all except their regained happiness. At that instant a step was audible at the door.

"Oh, here you are," said a tall, thin old gentleman who entered and came forward slowly.

"Mr. Nesbit," exclaimed Constance glancing up and springing back, "I forgot all about you."

As the experience of being forgotten was new for Mr. Stephen Nesbit, the consequent amusement was visible.

"I went to the house," he explained. "Parker told me about your ordering the flowers to be sent here. There seemed to be something important from your note, and since I imagined you might be here yourself I came."

"You are so very, very kind," she declared, "with all you have to do. I am overcome with confusion. I don't know what to say. I think I had better tell you though," she went on intrepidly, "that I was going to ask you to get a divorce for me."

Mr. Stephen Nesbit's long intercourse with the world had precluded all possibility of strong surprise. Still, he raised his white eyebrows slightly.

"I imagine from—what I have just witnessed," he returned, "that you have changed your mind."

"As it is," she stated, "you are just in time for a wedding. Betty Caryl and Mr. Stubbins are going to be married immediately."

"Which is much better," affirmed Mr. Stephen Nesbit emphatically.

Later in the day Constance, with Alec at her side, entered the house. She was hardly within the door when she received the announcement of a call at the telephone. Constance took up the receiver impatiently.

"Yes?" she answered. "Oh, it's you, Theresa. You say you want me to come and stay with you, as I shall want some place to go if I am not leaving town immediately? I don't understand. Oh, I forgot. Why I will explain all that. Indeed it's very kind— You called up several times during the afternoon? You see Alec and I had been out until just now, getting things for Betty Caryl who was married this morning to Mr. Stubbins. Such a sweet romance! No—no, I am not coming to stay with you. Oh, I've a big dinner here on the twenty-seventh and you must be sure to come. Yes, I *am* in rather a hurry. Good-by."

THE DESIRE FOR SOCIAL SERVICE

The Sixth and Concluding Article in the Feminist Series

By Helen Christine Bennett

"WELL, I don't understand." Mr. Wilbur F. Green looked about the room in a bewildered way as he spoke. It was a comfortable room, luxuriously furnished, and its comfort impressed Mr. Green, for he continued with a wave of his hand, "You want to give up your home, and you might say, your parents and your brother and sister, for a pack of dirty, filthy, ignorant foreigners." He paused, breathless, and looked from his gray haired wife, sitting very erect in her armchair beside him, to his pretty young daughter who stood facing him, her hands clasped behind her back, and her small foot tapping the thick carpet.

"They aren't just a pack of dirty, ignorant foreigners," she retorted. "That's what you and Mother never can understand. They are people, people with feelings like ours, only people that have never had our chances. And they need help. That is why I am going. I have Grandmother's money. I shall live comfortably, but I shall not live like this. Sometimes I hate this house when I think of how they live." She looked scornfully about the room, glancing darkly at its paintings, its bric-à-brac and its costly hangings.

"But you could go, you know," said Mr. Green argumentatively, "and come home nights."

"I've tried that," returned his daughter dryly. "Mother worried every time I came in, for fear of some awful disease, and Julia and Harold held their noses when I came near. Of course I know this was in fun"—as her mother began to protest. "I might have stood that; but you see I go from here to them a stranger. I want to be where any call of theirs may reach me day and night. I want to be one of them, with them wholly." The girl's eyes shone; her voice trembled. Her mother's face hardened.

"Do you intend to favor us with any visits, Lillian?" she inquired. The tone brought sharp pain to the heart of the girl, first of regret, then of anger.

"Perhaps you will not want me," she answered coldly, and went through the doorway as one who has said the last word. When she had quite gone, Mrs. Green buried her head on her husband's shoulder.

"We bear them and we care for them, and they prefer a pack of dirty foreigners," she sobbed. Mr. Green's eyes were misty.

"Well, we've got Julia and Harold left," he reminded her. His wife raised her face.

"One child never takes the place of another," she said gravely. Her husband's voice was husky as he stepped towards the doorway.

"I know," he said. "I know."

SO Lillian Green went out from the home where she was sheltered from every care, into the heart of the crowded foreign district where, with two other workers, she was to live in a tenement house in a "model apartment" and devote herself to those about her.

One of the workers, Hilda Lowell, had earned her own living ever since she left college. She had been singularly successful. At twenty-five she was at the head of a business, small as yet, but profitable and promising great things for the future. Her morning walk to business led through a tenement district. Hilda watched the dirty babies crawling in the gutters, and the unkempt women hanging from the windows. She heard the awful language used by the small boys and girls who roamed the streets. At first she passed by with a shudder, carefully holding her skirts away from them. Then, one by one, she noticed other things, signs of a poverty drear and oppressing, so hopeless that the struggle to do better had been discarded as not worth while. The misery of it possessed her. Hilda, too, had a mother. But she was far away and a change in occupation would not make any particular difference. It might make a difference financially, for the income at home was small, and Hilda had been generous. But she sold her business, sent the money she received for it to her mother, and told her friends, who were legion, of her decision. They remonstrated, pointing out the brilliant future she was giving up; but Hilda only smiled.

"I've got to do something," she said. "That street has gotten on my nerves." She took a job as a charity visitor at fifty dollars a month.

The third resident of the model apartment was a woman over fifty years of age. She was living there temporarily, while she supervised the construction of an open-air schoolroom and playground for children threatened with or having tuberculosis. Mrs. Gregory had a husband and six grown children. One year before she had decided that her children no longer needed her. She and her husband had been living as friendly acquaintances for many years. She strongly disapproved of divorce. After playing housekeeper for these seven able persons for many years, she suddenly resented her occupation. Secretly, she cherished a desire to work for small children. She was a country woman, and the city life of the tenement child appalled her. The desire grew until she broke up her home, sold her furniture, saw her husband and sons and daughters off to various boarding houses, and set to work. She had no very definite idea of how to begin, but she was the possessor of a magnificent frame, unlimited energy and a magnetic personality. She found that she was able to imbue others with her ideas. Money flowed into her hands. She was conscientious. She reserved just enough to enable her to live comfortably and used every dollar of the remainder upon her work.

Just around the corner from the "model apartment" that sheltered Lillian, Hilda and Mrs. Gregory was another apartment, similarly tenanted. One block below there was a third. Less than two away, there stood a social settlement. The resident workers numbered ten, and they were all women.

These three women and the women in the apartments around the corner and down the block, and in the social settlement two blocks away were animated by one ambition. They were possessed with a desire for service, a longing to go out and assist their less fortunate fellows. The need was very great and the desire sincere. It increased with each fresh proof of need, until at last it became an obsession. Obliterating all other duties, it stood out imperative, a call to action.

This statement is true of nine-tenths of the vast body of women who are giving themselves wholly to some form of social service. They were impelled by a sincere desire, so strong that it proved irresistible. If a worker is in a religious field, she recognizes it as a "call," divine in its origin. But a majority of the women who are social workers are in practical fields of work, distinctly secular in function, and for them, this irresistible desire has no word which embodies its meaning. In the New York School of Philanthropy, which trains for social service, I made, off and on through two years, a canvass of the students, asking each one why she had chosen this form of work.

"Things seemed to be getting worse and worse," said one young girl, "and I was doing so little. I just had to come, you understand; I had to." It was the common reply, the confession of an impelling desire.

The canvass of students in the School of Philanthropy also indicated that this desire for service is almost exclusively feminine. Less than ten per cent. of the members of the classes were men; ninety per cent. were women. Of the ten per cent. who were men over half were ministers or members of religious organizations. There were also physicians, and students from the University of Columbia who took the course as part of the college work; but a genuine student for social service, intending to devote a lifetime to the work, was comparatively rare. The same proportion holds good in nearly all social work. The head of a large office in a great city and the chief assistant are likely to be men. But the great body of social workers in smaller cities and towns and in subordinate positions in large cities, whether salaried or unsalaried, is composed of women. Lesser forms of social service, where only a portion of the time is given to the work, show, perhaps, a higher percentage of men, but there is still an overwhelming majority of women. Why? It might be answered that women have more leisure than men, and hence can give time to the expression of a desire for service. And this would explain, perhaps, the discrepancy in the numbers of men and women who devote a portion of their time to the work. But it does not explain the great body of workers who, paid or not, give all their time and energy to the work of bettering their fellows. Nor does it explain the difference in the quality of the workers of the two sexes.

Men who possess any attribute which would insure success in the business world, and who enter the field of social service, find a smooth pathway. In a short time they are holding high positions with comfortable salaries. In small towns women hold the most important positions as long as the salaries paid are low. As they rise, men enter the work. Evidently these men regard social service as a business as well as a vocation. They have no idea of depriving themselves of comfort or of the happiness of marriage and its responsibilities, in order that they may work for their fellows. But in the ranks of the ordinary workers are to be found remarkable women—women who would have succeeded in business or in professional life; splendid, virile, intelligent creatures quite willing to drudge at their appointed task. There is hardly a man among them, except perhaps a novice expecting promotion, or occasionally a feeble specimen who, having failed at everything else, has chosen "charity" work as a last resort. How explain the presence of these women, except that in the transformation of woman that is being accomplished in this twentieth century, by this modern feminist movement, there has grown a sense of social responsibility that is entirely new, a responsibility which extends beyond the individual to his fellows and makes every man his brother's keeper?

INDIVIDUAL responsibility demanded of woman that her life be blameless, and her children taught ways of righteousness. Social responsibility demands that all lives be pure, all children given a chance at the best that life affords. It implies that the failure of this ideal may be traced not only to the individual who does not attain personal well-being, but also to every individual who does not actively endeavor to make well-being possible for all. The feminist movement has led women to seek economic independence, political equality, stability and purity in marriage and divorce regulations. These are personal ends. It has also awakened in women who strive for these and in women who could not have been touched by a personal ambition, an altruistic desire for service in behalf of humanity.

The desire for service is a direct result of the recognition of woman that she is a part of an organized social body. So long as her life remained within the four walls of her own household, her service remained there also. Slowly she is recognizing that the world, so long considered masculine property, is her world as well. With this realization there comes a sense of responsibility, a horror of the iniquities which she finds and a desire to put an end to some of them, at least, at once.

The idea of service is not new. The old-fashioned heroine of Godey's Magazine took bread and broth to her poor neighbors and labored over flannel petticoats. During the Civil War, thousands of women in both the North and the South worked faithfully to relieve suffering and distress. Individual women have before this made special causes their life-work. Clara Barton and Frances Willard have set examples of service which it would be difficult to surpass. The distinction of the modern desire for service lies in the fact that it responds to no special appeal, and that it is a general desire and not an individual one.

The lady of Godey's Magazine knew the neighbor who ate the bread and broth and whose children wore the flannel petticoats. If the bread and broth were not provided, and the petticoats not made, the neighbor went hungry and the children cold, and the lady knew it—for they passed her door daily. She responded to an ever-present appeal. The women of the Civil War answered the call of their country. But social service to-day reaches out to neighbors who are never seen, whose discomforts may never actually inconvenience the worker. It recognizes no nationality; it transcends the love of country. It is a service for humanity.

The desire for service is a general desire. Never were so many women engaged in work for the public good. The frivolous, silly woman, whose one desire is for social life and social prominence, and the house-bound woman who can see no farther than her own walls, are still with us; but their numbers are constantly diminishing. Almost every intelligent woman is doing something—serving on a committee on clean streets, pure food or on the prevention of disease, something which promotes the public welfare.

No one who has witnessed the rapid development of juvenile court committees, civic betterment societies, mothers' associations, committees on infant mortality, associations for the building and inspection of tenements, friendly visitors' associations (which, if not entirely feminine, have a large majority of women among their members) can doubt the universal prevalence of the desire for service.

The number of women who give their lives to service for humanity has increased more rapidly than is realized. Jane Addams is one of the pioneers, and her name is a household word. But Miss Addams has been at Hull House for over twenty years. During that time hundreds of settlements which are duplicating her work have been organized. In these and in similar organizations there are working to-day thousands of women, unknown, unheard-of, who have sacrificed ambition, family and the possibility of marriage and home for the service which calls them. The morning newspaper which has just come to my hand contains the record of the life of one of these women—given for her cause. Her name was Emma Carola Weirshoffer. She was killed some months ago in an automobile accident which occurred while she was inspecting a labor camp, in the office of Inspector of the New York State Bureau of Industries and Immigration. She was twenty-six years old, the possessor of some two million dollars, all of which she devoted to her chosen work. Her salary as inspector was twelve hundred dollars a year. Carola Weirshoffer became interested in the study of social science at Bryn Mawr College. When she left college she entered social work. Dressed as an immigrant servant girl, she visited suspicious employment bureaus, in order that her knowledge might be of service to the vast army of girls who come to our country. In an investigation of laundry work, she worked through the long, hot summer months, with unguarded machinery all about her. As inspector, she traveled over lonely roads to see that the men who worked were properly housed and properly cared for. Her gifts were anonymous, her private charities secret.

IN the struggle against child labor, against sweatshops, in behalf of the rights of working girls, in behalf of the immigrant, in all forms of unselfish labor, women are expending their youth and strength. There is no question of the need of such service. Our sins of omission cry out to us in every sickly child that is born, in every vile crime that is committed. There is no question as to the sincerity of desire of the girls and women who enter social work. But—in the case of Lillian, there were Mr. and Mrs. Green. Mrs. Gregory had children. Hilda's course alone was clear. These three are real women; the names only have been altered. Mrs. Gregory's children were grown; it may be that they no longer needed her. Lillian's father and mother had other children; perhaps she could be spared. And yet it would seem that a service which effaced natural relationships was open to criticism. One woman who has done a great social work left both husband and children to begin it. Her children were but half grown when she went. The work to which she has given her life has demonstrated her efficiency, and her children have lived without her assistance. It may be that she is justified, but she has established a dangerous precedent. Service desire may become service madness, and the end does not always justify the means.

There are the Mrs. Jellybys of social service, whose children run wild while the heathen are attended; but fortunately they are but few. There are also wiser women who have heard the call and have answered, and have yet managed to preserve the delicate balance between individual and social duties. Caroline Bartlett Crane is a notable example of a woman who constantly labors for humanity and yet who maintains an individual life, rich in all that makes life worth while. The work which she has done is second to that of no living woman in America, and yet her home is an equally beautiful and worthy product.

Of all the manifestations of the modern feminist movement, this desire for service is most significant. Economic independence and political equality are practical ends to be achieved. The regulation of marriage and of divorce, and the ambition for a better motherhood lead to complexities which are not easily solved and which have a profound bearing upon the welfare of the race. But these two, although they have spiritual quality, are still distinctly personal. The desire for service is the one purely spiritual manifestation that the feminist movement has as yet given. What it may accomplish for the world cannot be foretold, nor yet what it may do for woman herself. Already it has proved a power for good in every town that is large enough to boast of a woman's club; the aggregate results have never been estimated.

A SCHOOL SYSTEM BUILT ON PLAY

How They Solved the Public School Problem in Gary, Indiana

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

IN Gary, Indiana, there is a big schoolhouse with a five-acre yard around it. Every week-day in the year four or five hundred children are at play in that yard from nine o'clock to five. If you could see them, you would pause for more than a passing glance, for you never saw such happy children in your life. Every child is at play, and he is playing hard. He is putting his whole soul into what he is doing. Some of the children are playing baseball. Others are building imaginary houses. Some are running and jumping. Others are staking out supposed farms.

Inside the building three times as many children are having the same kind of a good time. Some are splashing in the swimming pool. Others are exercising in the gymnasium. In a different part of the building, where there are facilities for wood-working, some of the larger pupils are making furniture. In a room for cooking some of the girls are preparing luncheon. Other children are conducting a store, where baseball bats and other juvenile necessities are for sale. Again there are study-rooms, where children are hard at work at books. In short, the activities in this school plant are as varied as life. Yet no matter what a child is doing, he is doing it with zest, for he is doing the most interesting thing in the world—he is doing the thing he wants to do. And by so doing he is educating himself—for that is the plan upon which the educational system at Gary is founded.

A wonderful place is this town of Gary. Its steel mills are one of the marvels of the world. The very existence of the town itself is a miracle; for in Gary what was once desert has been made to blossom as the rose. Yet when the final history of Gary is written, neither the story of its ten miles of steel furnaces, nor the fact that the town, like Aladdin's palace, was made to order overnight, will stand foremost. Instead, the fame of Gary will rest on the school with the children at play in the big yard, for in the Emerson School we behold the rising sun of the new system of education.

In Gary they have so altered the methods of instruction that children are attracted to the schools instead of being repelled by them. They love their work instead of hating it. They choose a day in school in preference to a day of vacation. In short, they *love* to go to school. And all this was brought about by cutting the Gordian knot of pedagogy—over which educators have been wrinkling their brows for years—and cutting it by the simple process of giving the children the kind of education they want, the kind that is good for them, the kind that makes them efficient men and women instead of automatons.

The man behind the educational system at Gary is William A. Wirt. He had done revolutionary things before he came to Gary, but to a certain degree his hands had always been tied by traditional boards of education. He wanted to teach in a place where he could try out his ideas unhampered. Gary presented exactly the field after which he was searching, for Gary, unlike Topsy, was made. It didn't just grow up. Hence it had no educational traditions, no conventions, no artificial restrictions. And so Mr. Wirt came to Gary, and was made superintendent of the educational system.

Mr. Wirt's system of instruction, I have said, consists of turning work into play. In fact, play is the keystone of his whole educational structure. To understand that statement exactly, we must define play. The world in general divides all activities, according to their usefulness, into work and play. Mr. Wirt defines play as the doing of that in which you are interested. Hence to make work interesting is to turn it into play. And the way to make work interesting, Mr. Wirt has discovered, is to make it real, vital, related to life. In doing this Mr. Wirt has utilized the childish WHY as it has never been utilized before. A child's entire natural instinct is educational; his greatest desire is to learn. Hence his million WHYS. That WHY Mr. Wirt has made the Archimedean lever for the child to move the world of knowledge, by the simple process of putting a fulcrum under it, in the shape of a practical, concrete answer to every interrogation.

In Gary the child who asks for educational bread is not given a pedagogical stone. He gets what he asks for, and in addition his bread is made of whole wheat. When they want to teach children to count in Gary, they do not make them sit in uncomfortable seats and mumble over tables of addition. Instead, they send them out into the playground and teach them games involving extensive score keeping. The children take turns keeping score. Every child knows that if he makes a mistake his side may lose, and you had better believe he makes his score correct. When they want to teach children arithmetic at Gary, they do not ask them how many feet a mythical rabbit goes in so many jumps. They give them a tape measure and send them out to find out what the school pavement cost at so much a square foot. Here is something the child can see. He goes at his task eagerly, gets the width and the length of the pavement, figures out the square feet, and multiplies that by the cost per foot. In doing this the child learns a great deal more than arithmetic. He learns how to handle a tape line. Also, he learns to be accurate and precise, for if he is careless in his measurements he knows his figures will not be correct. In addition he is teaching himself a lesson in civics or good government. To a child a dollar is a large sum of money. When he finds that his school pavement cost hundreds of dollars, and realizes that his father has to help pay for it, he treats that pavement with respect. He does not abuse it, and he won't let any other child damage it.

When they want to teach children to measure commodities in Gary, they do not have them repeat, parrot-like, a jumble of meaningless tables. They give them measures and scales, with beans or other objects to weigh and measure. The teacher tells them that a quart of beans will make a meal for six people. Then she wants to know how many mouths a bushel of beans will feed. Can't you just see little Jennie, who expects to be a housewife some day, measuring those beans to see how much room they will take up, and then eagerly multiplying the number of quarts by the number of mouths, and dividing the number of meals by the cost to find out the price per meal per capita? Just think of the things Jennie learns in that one lesson! To begin with she learns both multiplication and division. Then she learns to distinguish between liquid and dry measure, not theoretically but actually. She knows each kind of measure when she sees it. And she learns what kind of things ought to be measured by each. When some dishonest grocer attempts to sell her a liquid measure quart of beans, she will know she is being cheated. And finally she gets some insight into the method of figuring food costs.

This little excursion into finance is followed up by real dealings with real money. For one thing there is a children's cooperative store in the Emerson School. The store occupies a small room on the second floor and is in charge of the honor pupils of the seventh and eighth grades. The store is open at certain hours each day. Here the children buy their baseball bats, school garden hats, pencils, et cetera, for in this store you can buy almost any school necessity. The pupils who conduct the store keep books just as is done in any other mercantile establishment. And once a week a formal accounting is rendered to the principal. Thus the children in charge of the store learn by real experience the need of accuracy and correctness. In keeping their stock in order they learn neatness. And besides learning to keep books they learn to handle money, for they have real cash in their possession.

The storekeepers are not the only ones who learn to handle cash. There is a bank in connection with the school. It isn't any imitation affair, with imitation money, mind you, but a real bank where the scholars can deposit real money. There is a full staff of officials, with receiving teller and paying teller and bookkeepers, and the children have deposit slips and bank-books and check-books, exactly like those used in your own bank. This Bank of Boyville, as it is called, does a thriving business, and every night the money taken in is turned over to a real, grown-up bank down-town. Consider what that bank means to those children. It familiarizes them with the use and handling of money. The down-town bank allows the children three per cent. interest on their deposits. The children are eager to know how much increment is coming to them; so they learn to figure interest. Thus they find out how a dollar grows, and they learn thrift. Sometime ago a widow of fifty years came to me. She had been left with a bank account and she couldn't even draw up a check. As for keeping her check-book balanced, that was to her an Egyptian mystery. Little Jennie isn't going to be like that. To begin with, she is going to have a bank account herself when she grows up, for she understands the need of one. And when she has it, she will know how to handle it as dexterously as she handles a quart measure.

Again there is Boyville. In one of the basement rooms of the Emerson School appears this inscription:

BOYVILLE
Council Chamber
Office of Mayor and Clerk

Within the room is a semicircle of aldermanic chairs. Here the representative council of Boyville, elected by duly qualified voters, meets and passes its ordinances. Don't get the idea that these are just play ordinances. They are real, practicable statutes, for the children at Gary are a law unto themselves. Not long ago they enacted an ordinance prohibiting themselves from going over people's vacant lots in the school neighborhood. When children do such a thing of their own initiative, it looks as though they have imbibed real serious ideas about respecting other people's property, doesn't it? Again, they sent a delegation to the Gary city council requesting more garbage cans for Gary, and pledging the kids of Boyville to keep the town clean. That same delegation demanded stricter enforcement of the law against the sale of cigarettes. Think what it means when boys, who will soon be running the town, do a thing like that, and think of a system of education that produces such boys!

The Boys Work with Great Enthusiasm in the Manual Training Shop in Emerson School

The secret of the system, that which makes it essentially different from the old educational system, lies in the fact that it supplies a motive. In many of our present-day schools they teach the same things that are taught in the Emerson School. But they do not teach them in the same way. They teach the children *how they should do things, but not why.* And the dead center where the public school machinery hangs up is the lack of motive. To quote Professor Herbert F. Roberts, of the Kansas State Agricultural College: "We haven't wit enough to find out that the boys and the girls have to have a motive for doing anything. 'Study grammar,' we say. 'Why?' answers the boy. 'Well then, look at a bug,' we say. 'But why the bug?' again demands the boy. If the bug does nothing for or against us, but is simply there because it happens to be there, then to be sure, why look at a bug?" Again and again, don't you see, the everlasting question, "Why?"

That is the same WHY we were discussing a minute ago. It is a dynamic force for learning. Mr. Wirt had the sense to harness that power, just as Mr. Edison harnessed electricity. As Mr. Wirt puts it: "We are trying to develop a kind of school in which every child will live his whole life through at some time during the day." Hence he does not say to his children, "Study arithmetic." Not on your life. He says, "Just the minute you can count, you can get into that game with the other children." He doesn't say, "Study the alphabet." Not he. Instead he says, "Just as soon as you know something about words, you can read about Robinson Crusoe and all the rest of the wonderful stories that you have heard and some that you haven't heard." Gary teachers don't say, "Learn to use a saw." Never. They say, "Just as soon as you can saw straight and drive nails true, you can build a sled."

Domestic Science Class Serving Dinner to Boys' Council and City Officers

In the Gary domestic science laboratory they teach the children how to make food tests. You will find the children there with their test-tubes and reagents, determining whether a food is a protein or carbohydrate. They teach them all about carbohydrates and proteids and their uses in the body—all useful knowledge, but likely in time to become uninteresting. In Gary they didn't allow it to become uninteresting. To keep up the interest, to supply the motive, they set the little girls to testing foods for poisons and other impurities. That connected food analysis with life. It made the matter vital. When they came to some milk preserved with formaldehyde, there was something doing. You had better believe there was. After hours, they came by the score, those children, with samples of the family milk to find out whether they and their families had been drinking poison. Do you think they had to be driven to their course in food analysis? They couldn't be kept away from it. They saw that what

they were learning had a direct bearing on their lives. And, in the vernacular, "They simply ate it up."

No, it isn't the *things* that are taught—it is the *way* they are taught, that makes the Emerson School what it is. A child's greatest desire is to be able to do the things a grown-up does, and when a child understands that the thing he learns to-day has a direct bearing on the thing he will do to-morrow, he works at it like a Trojan. And all that is needed to make him work *is to supply the reason.*

Of course a child must be old enough to have a motive before motive can be made a motor force. In Gary they cultivate motive. As the children grow older, their playtime and exercise periods are gradually cut down. In their place work is substituted. The entire curriculum is planned so as to effect a gradual transfer of the play impulse into the work impulse, so that as a child grows to maturity he will find in his work the same pleasure that he found in his play. This does not mean, however, that the shortening of the play period necessarily means the lessening of recreation. An effort is made to attract to the playground after school hours all children whose recreation hours in school have been cut down. For it is the purpose to train the child in the definite control of his leisure time for his own welfare.

The Youngsters Are Waiting in Line to Vote at the Boys' City Election

On reaching the playground, these children do not engage in the old, miscellaneous "hollering" and "wrestling" games that have neither rhyme nor reason. They have cut all that out at Gary. Physical trainers are on hand to lead the children in their play, and to see that they play fair and that everybody has an equal chance.

Contrast the daily periods on the playground and in the gymnasium with ninety minutes of the crazy helter-skelter of undirected and misdirected half-hoodlumism of the average school recess. Of course the Gary boys get more out of their recreation period—a hundred times more. That isn't because the Gary boys are different; it is because the Gary system is different.

In Gary the first principle of education is to train the individual child. For instance, a boy flunked in arithmetic, in history and several other subjects. His various teachers—note I did not say teacher—got together and compared notes. "No good in arithmetic," said the mathematics teacher. "No good in history," said the history instructor. "Simply fine in manual training," reported the manual training man. That settled it. His teachers decided to let him drop all his other work, at least for a time, and put his whole time on wood-working. Result: the boy is still in school, working diligently at the one thing he can do, and with a chance of growing into some one of the other things in time. Under the old system of compelling him to grind away at mathematics and grammar regardless, this boy would have flunked out. He would have been forced out, turned out to the sidewalk—and ruin.

So the pupils file up and down the grades, progressing as they grow mentally. The boy who can go fast in mathematics and slow in English, goes just that way. He works into the grade ahead in arithmetic and keeps on with his own class in English. Or, if need be, he drops back a grade. He goes with the class that best suits his pace. He goes as fast as he grows, subject by subject, month by month. "Oh," you say, "that would knock our system all to pieces! It would never do!" It certainly would not if you think more of your system than you do of your child. But in Gary they don't care about the class. They don't worry about the grade. It's the boy they are thinking about. And bear in mind that progress in the Gary schools is exactly like progress in life itself, where we go ahead, not at stated intervals, but as fast as we deserve to go ahead.

In order that the children may thus move up and down the grades and do special work, there must be great elasticity in the school system. The system in Gary is probably the most elastic in the world, for here they have reversed the usual order—they have made the system to fit the child. In Gary classes are approximately three months apart in their work. This makes it possible for a child to pass quickly from one class to another. He does not have to wait a year till the subject rolls round again. The same elasticity makes it possible for him to take his vacation at any time he chooses. With the exception of torrid August and a few days at Christmas, they have no set vacation in Gary. Each child elects his own vacation time. If a child is absent from school for a considerable period through illness, that counts as vacation time, and he can thus get his full year's schooling just as though he hadn't been sick.

In Gary the schools are open from 9 to 5 o'clock every week-day the year round. You see, they have supplied the youngsters with so much MOTIVE that the children can't do all the things they want to do in less time. Then, too, there is another reason for such an unusual school year. Summer vacations are a relic of the time when farmers needed their children at home, to work at getting in the crops. And short school days are a relic of the time when children were needed at home to work at household chores. While the child was doing chores, he was getting a valuable part of his education. He was learning manual dexterity and persistence and developing muscular strength. Nowadays there are no chores to be done and so the need of short days and terms has passed. The time that was once thus spent in labor now goes into idle time on the streets. A child is learning all the time. When he plays in the gutters, he learns filth. And it is to keep him off the street, to fill his time with useful activities, that the Gary schools have such long sessions.

No less revolutionary is the organization of the school itself. Both the school building and the teaching staff are constructed on new lines. To quote from an Emerson School pamphlet: "The school is a playground, garden, workshop, social center, library and traditional school all in one plant and under one management." The Emerson School building contains a boys' and a girls' gymnasium, departments for wood-working, wood-turning, domestic art and domestic science, a swimming pool, a storeroom, a printing shop, a machine room, an auditorium, large corridors that can be used for school exhibits and art displays, locker rooms for boys and for girls, and recitation rooms. The school yard is five acres in extent and equipped with all the devices of the most up-to-date city playground. All this, you will notice, is quite different from the average school. But it does not just happen to be different. It is all the result of a carefully thought-out plan. In short, the building is made to fit the system, just as the system is made to fit the child.

Boys and Girls Gathered Together for Outdoor Class Work

This system provides, first of all, for a teaching corps of specialists. Every instructor is a specialist in his or her own line. Bear that in mind. It is a new note in education. In the ordinary school the child has one teacher who teaches everything, including special branches. A supervising specialist in every branch is employed to oversee the teachers. But the specialists do no teaching themselves. The actual teaching is done by the overworked grade teachers. They may be very well equipped to teach the three R's, but the chances are that they know little about the special branches. Yet they teach them just the same. The special supervisor tells them how, and they do accordingly—exactly as a parrot repeats what he is told. In Gary the three R's are taught by specialists. These specialists do not stalk around and look wise. Instead, each one has a room, and the children come to them a class at a time.

When the child reaches school in the morning, he goes to his locker, gets the things he will need, and takes a seat—not his seat, mind you, but a seat. The student in Gary does not have exclusive possession of an individual desk as a student does elsewhere. He isn't chained to a back-breaking seat like a slave to a block. Instead, his school life is very much like real life. The classes are smaller than the classes in the average public school, which is most desirable. At 8.30 o'clock the class gets together for 90 minutes, say, of arithmetic, history and reading. The children do not sit still like graven images—and learn about as much. They move about, shift their positions, handle the many exhibits, just as you and I would do if we were interested in getting to the bottom of something that was being explained to us. Perhaps the students measure beans or weigh potatoes. They may even go out-of-doors to stake out building lots. Then they go to the gymnasium, a class at a time all day long, for a short drill, which is followed by a play period on the playground, with baseball or some other game, and the physical instructor as a participant. After this breathing spell, the class separates, some to take lessons in music, some in manual training, and so on. Thus it goes all day long, with another play period in the afternoon and more recreation after school.

The introduction of so many subjects, it is maintained by critics of the public school system, cuts down the time that should go to the three R's. That criticism does not apply to the Emerson School. There the children receive as much instruction as ever in the fundamentals. They are taught the "extras" in the added school hours that other children spend on the streets. Hence their interest in the cultural side of life is aroused without in any way weakening their drill in fundamentals. And it is all done by turning idle gutter hours into golden school hours.

In Gary they have no high school. Neither do they have a kindergarten. Big and little, all the students attend one school. That again is like life, where all ages mingle. It is educational in itself. Education proceeds as it started in the home—by imitation. The younger children learn from the older ones. They see them doing things and they want to do the same things themselves. It is the old story of "When I'm old enough I'm going to——" applied to education. Thus they gain an added incentive to learning. There is always something new and attractive just ahead, pulling at the child year by year, and keeping him in school.

One very important feature of the work at Gary is the effort that is made to show the correlation that exists between different studies. Thus the students of geography are taught, not merely about lakes, rivers and cities, but about lakes, rivers and cities as they relate to life. To the student in the average public school, England is an isolated island. To the Gary child it is an island to which we ship many products and from which we receive many. Understanding that, the lad who intends to go into business is keen to learn about England's ports, her shipping facilities, her business customs and commercial needs, as well as about her rivers, lakes and cities. So at a stroke, geography is coupled with history, and both are tied up with life.

Thus they show the children how all life is linked together. And so the school and the workshop are coupled up, and culture, work and pleasure are seen in their true relations. The scales fall from the child's eyes. Education does not appear to him something apart from and utterly unrelated to his future life. Instead, education becomes the open sesame to the treasure he is seeking, the most important thing in the world.

"Splendid, but with one fatal drawback. It costs too much. You can't build schoolhouses like the Emerson building and hire special corps of teachers without great expense," do I hear you say? True enough. Yet if by paying a little more, we can get a school system that really educates, isn't it worth while to pay more? But suppose that it doesn't cost any more. Mr. Wirt claims that it doesn't, and certainly his figures prove that he is correct.

Perhaps it has not occurred to you that this new scheme of Superintendent Wirt's is the first general application to the schools of the principle—don't jump—of scientific management. That sounds formidable, but in plain English it means operating a plant to its full capacity. The Emerson School accommodates 1,040 pupils at regular work. But while these 1,040 children are at the regular work, 1,040 more are accommodated in the remainder of the building at special work and play, so that the total capacity is really 2,080. Thus, although the Emerson School did cost more than the ordinary school, it accommodates twice as many, so that the relative cost per pupil is really less, instead of greater, than the cost in the average school.

As Mr. Wirt says: "This type of building is extravagant only in the opportunities offered."

Sand-Pit on the Playground Near Emerson School, in Gary, Indiana

The Selfishness of Being Unselfish

The Pleasures of Martyrdom from an Unusual View-Point

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

THIS may sound paradoxical. It isn't, really. Of course we all know—we have been told often enough—that the root of every sin and discomfort in this world is selfishness. But some people have thought so much of this fact, and have tried so hard to be unselfish, that they have fallen over on the other side, and are really grasping in their monopoly of altruism.

I happened one summer, not long ago, to be in the house with such a woman for a few days. How that self-abnegating soul worked! On the hottest of July days she went into the kitchen and "made up a batch of pies" such as her husband liked. When he and her son came home from the city, she was so exhausted that both exclaimed at the sight of her drooping figure:

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

She smiled tiredly and patiently.

"No, not ill—only very much worn out by the heat from the range on this warm day. But—" patting her husband's shoulder affectionately—"if you like what I cooked for you, that is all I ask."

The dinner that night was what college boys call "a gloom." The men had had a trying day in the stifling city, and the wife was too weary for much conversation. When the pies came on she cut two of them into liberal slices, then excused herself on the plea that she had such a headache that she was going up to her room and to bed.

"I have worked so long over this pastry," she said, by way of explanation, "that the very sight and smell of it nauseate me."

"My dear wife," expostulated the pie-loving husband, "it hurts me to think that you have made yourself ill just to tickle my palate."

Again the saintly smile gleamed forth as the wife said gently:

"Dear, that is one of the things I was put into this world for—to make life pleasant for those I love." And with a scarcely audible sigh, she went upstairs, leaving the rest of us feeling that we were eating our pie in the sweat of her brow, and were gluttons for whom this sanctified creature had been sacrificed. After a moment of conscience-stricken silence, the son burst forth with:

"I wish Mother were not such a martyr!"

His father looked at him reproachfully.

"My boy, your mother is the most unselfish woman that ever lived. But—" with a shake of his head—"I would rather have no dessert for a week and find her well and bright when I come home. It is at such times as these that I am oppressed by the consciousness of all that she does for us, and that we never can repay her for the sacrifices she makes for our sakes."

To my heretical soul came the thought that she had her reward in the smug consciousness of personal rectitude and of duty (?) performed. But I held my peace. As I pondered the matter later—while trying to cheer the depressed husband and son as they sat on the veranda, talking softly that they might not disturb the sufferer in her room above—it seemed to me that hers was a "I-am-holier-than-thou" attitude of mind, a spirit of conscious martyrdom, that was the acme of selfishness.

THIS kind of martyrdom is much more common with women than with men. Perhaps women have been called ministering angels for so many generations that they overdo the part. Certain it is that in some homes they foster selfishness by their own unselfishness. Many a young wife has cause for resentment against the mother of her husband, because since his babyhood she has done for her son things that she ought to have made him do for himself. The consequence is that he expects all womankind to wait upon him, and accepts all devotion and humoring as his right.

As to wives! Well, we all know how some of them insist upon performing the many little unnecessary services at which a man at first rebels, but to which he later submits and at last learns to take as a matter of course.

"Darling, let me get your slippers for you!" pleads Mary on the first evening after the honeymoon, as John comes in from the office.

Of course John protests.

"Never! The idea of *your* waiting on *me!* Why, I would be a brute to allow it!"

All this as he is taking off his overcoat and hanging up his hat. But even while he is talking, Mary has whisked off up-stairs and returns swiftly with the slippers. At which John exclaims, "You unselfish darling! You are too good to me!" And Mary hugs her flattered self as hard as John hugs her, and feels that she is, indeed, his self-sacrificing, helpful little wife.

In years to come, when John calls from the foot of the stairs:

"Mary, where are my slippers? Bring them down here, won't you?" she will sigh to herself and wonder "how men *can* be so selfish." And if her young daughter protests against her "waiting hand and foot on Father," the patient mother will remind the child that she (the mother) is "naturally unselfish," adding, perhaps, that "the least we can do for others is to make them comfortable."

One peculiarity of the selfishly unselfish person is that she wants to sacrifice herself in her own way, and wants others to be happy in the manner in which she thinks they ought to be happy. Nor can she allow them to suffer, without her assistance, troubles which are really their own. A woman of this type was so devoted to her younger sister, that when this sister lost her husband, she was never allowed to be alone with her grief. If the widow wanted to go to the cemetery, Elvira insisted on going, too. When the dead man's effects were to be packed away, Elvira *would* do all the hard work, and did not leave the mourner by herself for a minute. She urged her to forget her grief; she read to her, talked with her, walked with her, slept in the same room with her. At last, in despair at the widow's apathetic state, she sent for the family physician, and laid the case before him.

"I have given up everything—all my plans—just to try to comfort poor Jane," she explained. "I have really put my own wishes and my own affairs to one side in order to be with her; I have spent every hour with the dear girl. And yet she is terribly depressed."

There were tears in her eyes, tears which the clear-sighted physician suspected were more of self-pity than of sympathy for the widow.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

The doctor looked at her gravely.

"From what you tell me," he said, "your sister has not been allowed to have her rightful amount of grief and solitude. My advice to you is to *let her be miserable in her own way.* For Heaven's sake, stop practicing your ideas of unselfishness upon her and let her alone!"

Of course he was a little brutal, but he struck the right note. Who of us has not known the agony of having to submit to the officious attentions of one whose chief aim in life is to be unselfish? Once, when ill, I was so unfortunate as to have an attendant who was so self-sacrificing that she did much more for me than I needed or wanted. In fact, she was so assiduous and active in her desire for my comfort, that her presence was an almost unbearable irritant.

Unspoiled men dislike to be the objects of selfish unselfishness. How sons hate to be reminded of overshoes, when the walking is not really bad, and of overcoats, when the weather is not really cold! The fussy mother flatters herself that it is her love for them that makes her counsel them to wear these articles of apparel when they are superfluous. The husband of one woman cross-examined her one morning when she begged that her son wear his rubbers to school. The sidewalks were slightly damp, as there had been a fog overnight.

"Why do you insist that Rob wear what he does not need?" demanded the blunt father.

"So that he will keep warm and dry, of course," replied the mother.

"That's not the reason!" was the unexpected rejoinder. "If you will be frank, you will acknowledge that his heavy shoes are all the protection his feet need on such a day as this. So, in the last analysis, you insist on his wearing rubbers because you have gotten into a habit of fussing about the boy, and it is pleasanter for you to have him wear what he dislikes, than it would be for you to worry a little for fear he might catch cold. You call it unselfishness, but to be honest, it is only *fussiness.*"

NATURALLY the mother was hurt. She had prided herself on her care of others, and on her constant thought for them. Doubtless, however, she comforted herself with the belief that really unselfish people are not understood or appreciated in this world.

But they are. The selfless life that is service for others is the most beautiful thing that can be imagined, because service for others implies doing that which is *for the best good of the person you would help.* And it is never for the best good of any one to take from him all the burdens and responsibilities which are, by rights, his. Nor is it for the lasting benefit of a loved one to have all his thinking and planning done for him. Such sparing of him is one way of teaching him to sow seeds of carelessness and indifference that may bring forth a plentiful crop of laziness and egoism.

We are in the habit of praising the woman who overworks that she may spare her children work; who denies her body the rest and care that it needs so that she may humor the whims of her loved ones, and give them what they think they want. The pelican, stripping her feathers from her breast that she may make a nest for her young, or piercing her breast that she may feed her offspring, may sound very admirable in legends with regard to the brute creation—although facts do not agree with the traditions. The wise human mother should rob herself only when the health of her child's soul or body depends upon her so doing. She must look at things in their proper perspective.

In the long run, would not the child rather have a strong, healthy, normal mother, and dispense with some luxuries, than have these same luxuries and, with them, a parent that is a nervous wreck and old before her time? Would not the child rather have his mother take part in his play and things that interest him, than have her use all her strength and energy in making pretty clothes or taking care of the house? Mothers—that is, some mothers—do not seem to realize the childish longing for companionship and the childish pride a youngster takes in helping his mother. This very desire to help should be fostered so as to bring out the real unselfishness in the youngster.

Years ago I saw a delicate woman, the wife of a farmer, standing at her wash-tub, while her daughter, a strong, bright faced girl of seventeen, lay in the hammock under the trees and read a novel. When I suggested to the tired woman that Blanche might help her, she shook her head.

"Oh, no, I could not bear to have her do that. Mother-love is too unselfish to allow such a thing. As long as I can stand, I am going to protect my girl from drudgery. It will come to her soon enough."

It did. For some years before her death, the mother was a hopeless cripple and saw her only daughter become the ill-treated wife of a brute of a man, until, when her third child was born, she died. The daughter, having learned from her mother ideas as to the so-called unselfish life of a married woman, lived up to these ideas after her own marriage, and felt that she must submit to all kinds of cruelties and abuses from her husband. "We women must forget ourselves for the good of others," she said to me sadly. I hope that in the world to which she was hurried before she was thirty, her self-sacrifice is counted to her for righteousness. She must need some such compensation for the knowledge that she left behind her three little children to whom, but for her selfish unselfishness, she might have been spared. As to the husband, why, he married again within a year.

A RULE that has few exceptions is that the unselfish mother makes her young children selfish. The woman who gives up her life, her good looks and her recreations for her boys and girls, is not loved as dearly by her children as is the woman who insists that proper attention be shown her. One of the most adored mothers I have ever known never let her sons and daughters forget that she was their mother, and, therefore, entitled to their respect and thoughtful consideration. When her daughter planned for a spring outfit, the mother also planned for hers. She used to call her daughter's attention to the fact that while a young girl could wear simple lawns and muslins, a matron must dress with elegance to appear well.

"Isn't she beautiful?" exclaimed the daughter of her well-groomed and tastefully gowned mother.

She was not really beautiful; but her children believed her to be. They spoke of her as handsome, graceful and clever. Clever she certainly was, for she trained her children so carefully that they became noble, helpful men and women.

"I love my children too much to let them be selfish," she said once. "And my very love for them has warned me against spoiling them by overindulgence. They must learn in the home the lessons in self-denial that will make them strong to do their work in life."

Was she selfish? I do not think so. No doubt there were times when it would have been easier for her to grant a child's request than to deny it. But hers was the true unselfishness that looks beyond the present issue. As long as she lived she went into society, kept pace with the times, read what her children read, was interested in what they were interested in—never as an outsider, but as one of them, who had just as good a right to all these good and interesting things as they had. There must have been times when she longed to efface herself for a little while, for she was not physically strong; but she was too wise to do so. In other words, hers was intelligent unselfishness. Her sacrifices developed her children and brought out what was best in them, while the sacrifices or self-destruction of the farmer's wife I have referred to, and of her equally weak daughter, were wicked, unnecessary and productive of evil. The wise mother had the spirit that humanity needs.

The selfishness of being unselfish consists in doing that which may please another at the expense of that person's ultimate good. It is a form of self-conscious martyrdom, of morbid self-depreciation, that is no more like pure and reasonable unselfishness than illuminating gas is like God's free sunshine.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

BY LEO CRANE

PICTURES BY VINCENT LYNCH

THE opening of their little drama showed a woodland stream, seemingly secure in a deep, quiet, winding beneath willows and amid mossy boulders. There was a blue sky above, dotted with puffs of smoky cloud, and a hot, midsummer sunlight poured down between the trees of either bank, to gleam upon the placid surface of the water. Lily pads drifted in the pocket where the stream curved into the shadow, and ferns clung in the moist nooks of the bank. Over a pool, a sycamore threw its broad caress; a butterfly danced like a vibrant topaz among the sunbeams. You would expect to see in this depth of solitude some pompous frog swelling his throat, monarch of the whole domain.

Instead, a crashing noise sounded in the thicket, and a man came plunging through, gasping, to stagger down the bank's incline. His face showed intense suffering. He fell and drank of the water, splashed his hands in it, bathed his face of its sweat and dirt, and then rolled over with a groan. He did not rise. A young man, perhaps twenty-five, hot from some mad errand.

The errand was mad indeed! Once again grim War stalked amid grain fields and across homesteads, calling to the young and demanding the old, levying its burden of bloody tribute on all. The drums of it, and the banners and the bugles had sounded, flaunted, sung the old, old promise of glory, only to be swept, battered, stained, silent, beneath the wave of inhuman rage and misery. There had been tough fighting beyond the trees along a snake fence, the angles of which seemed to have been created only to ensnare good men. The blue line had moved forward to cross the stream at another point, leaving this one man crippled. An intense craving for water had seized him. Briefly strengthened by pain, he had torn his way through the thicket to fall at last with his face in the precious liquid. A few delicious swallows and a groan! He feared that he was done for, and having gained the sanctuary of the wood, rested, waiting. But an answering groan caused him to glance about, and like some wild animal scenting danger, he was almost ready for new flight. Raised upon one arm, poised in that rigidity that comes with fear, he stared across the stream.

There, half in and half out of the water, lay a man. The gray uniform was daubed with yellow mud, where not discolored by a blackish stain. The one in blue had become accustomed to such sights and stains of war. One of the tallies, he thought for a moment, recovering from his fright; but a convulsive movement of the other's hand showed that a wounded enemy had sought water, too, and finding it, thought of little else. The lines had crashed on through the smoke, following a glorious phantom, and had left these two in the quiet of the summer wood.

When War passes, Pity recovers. Summoning an effort that brought groans, the one in blue waded across the stream. He dropped by the side of the man in gray.

"Hello, you!" he said.

"Get me back to the lines," came in a weak voice. "Stillwell's brigade. Hurry, man! I'm blind! I've a message for Jackson!

Just then the man in blue collapsed.

"Sorry," he gritted, when a trifle easier. "You see, I can't walk. I'll try to wash you up a bit. What is it? Wound in the head?"

The other's face was so smeared with blood and dirt that his features were beyond recognition.

"Cut over my brow—sticker—fair blinded me. But there's no time to lose. I've a message—a message for Jackson! It's important!"

"Well?"

"You go and——"

"Sorry! Can't walk, and besides, I'm wearing blue."

"God!" moaned the other. "And I'm blind."

"Wait a bit, and I may take on so. You're just dazed. I'll have you right in a jiffy. Seems to me that I've heard your voice before somewhere. You ain't a Springfield man?"

He [illegible] the blood, then he exclaimed:

"Ned! Why, man, you're Ned!"

"Dan!" gasped the other, trying to [illegible]. "Is that Dan?"

"Yes, it's me, Ned, old boy!"

"Why!" Then, [illegible] sticking a fist to the wet earth, to clasp his wrist in a sort of [illegible].

"Where's Jackson, Dan?"

"That's just what we are, Ned!"

"Just—us I in your sector, I guess, eh?"

"We'll talk in the hollow, Ned, a bit!"

They lay silent for a time, saying nothing more for a time. It occurred to both of them that they had parted as many years in the past at Springfield, before War came, with the drums and banners and bugles calling. Suddenly the younger uttered a cry of pain and rage.

"God, but it's tough, this! Caught! Blind! And a message for Jackson! If only it wasn't—you—Brother Dan!"

Later, a squad of men moved down toward the Federal lines. The gray of evening [illegible]. And War, [illegible], that would go on through many nights and days, of which War took no account. The guard challenged. And Brother Dan knew no more of Brother Ned for a long time—so long that the war had worn itself out, and the land rested, and they were both back in Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD is rather [illegible] and [illegible] now. There is nothing [illegible] about the place; a sleepy village surrounded by sleepy meadows. Beyond the [illegible] the road marks a lazy way through fields and over an old stone bridge. A yellow embankment and a grim trestle of steel spoil the view from the bridge, just where it should be prettiest; but the railroad does not help the town. Close to the bridge's end, sheltered by trees that line the stream, is a small house in a poorly trimmed garden, the whole enclosed by an unkempt fence. It is not an inviting place, for the house needs repairing. In the garden the weeds are [illegible], and the house has reached that state of decrepitude which [illegible] poverty. The effect is one of struggling poverty, face to face with old age and decay. But for a vine that masks the worst gable with its living tendrils, the house would stand a very mean hovel of no seeming interest. Yet this house is known far and wide. It is the "Brothers' House."

Sometimes, when the Limited roars past, those in the cars have a brief picture of the garden and the house and the street; sometimes the flash includes a glimpse of [illegible] in the garden. He of the [illegible] head and white hair mark him as a stranger [illegible]. Shuffling his feet, tapping a cane, he makes his way down the walk. The [illegible] whistles and its unearthly scream for the trestle, throw him into a momentary [illegible], and he pauses as if doubtful of his way. He is no longer erect, with that [illegible] that had been Brother Ned's on his return from the war. But it is Brother Ned, vastly changed into an old man who cannot see the train, [illegible] embankment. Neither can he see the green banks of the stream, the mirror of its surface, nor the mossy stones of the bridge. He has not for years.

The utter darkness crept upon him gradually, as slothfully, yet as remorselessly as the years that—so many of them indeed—had bent his shoulders, slowed the step of him until it was faltering, and made of him what he was, a useless, blind old man. All this had not been startling or abrupt. It had threatened, the shadow of a menace, for long.

"You must be very careful hereafter," the surgeon of the Federal camp had said, "or some day you may go blind."

"I should die then. There would be no object in living on."

But he had not died. The interest of a war is paid by generations, and men live in the shadow of it, long after the drums and banners and bugles have been forgotten.

Brother Ned had prospered somewhat in those days following the immediate close of the struggle, and a little milling business for a time promised much to him. Then all was swallowed in a single day's panic. Worry lent its weight to break down his heart, and the light began to fade, too. Yet how fortunate he had been in all these changes! He had Brother Dan. Though the panic had triumphed over the little mill, Brother Dan had not failed; though the sun darkened and the beauty of the fields and flowers dimmed, Brother Dan remained a brighter spirit, his hand ready to guide, his arm strong to lean upon, his voice filled with a sweet interpretation of the things that slowly faded out of the world. Even now, when he was weak and faltering, Brother Dan continued as earnest and confident as ever. No sigh escaped Brother Dan, no word of reproach or discontent. He worked hard that the two of them might live; yet he was as cheerful as the sunlight that warms the faces of the blind. It was one of the gladsome mysteries that relieve the bitterness of life.

And Brother Ned was not patient.

"You've no right to sacrifice for me, Brother Dan," he would protest. "I've been a sore burden; I've hindered you for years. Why, you ought to have married, an' had sons and daughters growin' up. I've spoiled everything. You know that I know it, an' you've no right to make me feel so mean about it. Just your quiet way, to triumph over a helpless fellow like me, when you ought to call in that lawyer chap, Simms, an' have him arrange to ship me over the hills to the poorhouse. It ain't too late yet. That's where I belong, an' I know you think it. But you ain't got the decision to tell me. Why don't you act sensible, Brother Dan, an' do it?"

"Brother Ned!"

A silence would follow the tone of gentle remonstrance, only to be broken by Brother Dan's curious chuckle, as, his voice softer, he would go on:

"You oughtn't to take on so, Brother Ned. You're a prisoner o' war. Didn't I find you out there on Loring's Creek, all busted to pieces, an' forgotten—plumb forgot—by your own men? Certain I did, if I retain any recollection whatsoever. An' didn't I take you prisoner? Didn't you surrender to me, same as Lee did to Grant when things had all gone to smash and smithereens? Of course! That's history—both them surrenders. You'll find it down in the books, plain for all to read."

"There you go—knowin' full well that I can't read it."

"I forget sometimes, Brother Ned. But I'm not going to parole you yet. No, no—not yet a while. Else you'd be running around an' breakin' your solemn word. As for the commissary department an' the sentry duty, I'll look out for them. 'Cause I've been appointed to the post, you see; regular 'pointed, by the biggest captain that ever was or will be. You know that, Brother Ned."

Then Brother Ned would advance to the center of the room, and he would strike the floor with his cane to produce a noisy emphasis.

"If you only hadn't come along—that's what I say. That capturing of me worked a world o' trouble. Things might have been different if you hadn't blundered along, Brother Dan; that's what I say and what I believe. Remember, I had a message for General Jackson! Think of that! A message that was never delivered, 'cause of you! That message might have cleared the war all up in a hurry——"

"Tush, tush, Brother Ned; you know an' I know——"

"I know that you spoiled things!"

Sometime after this they would shake hands and agree to forget the old war and its problems and mistakes. It would be admitted that wars were nuisances, sounding brass, signifying nothing. And then a single word would start it all up again, and the battles would be fought, all of them, from Sumter down to the engagement of Loring's

"'God, but It's Tough, This! Caught! Blind! And a Message for Jackson! If Only It Wasn't—You—Brother Dan!'"

Creek, and on to Appomattox Court House, the turning point to all disaster being that incident of a certain undelivered message.

"What was the point of that message, Brother Ned?" the victor would slyly ask, his mouth twitching and his eyes twinkling.

"I'll tell you that when I'm paroled."

"It ought to be set down in the books, now that the war's over."

"For me the war ain't finished, Brother Dan; an' I betray no secrets to weaken the cause—not me! When you parole me——"

"I'll never parole you, Brother Ned."

"Then you'll never know what it was I ought to have told General Jackson. You see, there was fightin' all along the line that day. Stillwell's brigade was gettin' the almighty worst of it, too. First thing I know, down through the woods comes a fellow riding like he was crazy. He gets just opposite me—I'm off sharpshooting an' waiting for a chance at you, Brother Dan—when he drops, shot. The horse pulls up. I crawls out to the man, an' he isn't quite gone. 'Take my horse, you,' he says to me. 'Ride hard, an' tell General Jackson so an' so,' he says. That's how I got the message. An' when I tried to cross the creek, I runs full tilt into a crowd of Yankee cavalry. Slam comes a saber across my head. After that, you came up an' spoiled things. I couldn't say to you, 'Go tell General Jackson so an' so.' But I guess he understands now why I didn't come."

"The war's been over an' settled these fifty years, Brother Ned. You might tell me now."

"I'm still a prisoner o' war, Sir."

And he would salute before tapping off to bed.

WHEN Brother Dan was away from the house, occupied by odd jobs, the nature of which he never explained, Brother Ned would try to make himself useful, too. He would find his way to the little fence that enclosed their garden, and would search along it diligently. The discovery of a loose picket filled him with great joy. A nail or two he always carried in his pocket, and chunks of stone for battering at them were easily found. He would make brave efforts toward repair.

"That's something to show Brother Dan," he would puff when the nail was driven home. "I ain't so helpless after all, maybe. Just wait till I show him that—all done in the dark, too."

Then he would rest in the shade, close to the fence, listening to the humming sounds of summer, the music of the grasses and the trees, until twilight came and Brother Dan's trudging step announced his return. It was seldom that Brother Dan varied his schedule. He knew that Brother Ned would be waiting in the unjoyous dark.

On such a balmy day, Brother Ned waited longer than usual. He grew uneasy. The twilight lengthened into deeper shadows. A solitary cricket began to pipe its reedy song. Now Brother Ned felt the night air, and Brother Dan had not arrived. That very morning there had been a quarrel, which had ended in the usual way, though now Brother Ned recalled vividly that he had taunted Brother Dan severely.

"You've got a place provided, an' you've a pension," he had sneered. "Why don't you go off to the Home, an' be at your ease, Brother Dan? There's a place for me, too; so don't worry. The county will take care of me, if I did fight to give it a better gov'ment. I wish you'd do it. I'm sick of bein' a burden to you."

The recollection of all this, coupled with Brother Dan's tardiness, made the old man tremble. For years—dark, uninteresting years—he had depended on Brother Dan. And he had not been patient, but had taunted the other ceaselessly. What if he had grown tired of his sacrifice and service, weary of the thankless task? And suppose he did not return? What would life be without Brother Dan?

Now the road was all dark and the stars alight in the sky. He knew. The dank fingers of the night had touched him, and the fragrance of grass came so only when the dew had kissed it and the night wind stirred. He felt the sun and the dark as well as those who saw them. It was dark, and Brother Dan had not come. He must go back to the house and strike a light, and sit there in the deeper dark, waiting, alone.

Then the rattle of a light rig on the road caused him to listen. He knew the sound of every familiar vehicle.

"Can't be Miss Wheeler and her pony," he muttered. "She passed long ago, 'bout four o'clock. Can't be Johnson's boy on the way home from market; he ain't due for some time yet. That's a buggy. Lawyer Simms drives a buggy."

He quivered with apprehension.

"I always told Dan to send him, an' maybe he's comin' for me. I didn't think it possible Brother Dan—God! I wonder if——"

Just then the carriage stopped, and he heard the voice of Brother Dan.

"Thank you kindly, Mister Simms, for coming to all this trouble. I guess Brother Ned's in the house. I'll find him shortly, and everything'll be all right."

"Shall I go inside and make a light for you?"

"No; I can manage somehow, Mister Simms."

"Well, think over what I have said, Brother Dan. You're getting to be an old man. Two of you, fixed that way, would be awkward. You should both be in the Soldiers' Home."

"But Brother Ned——"

"Take him along. That's what the Home is for."

Brother Dan coughed apologetically.

"There's a slight reason why that can't be, Mister Simms."

"Tell me; perhaps I can arrange matters, somehow. What's the trouble?"

"Why, you see, there's always two sides to a question—for an' against. True, we both fought in the war, powerful hard, too; but—I was for, an' Brother Ned was against. It can't be arranged. Brother Ned surrendered to me, an' now he claims that I spoiled things; but I won't spoil 'em further for him. Thank you kindly, Mister Simms, for fetchin' me home. I don't believe I could have made it, alone."

"Take care of yourself, Brother Dan, and let me know how you come around."

The carriage rattled away.

A cold fear had struck Brother Ned. Something serious must have happened down in the town. Brother Dan sick, hurt, unable to help himself! What would become of him, were there no Brother Dan? Suddenly he realized that his whole world was lighted and kept moving by the one he had blamed and called negligent. No Brother Dan! That would be terrible! It would mean the end of things, utter darkness, a loneliness worse than death!

Hurrying up the walk, with trembling hands he found the house door and pushed it open. All dark there. He could sense the empty gloom of the place.

"Brother Dan!" he whispered.

His heart almost stopped beating in the fear that there might be no answer. In ten years he had not wished so for sight. Not to see Brother Dan! Not to be able to help him! His lips quivered so, he could scarcely frame a call. With an effort it came, finally, a terrified cry, like that of a suddenly awakened child:

"Brother Dan! Where are you, Dan? For God's sake, Dan!"

No answer.

Then his cane slipped away from his hand. A gust of wind slammed the door shut. For a moment the cold terror gripped him, and he swayed. Then, as if he had received a blow, he fell heavily.

A moment later, Brother Dan came inside to find the silent figure. He dropped his armful of wood, and with a bungling speed managed to get the helpless one into their common bedroom. Then he hurried out, scrambling over the scattered wood, knocking against the door, to find a doctor. That paternalism, which had become second nature when Brother Ned was concerned, now sought to attain its highest degree of alertness and precision; but in this he failed somewhat. His every action seemed a blunder. He knew what should be done, but he made strange mistakes. In the darkness, he collided with the gate. Once he slipped from the pathway into the roadside ditch, and it seemed to him that the journey toward help would have no end. Fortunately he met a neighbor, who accepted the mission and relieved him of the struggle. Brother Dan groped back to the house. For the first time in his life he had known the need of assistance. He began to realize that he, too, was an old man.

Brother Ned had not stirred. Fearing the worst, Brother Dan tried to occupy himself that he might not have time for thought. He fumbled with the lamp and started a fire in the stove. Light they must have, and hot water would be needed. A dozen times he stood at the door, watching, listening. The silence of the black garden was ominous and deadly. He would never forget this night; and how terribly lonely night would be without Brother Ned!

"'I'm Still a Prisoner o' War, Sir.'"

The noise of approaching wheels sounded, and he uttered a little eager cry. Shortly after he was hurrying to and fro in the house, trying to obey the orders of the physician. But all his effort to be skilful and of service was without success. A series of minor disasters befell him. He sent a chair clattering; he burned his fingers at the stove; he dropped a cup that was handed him.

"There's no sense in getting so excited," said the doctor gruffly. "He's an old man, and he's had a stroke. You might have expected it. Brace up, Brother Dan; keep your head about you; you'll have to wait on him, and you must manage to do better than this."

"What'll I do? I want to help Brother Ned."

"Do as I say, and without bungling. Hand me that large bottle."

"Where—which one?"

"On the table—the large one, with——"

The old man had made a step forward and had paused.

"Doc," he half whimpered, "I'm afraid I'll make another mistake. I can't see very well. I——"

The doctor turned and stared at him.

"Brother Dan, you don't mean to say that you're going—that you can't see?"

Brother Dan nodded.

"Terrible, ain't it? An' him needing me so just now. I guess I've wore them out. Been doing copying work for Lawyer Simms these past three weeks, you see, an' I said nothin' 'bout the pains, 'cause the work had to be done, somehow. To-day, it seemed that everything was sudden washed out into blackness, all swimming. The light came back a little; but Mister Simms had to drive me home. Then I found him on the floor. I guess it'll wear off. But with him gone to pieces, I'm worried."

The doctor stepped close to Brother Dan and put one hand on his shoulder.

"Have no fear," he said kindly. "There'll be friends to see you through, Brother Dan. And if the curtain comes down, just make up your mind that you'll have a rest. You need rest, Brother Dan."

"But Brother Ned," muttered the old man helplessly.

"Plain talk is the best, Brother Dan. He may come round for a little, but not for long. This shock has been too much for him. His day is almost done."

Brother Dan said nothing. That old age he had been fighting off from behind the barricade of stern duty, swept over him as a shadow. It seemed to enmesh him suddenly, to wither him up. He was not the Brother Dan of the morning. He caught hold of the table's edge, felt along it to his chair and sank down.

"He's an old man; remember that, Brother Dan."

"Not as old as I am," was the reply.

It was late that night when the doctor left him, promising to return soon. Brother Dan drew his chair to the bedside. For some time the heavy silence threw its weight on him. The clock ticked despairingly. Often he would reach out and touch Brother Ned, but not until the dawn did he note a stirring response to his hand. He leaned forward, scarcely hoping——

"Who's—who's there?" came in a feeble whisper.

"It's me, Brother Ned."

The fingers tightened and words came with hurrying gasps.

"Dan, you've just got to go. There's a message—a message for Jackson. The battery's been captured, and—and Smith needs support. Tell him—we can only hold out—twenty minutes——"

The voice slowed to a faint whisper and died away. Then Brother Ned made a desperate effort to struggle up.

"GOD," he choked, "it's dark—all dark! I must be blind! And I've got a message for Stonewall Jackson!"

Brother Dan pressed him back.

"Who's there?"

"Just Dan."

The fingers gripped him lightly.

"We're brothers—Dan——"

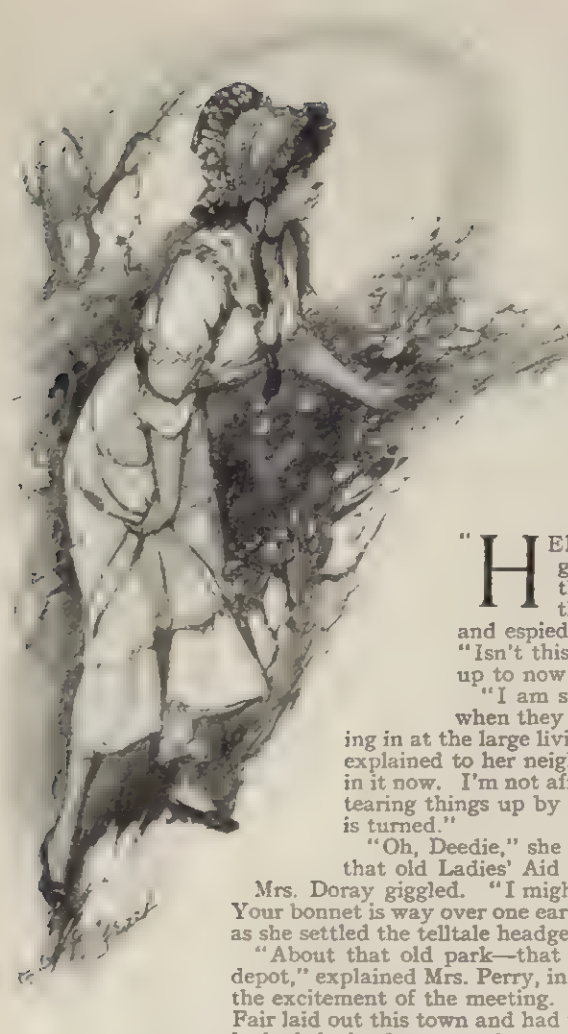
The fingers slipped away, and Brother Dan knelt in the silence.

Next morning, the doctor found Brother Dan sitting in the sunlight.

"I came out to get away from the dark," he explained slowly. "Guess that's what fretted Brother Ned so much—being in the dark—something like Libby Prison. A fellow has to get used to it."

"And how is Brother Ned?"

"Eh?" replied the old man. "Haven't you heard? Why, he escaped last night—just when I'd begun to understand him."



Mrs. Doray Starts Talking Again

By Pearl F. Godfrey

Pictures by R. A. Graef

"HELLO, Deedie," Mrs. Perry began chattily, as she approached the artistic bungalow which was the show-place of the village, and espied Edith Doray out in the yard. "Isn't this a pretty day? What are you up to now? Setting out plants?"

"I am starting my hollyhocks so that when they are in bloom they will be looking in at the large living-room window," Mrs. Doray explained to her neighbor. "There's some pleasure in it now. I'm not afraid of stray horses or chickens tearing things up by the roots the minute my back is turned."

"Oh, Deedie," she scolded, "I've been so mad at that old Ladies' Aid Meeting this afternoon!"

Mrs. Doray giggled. "I might have known you were mad. Your bonnet is way over one ear," she said to her old neighbor, as she settled the telltale headgear. "What was it all about?"

"About that old park—that piece of ground down by the depot," explained Mrs. Perry, in a hurrying voice which echoed the excitement of the meeting. "Fifteen years ago, when Mr. Fair laid out this town and had trees planted along the streets, he had the landscape gardener make a park there by the depot. Of course it was just business with him. When he brought out his excursions of lot buyers, he wanted their first impression of the place as they got off the trains to be a good one."

"And he offered to make the village a present of the park if they would agree to keep it up, didn't he?" asked Mrs. Doray, in her interested way.

"Y-e-s," Mrs. Perry conceded grudgingly. "AFTER he'd sold out all his property and got rich on us, he wanted the town to take it off his hands. I remember, it was ten years ago. We had a big meeting over it. Some spoke for taking it and some against—most against. I remember Mrs. Crow said there must be some reason for his wanting to give it away. 'Folks ain't giving away things for nothing,' she said."

Mrs. Doray suppressed a smile.

"I know about that discussion. I've heard about it so much," she said. "But now there is talk of the Ladies' Aid or the Literary Society or the Local Improvements Club doing something about it——"

"You mean *was*," corrected Mrs. Perry, pursing up her lips virtuously. "*Was*, but not any more. We did, all of us, *want* to do something about it. With the good name Fair Park's been getting we said it was a disgrace, that piece of ground right there by the depot, where it shows so plain, going all to weeds. That was while you was in California, all this come up. We had meetings every night one week; but naturally no one was going to do anything to improve another man's property. So a committee of men was appointed to wait on Mr. Fair in the city at his office, to ask him to donate it to us. He don't ever come out here any more. We're not good enough for him, now he's got our money. And—" she paused impressively—"what do you think? How do you think he received that committee? Kicked 'em out of his office! Might as well been kicked out as treated the way they was, I say. That's what we've all been so fighting hot over at the meeting this afternoon. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Honestly now, did you?"

Mrs. Doray kept her smile in her eyes and answered seriously:

"I'm not sure that I quite understand. You say—the people, that is, say that it would not be right for them to give their time and money to improve Mr. Fair's property. But they seem to think that it would be perfectly natural for Mr. Fair to give the property, after he has kept up the taxes on it for ten years, while they were getting ready to accept it. I don't just see the difference—why he should be expected to give any more than they——"

"Don't see the difference!" snapped Mrs. Perry. "Why, there's all the difference in the world. And, anyway, we've all washed our hands of it. There ain't a man or woman in Fair Park that would turn over a finger to do a thing to it now——"

"There might be—one," Mrs. Doray suggested, smiling war.

"Now, Edith Doray, you don't mean—" began Mrs. Perry aghast.

"Why not?" challenged that little woman. "If they aren't careful the people will all be going to weeds, like their park. It just needs some one to start the ball rolling the other way and every one will be joining in and helping the thing along." Her experience with the Village Board the year before had left her sanguine.

"Edith," Mrs. Perry begged earnestly, "don't have anything to do with it. That's my advice. You'll have every one in Fair Park hating you."

Then she went home.

Mrs. Doray stopped long enough to take off her apron and to leave her trowel and garden gloves behind a bush, then started off in the opposite direction.

It was three blocks to the depot, and in those three blocks there were just five houses. When she had passed them all, waving or calling familiarly to some one in each, and had come to the discussed piece of ground, a discouraging sight met her eyes—tall trees, untrimmed for years, looking but half alive, with their bare branches clinging; bushes choked in undergrowth; dwarf pines long dead, left standing ugly and brown; grass and weeds growing apace.

She picked up her skirts and waded over to the long, crescent shaped mound which, facing the depot, had once proclaimed to passing trains, in raised letters of foliage and flowers, the name of Fair Park. Standing there, knee deep in weeds, she made her decision.

"It only needs some one to start it," she told herself, "and if no one else will do it, I will."

Just then, as though she had rubbed a wonderful lamp, the village president came driving along. When he saw Mrs. Doray his round face beamed with pleasure. He drew up at the curb.

"We're all mighty glad to see you back," he called out. "What's the matter? Have you lost something? You'll get your dress full of burrs, and there's a lot of broken glass in there. We have a regular gang of bad boys in this town, I'm sorry to say."

"I was just standing here thinking of clearing out these weeds and burrs and the broken glass," said Mrs. Doray sweetly, and her hazel eyes shone bravely. "You came along just in time. What help do you suppose I can count on from the Village Board?"

"Well now, you see, Mrs. Doray," he began, clearing his throat uneasily, "the Board is pretty sore about this here thing. We offered to make an appropriation for keeping it up as a sort of show-place to be seen from the trains and by people driving by, you know; but Mr. Fair turned us down. Now we are—that is, they are pretty sore. Of course, I, personally——"

"Well, you personally, then," said Mrs. Doray, smiling at him genially across the weeds. "After all, I can't see that it's up to Mr. Fair to do the giving any more than it is for us who live here and will be getting the benefit of it. So, speaking personally now, how much will *you* give toward fixing up this piece of ground, restoring the mound here, trimming the trees and making flower beds, so that there won't be this eyesore in our town?"

"If it was for yourself, Mrs. Doray," he said blandly, "I'd be only too glad to do all in my power. You know that."

"And you know that I'm not in the habit of asking donations for myself," she retorted evenly. "It's for you and every one else in Fair Park——"

"Well, I don't know," he hedged. "Of course we get some benefit; I see that. But who gets the most? John Fair. It's his property and he'll turn right around and sell it, just for spite. You see, every one's against it. There's the Board against him and the committee he turned out of his office—all the richest men in town. There's the churches and clubs all against him for the way he turned down their committee, and there's everybody else that would be glad to contribute to anything else you'd start, Mrs. Doray. But this thing—the whole town's against it and you see, in my position, it wouldn't do to make myself unpopular by going against the majority——"

Mrs. Doray, who always came straight to the point herself, could not abide this beating about the bush. "I see you're not going to enthuse over the idea," she said, and to cut short his protestations, she turned to the mound and began aimlessly picking weeds.

Just then the president's voice, angrily raised, arrested her attention.

"You better look out, you Art Simpson. I'll have all you boys in jail yet! Just let me catch the one that threw the stone through that town hall window! All the meanness that's done in this town we can lay at the doors of your gang. You're no use to your mother and it'll be a good thing for her and every one else in town when we get some of you fellows and send you down for a year or two."

The president was sure that Mrs. Doray was being favorably impressed by this law and order threat. He wanted to make amends for the refusal he had had to give "on principle," to plan something else with her, something that would not benefit the town's arch-enemy. But Mrs. Doray turned around:

"Come here, Arthur. I want to see you," she said, and her glance did not include the president. So, with a palliative remark to the effect that he would see her again soon, he drove on.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Doray, seeking to distract her mind from her keen disappointment, "you always knew every flower and bug and blade of grass in Fair Park. Tell me—do you remember the letters that used to be on this mound?"

The boy's grin widened under her praise. He fell upon his knees and began tearing up weeds.

"Sure thing," he said eagerly. "Us kids've played 'round this mound ever since I kin remember. When Mr. Fair didn't set out flowers no more, he had the letters filled in with gravel. Here, you kin see the 'R'," he showed her, after a few moments.

Mrs. Doray's eyes were shining again. She clapped her hands together. "Oh, it makes me want to go on," she cried. Then she told Arthur her plan. While she was talking, the boy's lazy, blue eyes seemed to take fire from her own. He began excitedly to point out where trees should be removed, where this improvement could be made, and that.

"And with the trimmings from them trees, Mis' Doray, you know what? I could make you some of the dandiest seats an' tables an' arbors. That's just what I *like* to do. I wouldn't want a cent for it. I'd be glad to! I'm out of a job anyway now, and if I get one at the foundry I kin work here before and after hours. I'd be glad to and I know some other fellows 'd be glad to. You know Frank, the lame guy?"

Mrs. Doray did know him. He was always named with Arthur as the other "worst" boy of the place. They had been together in various scrapes.

"Well, he's nutty 'bout fixin' things. I'll bring him 'round."

Mrs. Doray was soon her old self, seeing things finished and waxing eloquent over them as they would be then.

"First we'll have to have the grass and weeds cut and all the trees trimmed," she planned.

"I'll help," Arthur volunteered heartily, "and the other fellows will, too. You kin get old man Fagan to cut with a scythe and his boy to go over it with a lawn mower. Then we'll dig up a circle fer breathin' space 'round every tree——"

"First," interrupted Mrs. Doray thoughtfully, "I shall have to go to the city in the morning and ask Mr. Fair's permission. He may not give it."

But the next day when Mrs. Doray, returning from the city, alighted from the noon train and came over to the park, she found Arthur—a new Arthur that no one had ever seen before—directing a small force of men and boys. It was plain that they had been trying to see how much they could get done against her arrival.

Old man Fagan was working furiously with his scythe at the tall grass and weeds, while the son followed in his wake with Mrs. Doray's lawn mower. Frank, the lame boy, had

"Old Man Fagan Was Working Furiously with His Scythe at the Tall Grass and Weeds, While the Son Followed in His Wake with Mrs Doray's Lawn Mower"

cleared the gravel letters on the mound. Arthur himself and another lad, evidently a foreigner from the Italian district, had borrowed the village pruning knives and were busy at the trees. Already a mass of dead underbrush and rotten limbs was burning in the ditch, while another pile held the good branches that were to be transformed by Arthur's craftsmanship. Mrs. Doray stopped in astonishment.

"Oh, Arthur," she gasped, "why didn't you wait until I had asked Mr. Fair? How did you know what he would say?"

"We all bet ye'd get what ye went after," replied Arthur, with his lost-tooth grin. "Didn't ye?"

"Well, I did," announced Mrs. Doray, as she leaned against a tree and laughed merrily.

After a hurried lunch, they were all back at their posts.

"Why wouldn't it be good," Frank suggested, "to make the words 'FAIR PARK' in cement? The gravel's there as a foundation. I can make 'em so they'll look fine and last forever."

"Fine!" cried Mrs. Doray, clapping her hands delightedly. "Now I am sure this is going to be a big success. I didn't know there was such genius in the town."

Before they dispersed the first evening, she made a list of things they would need from the various merchants—lumber for the swings; boards for the seats and benches; nails; rope for the swings; material for the cement work; green paint; brushes; kerosene to pour upon ant hills; coarse salt for the burdocks, and two large baskets which they planned to paint green and hang in convenient places for waste paper.

"They'll all be glad to donate these things. They are located where they get the most benefit of the place," Mrs. Doray predicted. But she found that she was wrong. The owner of the lumber yard tightened his lips and shook his head.

"You ought to do something for it, you know, Mr. Baldwin," she told him.

"I'd like to, Mrs. Doray," he said in a tone which denied his words; "but to tell you the truth, I think it's throwing money away. It isn't as if it was going to be a permanent good——"

Mrs. Doray stopped him in the midst of his specious reasons. "That's all right, Mr. Baldwin," she assured him; "I know just how you feel. Charge this bill to me, will you? And can you give me a month's time?"

Mr. Baldwin's manner changed. "Why certainly, all the time you want, Mrs. Doray. Your credit's always good. Anything I can do for you——"

At the hardware store she had the same luck.

"Sorry, Mrs. Doray," said the storekeeper, an old, white haired man who had made his money by hanging on to it, "but *I* was one o' that committee Fair turned down. It ain't likely I'm goin' to turn the other cheek by helpin' improve his ground."

The grocer lost his cheery smile when Mrs. Doray, nothing daunted, approached him next. She hadn't time, however, to listen to all the objections. She told him to charge the order to her.

When she got back to the park, she was asked to decide what should be done with the piles of hay that had been cut.

"Take it across to the barns—half to the grocery and half to the lumber yard," she ordered.

Two small boys who had raced from school to get to Mrs. Doray first and so have first pick of the jobs, began carting the hay to the barns. Other children came hastening eagerly. They had heard of the wonderful park that would be a playground for them, with swings and seats, a place for croquet or tennis, and flower beds. And although, curiously enough, they were the children of the most embittered inhabitants, they did not try to hide their delighted anticipation. All clustered about Mrs. Doray, begging for "a job."

The little girls she organized into a band of "housekeepers." On their way to and from school they were to see that everything was in order and that every bit of stray paper or rubbish was put into the baskets. The florist's man drove up just then, and they were all allowed to help carry the pots of foliage and flowers and set them around the beds that had been spaded up in the very spots where John Fair had had them made originally—one great, heart shaped bed, five stars and a huge crescent.

The children who had yards and swings of their own were as enthusiastic over the playground as those who had not. It was the young son of the town's wealthiest miser who hopped most delightedly around Mrs. Doray, exclaiming, "Oh, ain't it bully? All us kids is drawing cuts for turns at the swings. Willy got first and Jimmy give him his cent for it, and we're goin' to ask teacher for a half holiday when the park opens and the swings is done, so we won't miss anything."

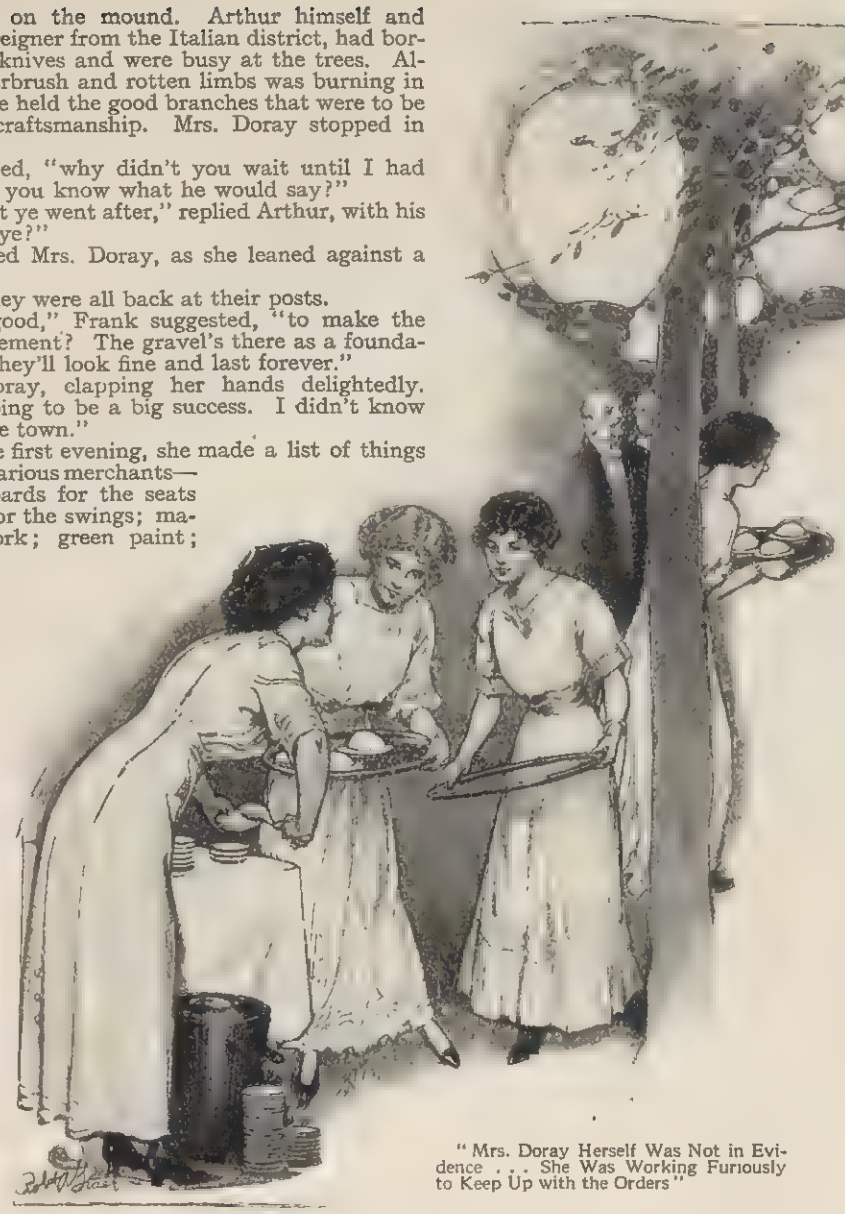
"You won't miss anything," Mrs. Doray told the children, "because we're going to open it up in the evening with a big ice cream social. That will be a week from Saturday—just one month from the day it was started."

The children, cheering, ran to watch Frank who, having raised a flagpole donated by the Italian barber, was now engaged in hoisting a bran-new flag that he himself had gone to town and bought. As they thronged around, they began to sing patriotic songs, and Mrs. Doray, listening to them, looked up to see the flying flag. Just then she received the news that the men digging the well had struck a bounteous spring. Her heart began singing a little song of praise.

"And you were about ready to give up before you began," she chided herself. "But I didn't. I'm glad—I'm glad I didn't," sang her heart.

❧

THE park was commanding the unwilling attention and admiration of the townfolk. When they got off the trains they looked before they knew it toward the crescent shaped mound, now smooth as velvet, with FAIR PARK in square, even letters of white cement. And looking, they saw the ornamental beds of bright flowers and foliage; the lawn; the well-trimmed trees giving thanks in unsuspected beauty; the shrubbery that had been discovered beneath the undergrowth; the rustic seats beneath inviting shade; the swings with lattice on two sides for vines; the tables; the arbor over the new pump. All of these were of Arthur's clever designing, while the work of the letters and the unique cement base and trough to the pump attested Frank's skill. Last of all, in the middle of the crescent, there was the flagpole, tall, slender and straight against the evening sky, with the stars and stripes flying proudly over all.



"Mrs. Doray Herself Was Not in Evidence . . . She Was Working Furiously to Keep Up with the Orders"

But meanwhile one little woman, mindful of the bills accumulating in her large, black handbag, was feeling far from joyous. The contributions on which she had counted had not been forthcoming, and the end of the month, when she had promised to meet all bills, was steadily approaching. Her husband's purse was all too inadequate to offer any solution. The men who had done the work must be paid. And that is how Fair Park happened to have an evening of social glory such as it had never known before. People all along the line of the trains were asking Fair Parkers when the opening would take place—they all wanted to be there.

"Every one has been talking of Fair Park the past year—your wonderful sanitary reforms—and now we're anxious to see the public park and playground we're hearing about. What an enterprising village, to be sure!"

Then came a whisper that men interested in civic problems were coming out from the city. The eminent Professor Somebody-or-Other had sent word. The whispers traveled and grew, so that when Mrs. Doray telephoned around to the ladies of Fair Park, asking them to take charge of booths and to serve on committees, they all flew at the chance. Those who had been most aloof toward Mrs. Doray in the past month, were most cordial in their acceptance. Magnanimously they decided to overlook certain things. Really, she didn't mean anything. She just let her impulses run away with her sometimes, and anyway, she was making amends to them by asking Mrs. Perry, President of the Ladies' Aid, to be chairman of the Reception Committee.

The electric light company sent its man to string lights through the park—all they wanted, the manager's note read—so that the place was ablaze with myriads of the Japanese lanterns which the Ladies' Aid had sent over at the last minute.

Crowds arrived by train, auto and carriage. The park was filled with all the sounds of merrymaking—the music of the "Guinea" volunteers, from a leafy bower, men and women talking, children shouting and laughing, automobile horns blowing. Mrs. Doray herself was not in evidence. In a tent, where the ice cream freezers were, she was working furiously to keep up with the orders of pretty girls in white who ran back and forth, serving the enthusiastic guests. They brought in news of the happenings from time to time.

"Oh, Mrs. Doray," one of them told her, "there's been the funniest man here all evening, sitting over by himself all alone on a bench where it's dark. He came in a lovely auto and he just sits over there and watches everything. He stopped me and wanted to know where Mrs. Doray was. I said you were busy in the tent, dishing out cream, and he said, 'Humph! Thought she'd be headin' the Reception Committee in white satin.' Wasn't he awful? The crossest old man I ever saw in all my life——"

Mrs. Doray did not hear what the girl was saying. She was counting up, in her mind, the possible receipts, wondering if there would be enough to pay all the bills.

Frank, greatly excited, hobbled into the tent.

"You ought to hear all the orders for rustic furniture an' things Art's gettin' from them swell guys from the city," he panted. "An' what d'ye think, Mrs. Doray, a man that's been lookin' at the cement trough I made up for the pump, wants me to come and work for him in the city an' he'll get me a patent on it an' we'll get rich. Things is goin' great out there. You just ought to go out and see, Mrs. Doray. They're goin' to have speeches now purty soon."

Mrs. Doray stole out to a shadowy corner to listen to the speeches. First the man from the city who knew all about parks, as Frank had said, got up and sent thrills of pride down the spine of every Fair Park villager. He said he would tell others—he couldn't begin to tell them—how much he admired their pluck—going ahead that way when they couldn't afford to buy the property. "It shows such an unusually strong civic spirit," he said.

Then the sensation of the evening occurred. Of the evening? Say, rather, of the the entire history of Fair Park. For what had ever approached the excitement of that moment, when whispers ran around: "John Fair—it's John Fair," and the strange man who had been sitting aside in the darkness came forward and took the stand.

Mrs. Doray found herself shivering with sudden sick apprehension. And so did others, if they would have confessed it, for it seemed that the grim, forbidding man whom so many feared, so many hated, must have some discordant message. Then, when it came, the air was rent with a sudden frenzy of cheering, and in the ensuing hubbub of excited talking and moving about, Mrs. Doray pinched herself to see if she were awake. GIVE IT! He had said that he would give the ground unconditionally to Fair Park. She hadn't heard the rest.

"Crowds Arrived by Train, Auto and Carriage"

But now the fat president, who had just stopped wringing the hand of John Fair, got up on the chair and amid renewed cheering, said that the Village Board members had asked him to say that they felt it an honor to accept the park in the name of the Village, and that they would hold a special meeting to make generous appropriation for its up-keep.

After a patriotic epilogue the president held out his black slouch hat and announced that he would now take up a collection for their park. Every one, it seemed, rushed to get there first. Yellow and blue, all colors of checks, green bills, gold and silver coin—it poured in so fast, from the very ones who had so lately refused it, that Mrs. Doray's breath was all but gone. Everywhere there was loud, excited talking.

Then the late train came in and gradually the groups dispersed. At twelve the lights went out, and the place was soon deserted.

❧

JACK Doray, starting homeward, laden down with a basket of spoons, dishes and table linen, stopped on the corner so suddenly that Mrs. Doray, who had her arm through his, dropped the large package of paper napkins and the bag of lemons she had been carrying.

"Why they—they think—they've done it—themselves!" Mrs. Doray's merry laugh rang out on the midnight air.

"Well, I believe they do," she replied; "but what of it? It's done and that's all I care about. Now look at these things you've made me drop."

"Allow me to help you," said a tall, dark man, emerging out of the shadows.. Then, when he had restored the napkins and the lemons, John Fair—they recognized him at once—put out his hand and said, "If you don't mind, Mrs. Doray, before I go back, I'd just like to shake your hand."

A big automobile came up just then for Mr. Fair and he bade them good-by.

"W-e-l-l," said Mrs. Doray, after he had gone, "I wonder what—he meant."

Editor's Note—Mrs. Godfrey has written four of these stories, in every one of which Mrs. Doray accomplishes something for the benefit of her town. In the next, the third story, Mrs. Doray solves the political graft problem.

MY TREASURE

A Tender Little Love Song for Medium Voice

Words by Sam M. Lewis

Music by Dave Rose

Allegretto con tenerezza.

mf

Ev - 'ry one dreams of a
Ro - ses ne'er bloom'd, dar - ling,

poco rit. e dim. p

p

gold - en shore, Where wish - es are all ful - filled. — The poor dream of wealth, the rich long for more, —
half so fair, As those on your cheeks my dear. — No star in the skies with your eyes can com - pare, There's

Youth wants its long-ing heart stilled. — Some dream of glo - ry and some dream of fame, My dreams are of you a -
love in their depths so clear. — Your hair re-minds me of sun-beams at dawn, Your lips are rich - er than

lone; — Give those that seek them their rich - es and name, I'm rich when I know you're my own. —
wine — Hear me, my prec-ious, my heart, so for-lorn, Cries out to you, "Be mine, all mine." —

mf cresc

f *dim.*

mp

poco rall.

REFRAIN.

My treas - ure, — my treas - ure, — Naught can com-pare with you, — My treas - ure, — my —

R H.
p

treas - ure, — What is as rare as two true eyes of blue; My on - ly, — I'm lone - ly, —

p

rall.

Say that you miss me too, — Why wait, dear, — 'Tis fate, dear, — My treas-ure, — my treas-ure. —

sempre delicato
dim. e rit. *p*

morendo
molto rall. *pp*

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The Making of Hooked Rugs

By Mabel Tuke Priestman

THE necessary materials for making hooked rugs are a frame, a hook, flannel, burlap and dyes. The frame is a light, adjustable affair very different from the cumbersome ones previously used. There are plenty of crochet hooks from which to make a selection: wood, bone, agate and steel, any of which may be utilized. Canvas, heavier than that used in the old-fashioned rug work, is sold in England for a foundation; but in America burlap is preferred, as it does not entail a knot being made on the surface to keep the wool from shaking out eventually.

A great many fabrics have been tried for making the rugs; but after careful experimenting an all-wool, twilled flannel was finally decided on. It might be advisable for beginners to use outing flannel, for economical reasons, until they become proficient in making rugs and dyeing material.

The flannel is cut into lengths of one yard, this being a practical length to work with. Each strip is cut about a quarter of an inch in width.

The choice of the kind of design is a wide one. The most popular hooked rugs are those that are extremely simple in character, with small units, straight lines and religious symbols. The swastika of various nations may be used with good effect. The designs of the North American Indians, South Sea Islanders, Peruvians, Mexicans and Egyptians are full of suggestions, and successful rugs have been made from Japanese, Arabian and Hindoo motifs. Rugs look best with a center ornament, such as a swastika, and a border or series of borders on all four sides or at the ends. In the group of designs for hooked rugs illustrated below, border motifs and suitable centers are shown. One of the center designs shows how the same pattern will appear with different treatment. The bird design is also adapted to dark and light treatment. There are many stencil designs appropriate for these hooked rugs, such as those used in the Arts and Crafts work, conventional patterns and others on this order.

Showing the Frame Which Is Used in Making Hooked Rugs

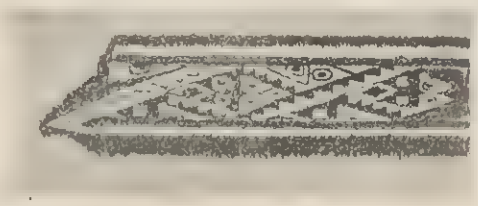
The colorings of the rugs must be simple—few colors and good. Try to keep the rug in one key of color. Those intended for bedrooms would naturally be in lighter tones than those for sitting-rooms. Rich, but not too dark, effects should be planned. A study of the distribution of colors in an Oriental rug will be helpful. Notice how a little black tells where a mass would ruin the effect, and how a little cream color brightens where a good deal would be too conspicuous. A water color sketch or a chalk drawing in color will take but a short time to make and yet will give the satisfaction of the effect being seen at the outset.

The design must be applied to a burlap foundation by means of a stencil. This may be cut with scissors from red pressboard or brown paper, and will need a thin coat of shellac on both sides to make it strong enough for repeated use. Stencil paper may be used instead if easier to procure. The pattern may be indicated with oil paint or just the ordinary laundry blue. Apply the color with a stencil brush or nail brush for the large masses of color.

The foundation of the rug must be a good, strong burlap. That forty inches wide cuts to the best advantage. An English make, which is not too loose and yet not too open in texture, is recommended for the purpose. The pattern must not extend too near the edge of the burlap; enough material for a hem must be allowed, and it should be doubled once before the rug is put in the frame. This will prevent too much strain on a single thickness of burlap. The pattern must not come too close to the frame or difficulty will be found in hooking. Great care must be exercised in placing the stenciled burlap so as to make it taut and straight; otherwise the rug will be crooked when finished. When the frame is adjusted to suit the stenciled pattern, allow several inches margin beyond the stamped pattern. When hooking a large rug, the corner should be first worked and moved as it is finished. Care must be taken not to hook any of the double portion of the burlap. This can be avoided by folding the burlap once beyond the pattern to make a reinforced edge for the nails. Later, when the rug is finished, the foundation can be folded again to make a firm hem under the outside edge of the rug.

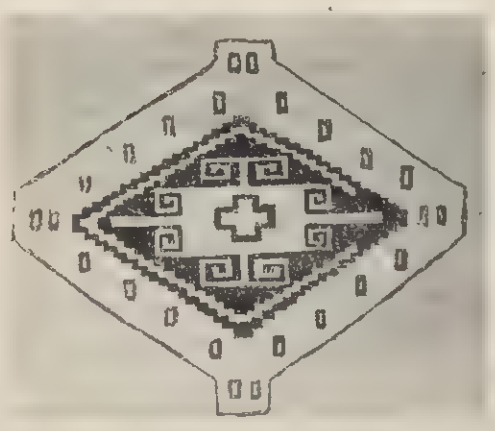
The chief interest begins when the rug is ready for hooking. Take a strip of flannel in the left hand with the thumb and first finger and hold it under the burlap. Then with a crochet hook in the right hand push it through the burlap and draw the strip to the surface. Dive again and bring up a loop three-eighths of an inch in height. Continue to bring up loops until the strip is all used up. The ends must be on the surface or they might work out in time. Do not leave bare places on the burlap; allow about two strands between the loops. When drawing the flannel up, keep the hook in an almost horizontal position so as to press the hole open with a backward movement of the hook. It is very important that the hole be large; otherwise the point of the hook would catch in the burlap and delay the rapidity of the work. Another item to remember is never to allow the flannel to become twisted while working. The frame can be turned round so that the work can be done easily. The loops must be brought up at different angles so that they catch the light at various points.

When a rug is hooked, it will need shearing, and this will have to be done very carefully. Press up the part to be sheared from underneath. Then crop the highest loops, leaving the shorter ones uncut. This gives light and shade to the surface.

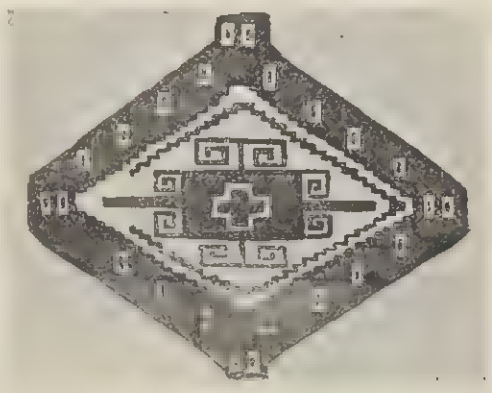


Border for a Hooked Rug

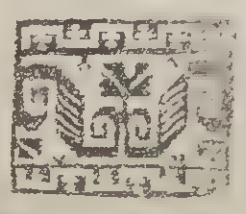
Bird Design for Rug



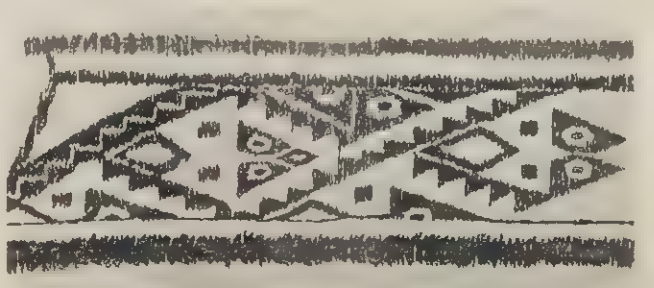
Field of This Center Is Light and Design Dark



Dark Color Used for Field of This Center



Oblong Center for Rug



Same Border Shown in Upper Left-Hand Illustration with Reversed Colors

Design for Square Center

"Ah, Hot Consommé!"

"WHAT a fine change from the regulation program."

"Better than tea or coffee, I say."

"Yes. The best kind of a pick-me-up." And it goes just as good with a motoring-coat as it does with a dinner-coat. Give *me*

Campbell's CONSOMMÉ

Truly there's no finer appetizer for any occasion.

Clear, delicate, tempting in flavor and appearance, this perfect consommé is not only suitable for the most formal dinner or luncheon; but it makes a delightful variation in the ordinary "outing" menu.

There are a dozen ways to enjoy it. And we make 20 other kinds of soup equally good. Order them by the dozen. And enjoy them *all*.

21 kinds—10c a can

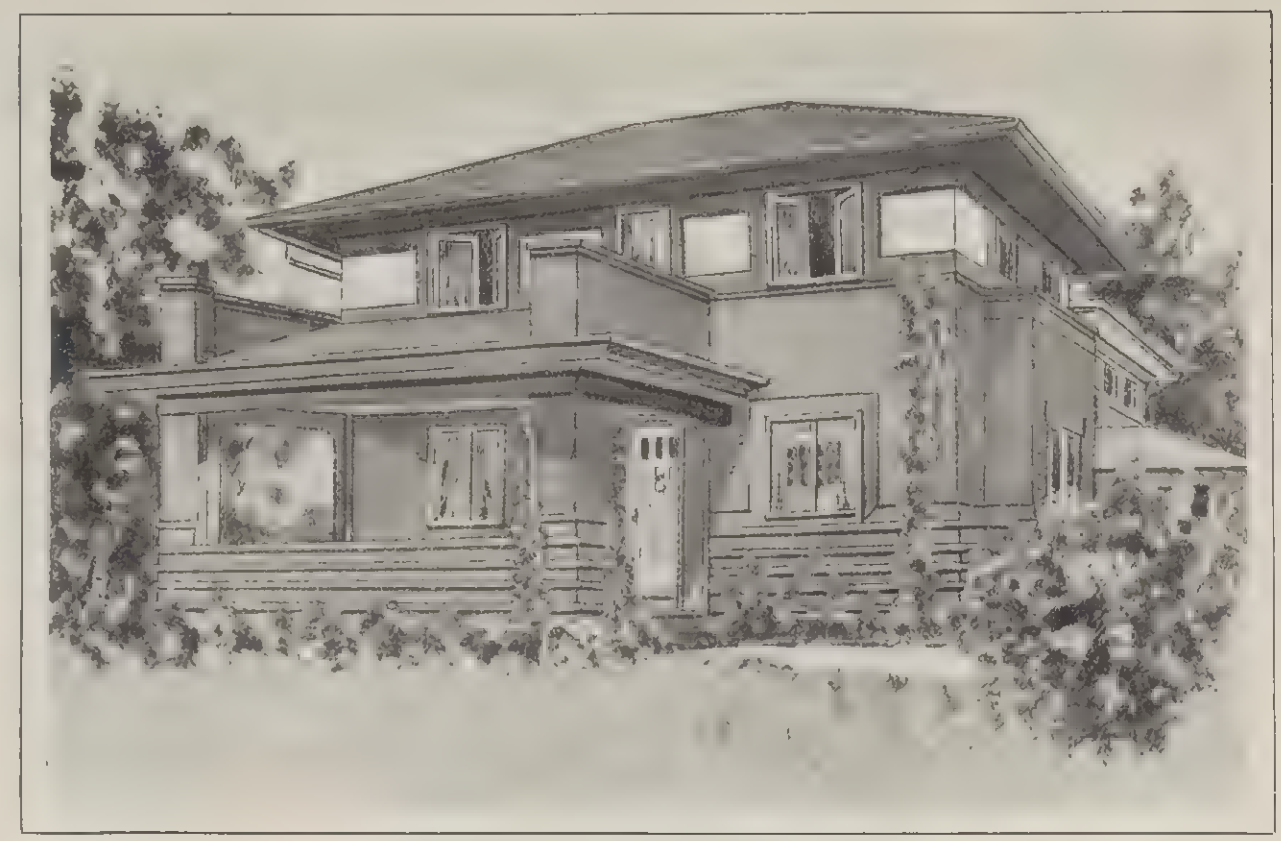
Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

"Whoever struck
Such wondrous luck?
Or treasure quite so fine?
Of all the gold
The world can hold
Here is the mine for mine!"

USE
BORDEN'S
EVAPORATED
MILK
(UNSWEETENED)
for
EVERY PURPOSE
WHERE
MILK IS REQUIRED

SEND FOR RECIPE BOOK
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"LEADERS OF QUALITY"
Est. 1857 *New York*



A Cozy Six-Room House for $2,800

By Charles E. White, Jr.

CONTRARY to popular opinion, small houses are more difficult to design than large houses. There is less money to spend, and consequently more effort is required to apportion the expenditure judiciously. House planning is always more or less of a compromise. You can have this feature or that in the small house, but not both. The trick is to get the necessary things. Limited funds will not permit you to have everything desired; so if you really wish to keep within bounds, decide at the start to limit the requirements to those which you most need. This does not mean that the little house is never successful. Quite the contrary. Many small houses are more satisfactory than large ones—more attractive, more genuinely livable. The success of the little house doesn't depend upon money so much as it depends upon brains.

Sometimes house owners are themselves responsible for the non-success of their plans, because they insist upon unnecessary features at the sacrifice of essential ones. Lack of appreciation by the owner of what is truly practical—practical in construction as well as practical in design—has wrecked the attempts of many a capable designer. Insistence upon a spacious hall, at the expense of the living-room, and demand for an elaborately moulded cornice or unreasonably expensive bathroom fixtures make it necessary to omit many truly essential things and so combine to bring about architectural failure.

Choose the necessary details of the house carefully and then, if funds do not permit your having all else you so much wish, curtail your desires. Perhaps you are longing for something impossible to buy within the limits of your purse. Very probably your home will be quite satisfactory, anyway; just as pretty and quite as livable, at any rate.

Folks who have dreamed for years about their house-to-be pass through one of the most interesting experiences of a lifetime when they build; but it is an experience fraught with some annoyance and much care. Having observed this and that pretty feature in new houses which have come to their notice, they determine to incorporate the same ideas in their own design. But how many ever realize the cost? Do owners always consider whether such ideas really fit their pocketbooks or are entirely suitable for their own homes?

When your own house is designed, limit yourself to the desired amount of expenditure by all means, but do not impose upon the designer features successfully worked out in a $10,000 house, with the request that they be applied to your $3,000 cottage. Tell the designer about your likes and dislikes, but leave him free to apply this knowledge to the best advantage. Thus you will be more certain to get a well-planned, convenient, attractive house than you would if you specified certain rigid requirements, perhaps beyond your means, and the attempt was made to build the house around them. It is surprising how complete the little home may be in an inexpensive way. Scientific, practical, healthful rooms, well-arranged for easy housekeeping, are as possible in the small as in the big house.

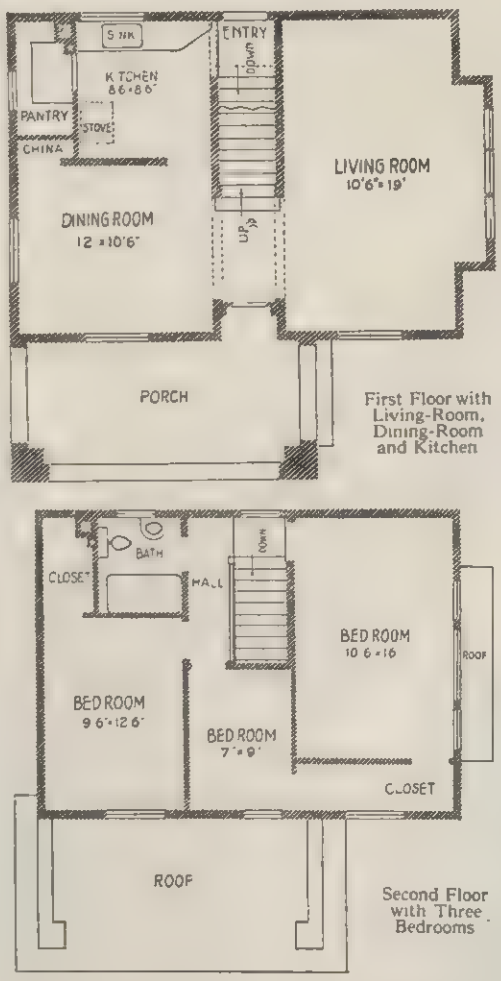
To make a small house look large, have the living-room open wide into the dining-room and thus, by cleverly securing a long vista from one room into another, the interior will seem wonderfully expansive. A skilful arrangement of rooms in this way adds fifty per cent. to the apparent size of a house, though the actual area is really no greater.

One of the first non-essentials to omit in the small house is the hall. Strictly speaking, no hall is necessary, and space formerly taken up by a hall is now frequently thrown into an extra large living-room, where it can be used to much better advantage. Stairs may extend up between two partitions, with a window at the head of the stairway to light them properly. Such an arrangement is convenient, attractive and practical.

Have your kitchen small if you wish to save steps. With the modern gas range preferred by so many housekeepers, it will be quite cool even in the hottest weather. From the kitchen, a back entry can lead directly outdoors. Extend the cellar stairs from the same entry down under the main stairs.

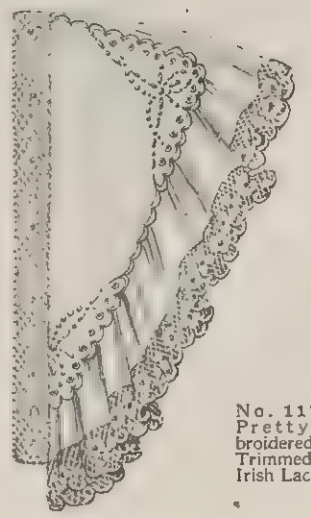
Whether the house you are building should be broadside to the street or end to the street, is largely a matter of common sense. On a fifty-foot lot, if the floor area of the house is too large broadside, arrange it so the living-room end fronts on the street, the entrance being at one side. With an end living-room, it is rarely practical to have an entrance at the front, as such an entranceway takes valuable space from the living-room. With the entrance on the side coming naturally between the living-room and dining-room, the former can be arranged as one large, rectangular room.

The little house illustrated, designed by Vernon S. Watson, is an excellent example of skilful planning and tasteful designing. When building a small house, this would be a very good model to follow. It will prove as pleasing as houses costing twice as much. The lower part, up to the first story window sills, is finished with boards and battens; then ordinary siding is used up to the second story sill level. The siding is turned rough side out and stained golden brown. Above, in the frieze, is a band of gravel roofing felt, tinted cream color and having much the appearance of a plaster frieze, but much less costly. Shingles on the roof are stained the same pretty shade of brown as the siding.



Prices vary in different sections, but in most places in the United States and Canada a house similar to this one can be well built for the following prices. In some localities the price would be less.

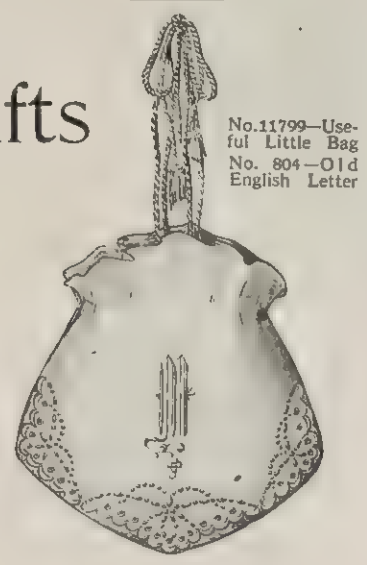
Excavating and Masonry	$450
Carpentry, Lumber and Millwork	1,500
Tinwork	75
Plastering	150
Plumbing	250
Furnace	100
Painting and Glazing	200
Electric Work	75
Total	$2,800



No. 11798—Pretty Embroidered Jabot Trimmed with Irish Lace

Embroidered Gifts for the June Bride

By Sarah C. McConnell



No.11799—Useful Little Bag
No. 804—Old English Letter

EVERY girl likes to have a lot of embroidered articles in her trousseau and always appreciates the dainty bits of hand-work her friends shower upon her just before her wedding. There are always gifts of table linen, towels and underwear to be embroidered, and then there are any number of accessories, such as jabots, collar and cuff sets, boudoir caps and what not which the bride-to-be ought to have. These take but little time to embroider and are not at all expensive. Yet they mean more to the young girl than any number of more expensive gifts.

All the articles on this page are particularly desirable for the June Bride. With the exception of the boudoir cap, they are all intended for wear with summer dresses and will add greatly to the individuality and daintiness of the different frocks. The butterfly motif makes an odd little design which will appeal to practically every one. In the case of the jabot and bag, the outside edges of the butterflies' wings are scalloped and form the edges of the two articles. The body portion is formed by small dots which are worked solid, while the parts which represent the colored spots on the wings are done in eyelet work. The solid portions should be padded carefully, but not too closely. This would make them look heavy, whereas they should really look light and dainty.

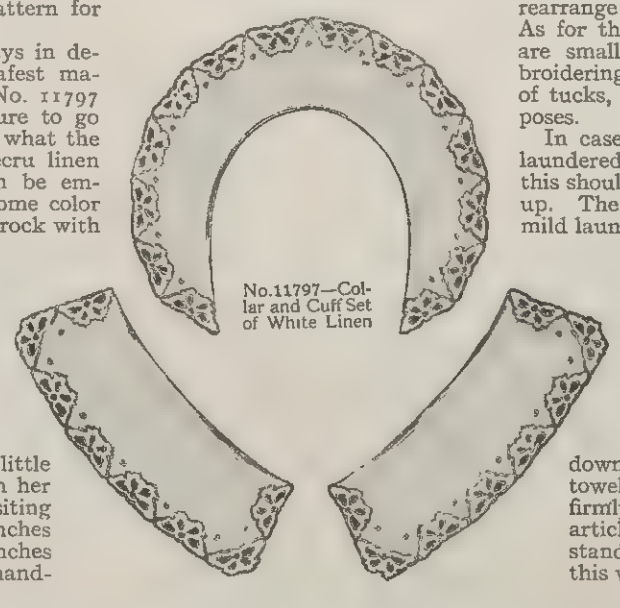
The butterflies used on the boudoir cap and collar and cuff set are developed differently from the others. The edges are done in solid work, and where they come on the outside to form the edge of the article itself, should be buttonhole stitched in the same manner as are the scallops on the jabot. The openwork is regulation eyelet work and is done as usual, special care being taken to shape the eyelets well.

The pretty little jabot at the top of the page (No. 11798) was made of handkerchief linen and trimmed with Irish lace. The butterfly motif was embroidered in white, both solid and eyelet work being employed. This makes a very effective design and one that is easily worked. Linen lawn is also frequently used for these dainty jabots and other styles of lace work in nicely. Perforated or transfer pattern for the embroidery design, 15 cents.

Boudoir caps are quite the rage this year among girls who have time to enjoy such luxuries. These are made of sheer lawn or cambric and are usually embroidered with some simple design. They are lined with silk or lawn in some delicate shade, such as pink or pale blue, and are trimmed with a rosette of ribbon of the same shade. The boudoir cap pictured here (No. 11800) has an especially pretty arrangement of ribbon. A narrow piece of ribbon which matched the rosette exactly was shirred in two rows and tacked around the crown of the cap. This added greatly to the daintiness and individuality of the design. Lace edging about three inches wide was used to finish the cap, which set off the embroidered edge very effectively. Perforated pattern for this cap, 25 cents.

No. 11800—Dainty Boudoir Cap

Collar and cuff sets are always in demand in the summer. The safest material to use for such a set as No. 11797 is white linen. This will be sure to go well with any dress, no matter what the color or material. Of course écru linen is very effective, too, and can be embroidered in white, brown or some color which will blend well with the frock with which the set is worn. The butterflies are worked in solid and eyelet stitch, the latter being used for the spots on the butterflies' wings. Perforated pattern of No. 11797, 25 cents. Transfer pattern, 15 cents.



No.11797—Collar and Cuff Set of White Linen

The little bag (No. 11799) will be found useful for many purposes. Primarily, it was intended for carrying the dozen and one little things every woman wants with her on a shopping trip or when visiting in the afternoon. It is nine inches wide and eight and a half inches high, large enough to hold a handkerchief, change pocketbook, visiting cards, small vanity case, and so forth. It would also be nice for a work-bag, which is always needed by the home girl. Embroidery scissors, spools of thread and such things could be kept in it. Here again white linen is a safe material to select for making the bag, and the embroidery should be done in the same. If you have some knowledge of what colors the bride-to-be is apt to wear, there is a greater variety of shades to select from. Écru linen embroidered in blue, green or brown would be very attractive. An Old English letter was used for the M on the bag as shown here, although other styles would be appropriate. Just one initial or a monogram could be used. The monogram should be embroidered in the same shade, and the cord used to gather up the top of the bag should also be the same color. It might be possible to get some of the pieces of the bride-to-be's dresses and make several of these bags to go with her different frocks.

While intended for development in wash material, this bag could be made of soft silk and embroidered in the natural butterfly colors. Blues and greens would be very good for a bag of this kind and suggest the Oriental tones which are so popular. A bag made of this silk could be used in the winter-time as well as the summer and would be useful on many different occasions. Of course it should be lined, either with the same silk or with silk of a lighter shade, and silk cords would be used to finish the bag. Perforated or transfer pattern of the butterfly design, No. 11799, 10 cents. Perforated pattern of any initial in this style, No. 804, in any size, 10 cents.

Perhaps the simplest article of all on this page is the belt, No. 11801. This should be embroidered and pressed very carefully. Then another strip of the same material as is used for the outside should be stitched to this to form a lining. This is needed to give the belt a good body. If possible the belt should be made of the same material as the dress with which it is to be worn and embroidered in white or in a shade which will blend well with the frock. Otherwise, it should be made of white, so that it can be worn with white waists and dresses. Perforated pattern of this design, 15 cents.

The butterfly motif which has been used for the boudoir cap and collar and cuff set can be applied to many other articles. It would make a very pretty edge for trimming a kimono and could be used not only on the front edges, but to finish the sleeves as well. Sailor collars could be embroidered with this edge, too, by merely clipping the pattern at the necessary places and fitting it to the article to be stamped. In this way many different effects could be gained with the same pattern, which would be very attractive.

The motifs on the bag and jabot can also be utilized in many different ways, if a little ingenuity is used. Lots of girls select just parts of embroidery designs, cut them up to suit their own individual tastes and rearrange them to get different effects. As for the butterflies on the belt, these are small enough to be used in embroidering shirt-waists between clusters of tucks, as well as for many other purposes.

In case any of the articles need to be laundered after the embroidery is finished, this should be done before they are made up. The best way to do this is to use a mild laundry soap and lukewarm water. Let the pieces lie in the water for an hour and then rub them very gently. This does not take out the finish of the goods and yet will remove all finger marks and dinginess. Rinse the pieces in a couple of waters and gently squeeze the water out. Roll up in a cloth for an hour and lay right side down on a large Turkish bathing towel which is folded flat. Press firmly with a hot iron until the article is dry. The embroidery will stand out beautifully if laundered in this way and the article can then be made up. No starch is necessary in laundering the pieces, as pressing the material while it is damp gives it just the right stiffness.

No. 11801—Belt of Linen with Butterfly Motif Embroidered in White

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 10 cents, at all agencies, or by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York, 15 cents.

It is not alone the convenience, or the freshness, or the crispness, or the unusual food-value, or the digestibility, or the cleanliness, or the price, that has made Uneeda Biscuit the National Soda Cracker.

It is the remarkable combination of all of these things.

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SUN IRRITATIONS
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The peculiar properties of the raw talc, employed in the manufacture of **Mennen's Talcum Powder,** together with its antiseptic and antizymotic properties, INSURES a SOOTHING and BENEFICIAL EFFECT, NOT to be FOUND in OTHER TALCUMS.

Do not be misled by the statement that talc is talc, and all talcs are the same, there are just as many varieties of talc as colors in the rainbow.

The name **Mennen** protects you, be sure the **Mennen's** you call for it by the name.

Sample Box 4 cents in Stamps

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark N. J.

Boy Pioneers of America

Road Signs and Scout Knots for the Boys to Practice

Conducted by the Founder, Dan Beard

THIS is Father Marquette's moon and we are going to celebrate it by adding to our knowledge of useful signs.

If a Scout "cutting" the trail of another Scout finds a stick thrust into the ground in a slanting position, as in Fig. 1, it will tell him that the other Scout has gone in the direction to which the free end of the stick points. If he finds another stick stuck upright in the ground, near the point where the slanting stick enters the ground (Fig. 2), it means that the first Scout has gone in the direction indicated and is but a short distance away. If, however, the upright stick is placed near the free end of the slanting stick (Fig. 3), it tells him that the first Scout has gone a long distance in the direction indicated by the slanting stick. When more than one upright stick is to be seen, it means a mile for each upright. In Fig. 4 the leading Scout is three miles ahead. These signs can be used in a variety of ways. For instance, it may mean that the camp, home or water is in the direction indicated by the slanting stick.

An upright, growing sapling, or pole stuck in the ground, with a long blaze at the bottom from which the bark has been removed, means bad luck (Fig. 5). Two blazes, one on each side of the tree or stick, running down to the ground (Fig. 6) mean worse luck; four blazes, one on each side of the tree or stick (Fig. 7), mean the worst of luck—very bad. If all the bark is removed from the bottom of the tree or stick (Fig. 8), that is a sign of dire distress—that somebody is out of provisions and in danger of starving. A piece of burnt bark, suspended from the limb of a tree or other object (Fig. 9), tells us that some one is sick in camp.

One stone set on top of another (Fig. 10) marks the trail. If there is one stone on top of another, with a pointer alongside, that is, another stone resting alongside these two, as in Fig. 11, that will read, "Take the trail to the right." If it is reversed, as in Fig. 12, it will then tell us to take the trail to the left.

Three of the same things are always a warning. Three stones piled one on top of another (Fig. 13) foretell danger ahead on that trail. Three shots in rapid succession are a call for help. Three separate smudge fires (Fig. 15) are also a call for help and usually mean, "I am lost or in need of assistance." A single column of smoke (Fig. 14), however, is a welcome signal, as it indicates camp, grub, and the companionship of Fellow Scouts. If you reverse Figs. 5, 6, 7 and 8, that is, if the blaze marks are at the top of the upright stick or pole instead of the bottom, you reverse their meaning, and it will indicate good, fine, still better, or the best of luck, as shown in Figs. 16 and 17.

If there is need of first aid to the injured, you can erect three poles, wigwam fashion, and suspend from these a piece of bark, a chip, or any other object on which is marked a cross (Fig. 18).

New and Old Scout Knots

A "BEND" is that part of the rope which is bent, and a "bight" is any loop made by the rope (Fig. 1). The long end of the rope or string is called the "standing part" and the short part is called the "end." Every boy knows how to tie the common overhand knot shown by A, B and C (Fig. 2). The next diagram shows a bowline knot. D, E, F and G (Fig. 3) explain the process. You then have the noose G, which will not slip or jam. It is a good loop with which to pull a man out of a hole, good for the end of your bowstring and many other purposes.

The old, reliable square knot (Fig. 4) never slips or jams, and is useful to sailors, landsmen, woodsmen and Scouts. Make a bend in the standing part of one line. Lead the end of the other under and through the loop (H, Fig. 4). Bring the end over one side of the loop (J, Fig. 4), down under the other side, then back over and under (K, Fig. 4), and pull (L, Fig. 4) until tight.

Half-hitches are used for so many purposes, that it is useless to try to enumerate them. Fig. 5 shows how to throw a half-hitch or a dozen of them, better than I can tell you in words. To make the weaver's knot or sheet-bend, make a bend with one rope through the bight (P, Fig. 6), over the standing part of the first rope, down and under, as at Q (Fig. 6). Then bring both ends out, as in R (Fig. 7), and pull tight. Fig. 8 is a slip noose, commonly known as the "halter slip." It is useful for many purposes besides that to which "Judge Lynch" sometimes puts it. First you bend the line and make a bight, and then make fast the end to the standing part, by the overhand knot shown by Fig. 2. Draw tight.

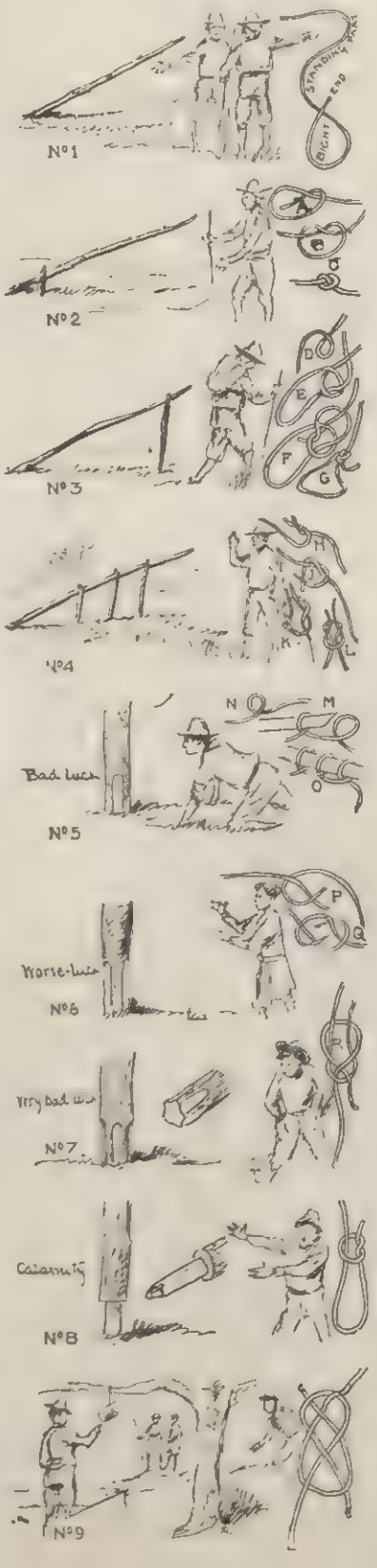
It is often necessary to fasten two ends of big cables together so that the knot will bear a heavy pull without slipping, and also be tied so it can be quickly loosened. For this purpose the carrick-bend is frequently used (Fig. 9). Then again the line you are using may be too long for your purpose. To shorten it, you make the sheep-shank by taking up the slack, making two bends of it and fastening the extremities of the bends with two half-hitches, as in Fig. 10. The fisherman's bend is also a useful one and very simple in construction, as shown by Fig. 11. Next comes the timber-hitch, which every woodsman should know. Lead the end of the line around the log. Then pass it around the standing part, bring it back and make several turns in and out of one side of the bight, as shown by Fig. 12.

Every season some tenderfoot comes to me with a gut leader in one hand and a fish-hook with a gut snell in the other, asking, "How do you fasten these things together?" To which I reply, "Take the two in your hands (S, Fig. 13), slip the hook loop over the other (T, Fig. 13), bring the hook up and slip it through the leather loop (U, Fig. 13), and pull it in place (V, Fig. 13)."

Fig. 14 is another hitch used on timber scaffolding, etc., and is made by taking the standing part in the left hand and passing the rope around the stick over the standing part, around the stick again, and leading the end under the last bend, as in Fig. 12. The blackwall hitch is so simple and its use is so apparent that the diagram (Fig. 15) explains all.

The becket hitch is a useful hitch for joining a small line to a big one. Make a bend in the big line and lead the small one up through the loop. Make a bend around the loop in the big line and pass the end of the small line down under the small line and over the big one (Fig. 16). No. 17 shows the wall-knot.

Every Boy Pioneer must be able to do any of these knots or hitches before he can claim to be anything but a tenderfoot.



The Cozy Corner Club

Auntibel's June Letter

IF I started to tell you what I think of June, I am afraid I should take a lot of our precious space, for I really think so much of it. A wee little girl once snuggled up to me and told me that June was her "very most favoritest month," and I confessed to her that I felt just so about it myself.

One of the best contests we have had was our "June Poem Contest" of last year. I was proud of the work the girls sent in. I wish we could print Irene Millier's poem, which won the first prize, and Dorothy Buhr's, which took the second prize. Both of these are too long to give in full, and quotations would not do justice to them; but when Dorothy called June "the laughter of the year," it seemed a beautiful thought to me.

We are printing on this page some thoughts from girls who were "near winners." If we had given a prize for the cutest short rhyme, Rose Siebenmann surely would have won with her four-line verse, while the very prettiest short poem of sentiment was Helen Denning's. It is pretty enough to be set to music as a serenade.

I can quote only a few lines from some of the other "near winners," but enough to show that this was a very close contest. Now, girls, I hope that you realize that even if you do not win a prize, it is a great honor to be up "near the head of the class" in these contests. Hundreds of June poems came in and only two could win prizes; but every girl who came near winning may well be proud. I have discovered that among the Cozy Corner girls there is a lot of ability for writing both poetry and stories, and if you are wise you will enter every contest, not only in the hope of winning a prize, but for the sake of the practice it gives you.

You will find that keeping a diary is splendid practice in writing. Louisa Alcott, whose *Little Women* you have all read, kept a diary even when she was a small girl. On one page, written when she was nine years old, she tells about how, after helping her mother do the dishes, she ran out and romped on the hill and "had some thoughts." I know a charming girl who keeps a sort of a diary which she calls her "Thought Book." In this book she writes not only her daily doings, but little stories and poems which are her very own, and beautiful quotations which she wishes to remember. Many things find their way into this Thought Book, and it is a fine thing to get the habit of having thoughts. Some people have only about one thought a year.

The Auntibel Work for June will give the Cozy Corner girls a good start along this line. It is the finest time in the year to start, for some day you will love to look back to the last days of school in 1912, when you were a girl.

These beautiful spring days we cannot bear to stay indoors any more than we have to, and I presume many of our Cozy Corner Club meetings will become porch or lawn parties. Some of my girls last summer wrote about out-of-door club-rooms they made. Here is part of a letter from Florence Merrow, a Tennessee C. C. girl. She says:

We chose for our club-house a circle of young oaks out on a piece of woods on Father's farm, where we live. We cleaned out the circle, fenced it in with stones and made a rustic table for the President. Then we had the coziest sort of spot for our meetings.

Phyllis Dart of Los Angeles, whom we have quoted before, wrote:

Papa fixed our club-house, and we have held all our last meetings there. It used to be a play-house; but as my sister and I are getting pretty old to play with dolls, we turned it into a club-house. It has a long seat at one end, a desk and a table. It also has a cupboard holding our dishes, a little stand for our books and a tiny front porch with vines growing all over it.

Jessamine D. Jurisch has some good ideas, too. She writes:

I received your card yesterday. Thank you for it. You asked about our club-house. First I must tell you our object in having it.

Last summer, in July, we organized a Cozy Corner Club. We (Clenda, Marguerite, Josephine and I) called ourselves "The Clover Club." Our emblem was the clover. When we were having a meeting, we greatly objected to having the boys peeking around. So we decided the best way to remedy it would be to have a place that they knew nothing about. We could go to our attic, but it was very hot there.

After considering, we decided to find a place out-of-doors. There is an acre of ground covered with trees next to our place and there are many bushes on it. There we found a hollow that suited us. After much trimming of trees, filling in some places and leveling others, the place looked a great deal better.

We have three paths to our club-house. Inside we have seats made of earth piled up in heaps. They are covered with needles from the trees. We also have seats between the roots of the stumps. Our whole apartment is covered with needles.

Every club has secrets and treasures, and we have a treasure box hidden in a hollow log.

Marie Fox of Chicago wrote a most interesting letter. Possibly some of our clubs may decide to turn into Correspondence Clubs during the vacation, if the girls are going away for the summer. Marie's letter reads:

I want to tell you about a club to which I belong. For a few weeks last summer, two of my girl friends were guests at my home. During this visit the F. C. C., or Friendship Correspondence Club, was organized. Here is a list of our rules: (1st) Each member shall write a two-page letter every two weeks to each of the other members. (2nd) In every second letter during the school year, each member shall make a copy of her school report card. (3rd) Each letter shall contain a statement of some kind act we have tried to do.

Our little club has been a great success, and we have also profited by it, for as each girl naturally likes her average to be the very highest, our marks improve each month. Then, too, we are very careful about our kind acts, for if we forget or neglect them, a fine is the forfeit. I hope that some other Cozy Corner girls will try this plan for being regular in their letter writing.

Other good vacation clubs are Nature Clubs for the study of birds, butterflies and flowers; Sketching Clubs for the girls who like to draw, and Pedestrian Clubs for those who like to take long walks. Remember, I am always interested in hearing of your plans, and hope that every one of my girls will have a very happy vacation.

Lovingly,
AUNTIBEL.

June Thoughts from Cozy Corner Girls

June is the month of roses,
When all the Jacks and Jills
Succumb to cunning Cupid
And Father pays the bills.
—*Rose Siebenmann*

Lady, in this night of June,
Fair like thee and holy,
Art thou gazing at the moon
That is rising slowly?
I am gazing on her now;
Something tells me, so art thou.
—*Helen Denning*

Fishing holes are so inviting,
And the shady swimming pool;
No more hard, unpleasant lessons;
No more hot and stuffy school;
No more long and anxious waiting
For the slow approaching noon;
Lads and lassies, shout with glee;
School has closed. Hurrah! 'tis June.
—*Mildred Bremler*

Who said they didn't like June?
The month when all flowers bloom,
When school is out,
And we frolic about;
Who said they didn't like June?
—*Elizabeth Stearns*

Then with a joyous spirit
The clouds sweep up the sky,
And fluttering in gay pirouette
Sweet scented petals fly.
—*Anna Bode*

The song of birds is all about,
Not gay, but just contented;
The air is laden with the sweets
Of roses, fragrant scented.
—*Bessie M. Kriete*

Emerald earth and azure sky,
Busy bee and dragon-fly,
Bobolinks singing in the grass,
Daisies nodding in a mass—
That's June.
—*Shirley George*

Prize Offers and Announcements

June Auntibel Work

June is the month of gardens, and even if you cannot make a real garden, learn the following quotation and keep your "thought garden" sweet:

"Her mind's a garden where do grow
Sweet thoughts like posies in a row."

If any weedy thoughts spring up in your mind, root them out!

Our June work is to be with flowers. Perhaps you are keeping a little garden. But even if you have no garden plot, you can have a window-box or a plant jar, in which to sow a few seeds, that is your very own to watch and care for. If you are a country girl, you can gather wild flowers and have a fresh bouquet on the table in the dining-room every day or take a bunch to some invalid who can't get out under the June sky. On the last day of June you are to write a postal card to Auntibel, telling her what your favorite flower is and why you like it best. Write in ink as neatly as you can, for the fifty June Honor Girls will be selected for the neatness of their writing as well as for the work they have done.

June Prizes

Are you a good writer? Copy the verses on this page, writing them in ink and on only one side of the paper. Give your name, age and address. For the best written page, there will be a prize of one dollar. The fifteen girls, from fourteen to eighteen years old, sending in the next best will receive dainty little daisy pins, the daisy pin being our club flower. These pins are just as dainty and pretty as can be, and will add a pretty touch to any girl's toilette. We have twenty-four cute novelty pencils for the two dozen girls under fourteen who win in this contest.

Our Club Offer

There will be a fine surprise box for the club sending in the most interesting letter. Be sure to give your club number when writing. The letter must be written by the Secretary or President, and please write plainly, for Auntibel has to read a great many letters each month.

All contests close June 15th.

March Prize Winners

Darning Contest for Girls from Fourteen to Eighteen

$1.00 was sent to each of the following girls:

Bertha Turk, Dorothy Butler, Anna Cole, Helen Squier, Winifred Dennett.

Darning Contest for Girls Under Fourteen

Each of the following girls won a tiny little work-bag:

Rebecca Barron, Lois Steude, Lydia Carr, Elizabeth Crane, Helen Larzelere, Martha Bryant, Lillian Johnson, Vivian Kistler Adele Sowell Minnie Clarke, Gladys Rooney, Minnie Cochrane, Miriam Davis, Gladys MacAdam, Lucile Neelley. Susan Vincent, Olga Jansen, Helen Bretch, Hazel Coulter, Leona Crandall, Hazel Wright.

Each of the following clubs received one of our March Surprises:

The Jolly Six, Agnes Griffin Secretary, Massachusetts.

The Halcyon Hikers, May Hold Secretary, Texas.

The Happy Smilers, Alice Toleman President, New York.

The Hearty Heart Club, Dorothy Richardson Secretary, New Jersey.

Ruby Seal Society, Naomie Storer Secretary, Long Island.

The Comfortable Day

Begins at the Breakfast Table

Common table beverages in daily household use—coffee and tea—contain a drug—*caffeine*—which to some persons is an "irritant" and interferes with digestion.

If this is found to be true in your own family, stop the coffee and tea and use

POSTUM

Well boiled, according to directions, it is a comforting drink resembling Java coffee in color and taste.

The test is worth the trouble and may solve the problem.

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. of Postum.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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Old Colony

The Colonial Pattern of True Simplicity

Our beautiful new pattern, Old Colony, typifies by its purity of outline the old-fashioned simplicity of Colonial times.

It is a design of dignity and grace. Exquisite workmanship is shown in the simple but beautiful ornamentation. A feature that has proved very popular is the pierced handle. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers, with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

The Old Colony Pattern is now made in the staple spoons, forks, knives and many of the fancy pieces — and will shortly be procurable in the full line.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "T-26."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
(International Silver Co., Successor)
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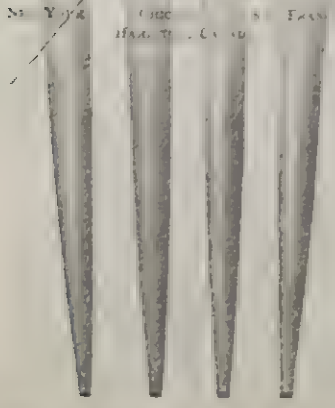
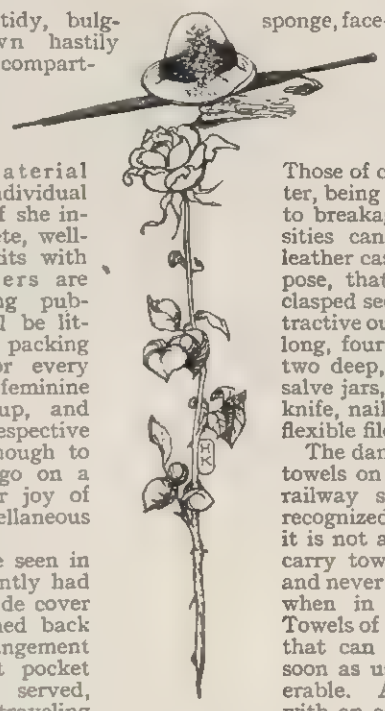


For the Woman Who Travels

Packing the Suitcase

By May Emery Hall



THE day of the crudely packed bag or suitcase, with untidy, bulging contents thrown hastily together in a single compartment, is long past. Nor does the traveler nowadays have to resort to newspaper or similar material for wrapping her individual belongings. Indeed, if she indulges in the complete, well-equipped traveling kits with which manufacturers are tempting the buying public to-day, there will be little need of any real packing at all. A place for every traveling requisite the feminine mind can conjure up, and everything in its respective place! Why, it is enough to make you eager to go on a journey for the sheer joy of trying out the miscellaneous assortment of things!

A practical suitcase seen in one of the shops recently had a stiff flap on the inside cover that could be buttoned back into position, this arrangement making a convenient pocket for shirt-waists. It served, too, as a backing for traveling necessities, for all of which holders of some description were provided. The ordinary toilet articles were supplemented with such accessories as glove forms, hair curlers and shoe horns. Different combinations allowed the prospective purchaser a wide variety of choice. Then another style held all these things compactly in a separate section, access to which was obtained by letting down the front of the suitcase.

The average woman may feel she cannot afford to invest all at once in such a ready-to-start equipment as the above. Hers may be the task (or pleasure) of getting together her suitcase furnishings one at a time and finding for each as convenient, light and compact a receptacle as possible. One suggestion at the beginning—for short journeys, rattan or wicker suitcases are much better than leather. The latter are heavy before being packed at all and once filled, become a burden too heavy to be carried without considerable discomfort. A full-sized wicker case, with the corners protected by metal caps, which costs less than two dollars, will give invaluable service and pay for itself many times over. The smallest size, approximately eighteen inches in length, is just the thing for week-end trips or single day outings.

Among the most essential of the suitcase contents may be mentioned a few coat-hangers of the collapsible type, which take up very little room. They are really a necessity, whether the journey be long or brief. One kind, which can be bought for ten cents apiece, is made up of one upright and two cross pieces of metal which turn on a common pivot. When folded, the hanger has much the appearance and size of a fan.

Another convenience, though designed primarily for masculine needs, may be included in the woman's traveling outfit. This is a leather collar bag with a stiff, circular base and a draw-string at the top. As a protection for tailored neckwear, it is excellent. A small size holds nine collars; a larger, fifteen. The bag may also be used as a handkerchief holder.

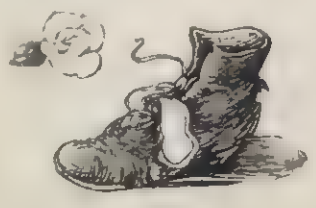
A case of rubberized cloth with pockets to hold the various toilet articles is a compact and inexpensive traveling companion. It is now being made in apron form to be tied around the waist like any ordinary kitchen apron. The convenience of having everything within easy reach in the limited space of a stateroom or sleeping car section cannot be overestimated. Individual holders of the same material for sponge, face-cloth, soap, et cetera, can likewise be purchased. Glass tooth-brush holders with screw caps take care of tooth-brushes acceptably. Those of celluloid are even better, being lighter and less liable to breakage. Manicure necessities can best be carried in leather cases made for the purpose, that can be folded and clasped securely. One very attractive outfit, about five inches long, four wide, and less than two deep, includes two ebony salve jars, nail polisher, cuticle knife, nail and cuticle scissors, flexible file and orange sticks.

The danger of using common towels on trains, boats and in railway stations is generally recognized. At the same time, it is not always practicable to carry towels in your satchel, and never easy to care for them when in a damp condition. Towels of soft, absorbent paper that can be thrown away as soon as used, are by far preferable. A half dozen of these, with an equal number of soap portions, cost but ten cents—a price within the means of the poorest. A second package of sanitary toilet accessories includes, besides towels and soap, a white wash-cloth and paper comb. Such an innovation as the last mentioned item causes us to wonder what we are eventually coming to in this progressive age. But the little paper comb is far from being as fragile as it sounds. It answers the purpose of coaxing stray locks into place most admirably.

While extreme danger lurks in the roller towel shared with fellow travelers, the common drinking cup is an even greater menace. Legislation has prohibited its use in some sections; but it is still in evidence here and there. The cautious woman will provide herself with her own drinking vessel of either aluminum or paper and thus take no chances of infection from germs. A dozen paper cups folded flat in a sealed envelope cost but a dime.

Did any one ever take a trip, I wonder, without finding before its close that there was a button or two that needed to be fastened, a rip in a glove to be caught up, or some bit of tape or binding to be attended to? Without a few of the commoner sewing appliances, such seemingly unimportant mishaps may prove embarrassing. Therefore a miniature sewing case, properly furnished, is a wise provision. They can be had with compartments for thimble, thread, et cetera, and a place for scissors and needles on the cover, for under three dollars. A combination case in more elaborate style for both sewing and manicure accessories is both compact and handy.

Though the thought of possible sickness or accidents should not exclude pleasanter anticipations while traveling preparations are in progress, it is only sensible and foresighted to make some provision for such contingencies. A few simple and effective remedies for common disorders should be packed. Now bottles, of all things, are hard to stow away safely. Therefore the best way to carry them is to invest in a special traveler's kit which will give the needed protection. This usually contains five tiny vials, in as many compartments, with such additional "first aids" as court-plaster, bandages, et cetera.



Last, but not least important, are the writing materials necessary for an occasional line home. The perforated block paper with mucilaged edges serves as envelopes also and is the best thing for this purpose.

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No other fabrics of their kind equal them in daintiness of texture and beauty of weave —in brilliance of finish—in permanence of lustre and color —in sterling value at inexpensive prices.

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Buster's "DARNLESS" Hosiery is peculiarly constructed to embody perfect fit as well as extreme durability. Made of smooth, sheer silk lisle, durably reinforced by 2-, 3- and 4-ply tough linen thread at heel, top, knee, sole and toe. Each wearing part woven into the thin lisle body and each pair inspected and carefully-matched in daylight mill. *The only guaranteed 25c silk lisle hosiery made and costs 25% more to manufacture than any other 25c guaranteed brand.*

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Thirty-six pages illustrated in colors, picturing and describing Buster's escapades—amusing and interesting—appreciated by children. Send 4c to cover mailing.

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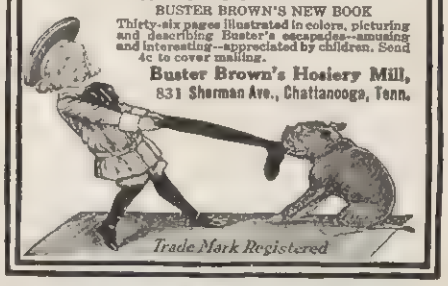

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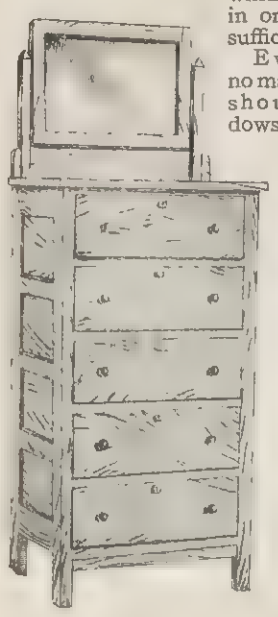
A Fifty-Dollar Bedroom

By Charles E. White, Jr.

NO room in the house, perhaps, can be so distasteful as a bedroom, when it is poorly arranged. That is why most architects show the arrangement of bedroom furniture on their plans, and are careful about the location of windows and doors, in order to provide sufficient wall space.



Chiffonier for the Man

Every bedroom, no matter how small, should have windows on at least two sides of the room. In other words, the bedroom should always be a corner room, with light and air on two sides. This will be particularly desirable in summer-time, when cross ventilation is a necessity if you wish to have a comfortable room. Bedrooms in the center of the house should have a bay window, with windows in the front and on the return of the bay.

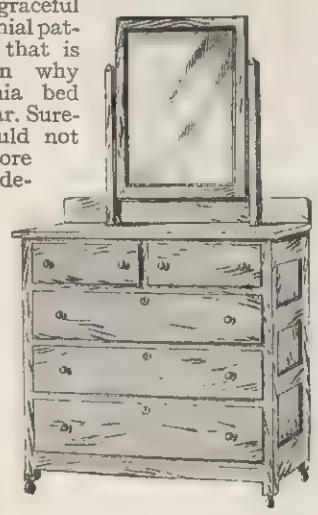
Bedroom wardrobes are largely taking the place of the old-fashioned closet. Such a wardrobe may be built in like a closet. It usually consists of a closet-like space, four feet long and two feet deep. Two doors are hung to it instead of one, so that when you open these doors, the garments, hanging on supporters under a shelf, are exposed and easily detached.

There are so many different styles of dressers that you will have no difficulty in finding a piece adaptable to any bedroom. They come in all sizes, in all degrees of elaboration and in all colors. A dresser built along the most simple lines is usually the most satisfactory. If you wish to use the dresser as a toilet table, choose one on the low order.

The dresser illustrated is made on good lines. There are no frills of any sort; it is just good, simple, straightforward furniture. Dressers having the upper part in two drawers instead of one are very convenient for lots of uses

A chiffonier is truly a man's article of furniture, though it is also extremely useful for women. Men like a high shelf and mirror in dressing, and it is this demand chiefly which has produced the chiffonier, as we know it in modern times. Usually the toilet articles are placed on top. The first two drawers are generally used for shirts, collars, cuffs and ties, and other little things in constant demand. In the drawers below the man keeps his underwear and pajamas. The chiffonier illustrated has ample capacity for any man and will be greatly admired by him on account of its strong, simple lines.

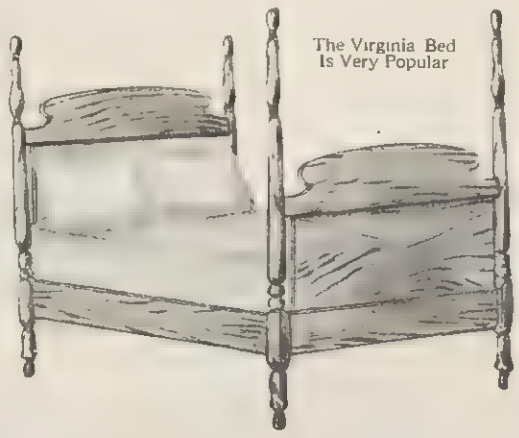
The market is filled with beds of every possible description, with endless patterns of head-board, foot-board and legs. There is something light and graceful about Colonial patterns and that is one reason why the Virginia bed is so popular. Surely you could not find a more charming design, nor one suggesting better the refined atmosphere of a good home. The turned legs are in excellent proportions, with the lathe-work in just the right place. For a bed like this, you should use a spread of quaint design. Chintzes and similar materials in bright floral patterns are best.



Good, Simple Lines in this Dresser of Solid Oak

Excellent Desk for Bedroom

The bedroom writing desk may be small and simple, but it will nevertheless prove one of the essentials of a well-arranged room. Having your writing material in your own room is a great convenience. The pattern shown is dainty enough for any bedroom. The stationery rack at the back is useful, and a goodly supply of paper can be stored in the drawer below. There is a shelf beneath which will be useful for books and magazines. A desk top should be covered with a plain white blotter tacked down, or with a blotter pad with leather corners. An inkstand, with ink wells of very plain blown or cut glass is best.



The Virginia Bed Is Very Popular

Every bedroom should have at least one rocker. The chairs illustrated are light and strong without sacrificing comfort or appearance.

In color the bedroom furniture may follow the tone of the woodwork. If the bedroom trim is painted white, oak furniture extremely light in tone will harmonize. Avoid deep or dark colors in selecting this furniture.

Bedroom Chair

Bedroom Rocker

Table of Cost

Dresser, 39" x 19", with 18" x 24" mirror,	$12.75
Chiffonier, 26" x 18", with mirror,	$11.25
Virginia Bed, full double size,	$16.50
Writing Table, 27" x 20",	$4.50
Bedroom Chair,	$2.00
Bedroom Rocker,	$2.75
Total,	$49.75

These prices are for furniture of solid oak with any color finish.

Make the Sunday evening tea a treat with a rarebit, made in the Snider way, using Snider's Tomato Catsup.

There are many Catsup bottles, but Snider's is *the one Catsup* bottle that stands out, alone, recognized wherever seen, because of the long record for superiority that belongs to the famous

SNIDER'S

Tomato

CATSUP

Little differences in the making produce great differences in results. Utmost care is exercised in the kind of tomatoes used for Snider's and even in the moment of picking. They are all "home-growns." Each and every tomato that goes into Snider's Catsup must be picked when red-to-the-stem-end and must be "done into catsup" the very day it is plucked.

Think of the saving which results from using Snider's Catsup, not only as a relish—unsurpassed—for meats, hot or cold, all fish and oysters, but also as a seasoning in gravies, soups, hot tomato sauce, spaghetti, macaroni, meat pies, etc., etc.

Extreme care must be exercised to have purees and seasonings just right and some cooks have difficulty in getting them twice the same, when the process must all be gone through each time. But Snider's Catsup saves all the time, worry and labor, while the extra fine materials used in Snider's Catsup—the seven rare and imported spices, the perfect tomatoes and the numerous other choice ingredients, some brought from far at much expense, could not be obtained at all in many kitchens. Yet they are all right at hand, blended to perfection, ever the same, in the Snider Catsup Bottle. The wise cook keeps it under her good right hand. Snider's Catsup seasons everything perfectly in a wink.

Snider Tomato Rarebit

2 tablespoons butter	2 cups cheese—measured after grating, or running through chopper
2 tablespoons flour	
1 cup thin cream	
1-2 cup Snider's Tomato Catsup	2 eggs slightly beaten
	Salt

Melt butter in sauce pan, add flour; pour in gradually, the cream, and as soon as mixture thickens, add the catsup. Then add cheese, eggs and salt to taste. Serve, as soon as cheese has melted, on soda crackers or crisp toast.

MRS. HELEN MAR THOMSON.

Snider Process Pork and Beans are just a little better than any other pork and beans, because of the special Snider way in which the very best of materials are combined to make this imperial dish—good enough for the best.

Snider's Chili Sauce is a most toothsome relish for meats.

TRY THIS TEST: Buy a can of Snider's Pork and Beans. If you do not think them the most delicious beans you ever tasted, return the empty can to your grocer and he will refund your money.

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY,

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All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.

BLANKE'S FAUST COFFEE

The pick of the whole world's crop—roasted and "cup tested" the Blanke way. Blanke's "Faust" Coffee is the pick of the crop. Selected and blended with utmost care—instantly chilled on removal from the roaster to prevent even a second's further action of the heat. Then critically "cup tested" for the Famous "Faust" taste before it can be sealed in the air-tight tins.

"Test the Taste" *Yourself*

Buy a can of "Faust" today and have it for tomorrow's breakfast. It is the utmost in coffee quality.

Faust "Blend A" 45c per pound
Faust "Blend B" 40c per pound
Faust "Blend C"—35c per pound

If your grocer hasn't "Faust" send us his name and we will see that he is supplied

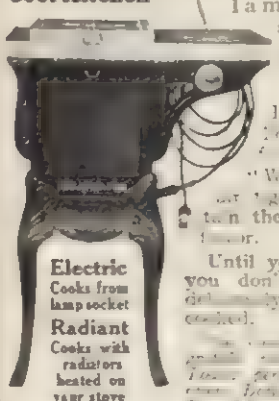
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Try Maxwell Cup Sterile Coffee [illegible] If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and 15 cents, cost of 30 cup can and postage and we will send you a can.

Cook by Electricity

A Cool Cook and a Cool Kitchen

ONLY a few minutes current from an ordinary lamp socket starts a



Detroit Fireless Electric Stove

Imprisoned heat cooks the food, and the "Water-sealed," [illegible] ovens retain the rich, savory flavor.

Until you've tried it you don't know how delicately food can be cooked.

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Six sizes each

Electric Cooks from lamp socket
Radiant Cooks with radiators heated on your stove

[illegible] Roast Meats, Terrapin and Bacon.

[illegible] our "Money-Back" Catalog FREE

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A broken vase made new—you can even replace missing parts.

QUIXO is a liquid material cement, not a [illegible] Mends today mended [illegible] glass, tin, iron, wood, metals—everything except rubber, celluloid and black lead. Sticks unlike materials together such as glass and metal.

Easy to use, does not stick to the fingers. Air tight, screw top bottle, easily opened.

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PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. G, Statesville, N. C.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Can't spill or tip over, will not injure anything. Guaranteed effective. 15c each at dealers, or 6 sent prepaid for $1.

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NEW RUGS FROM OLD CARPETS
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Home-Making and Household

Fighting the House-Fly

PERHAPS no creature living received a greater number of press notices during the past year than the house-fly. He would surely have reason to be flattered, were it not for the fact that no good thing was said of him. In addition to the active campaign carried on by newspapers and magazines, Boards of Health and committees of public safety waged relentless war against this lover of filth and carrier of typhoid. Lectures were delivered, free pamphlets distributed, and even the moving picture film was employed to enlighten the public. In short, 1911 marked a splendid advance in awakening widespread attention to this all-important subject.

This does not mean that we can afford to grow lax during the spring and summer months of 1912 and succeeding years, for this matter of fighting the house-fly is one of annual and vital interest. Furthermore, it demands individual no less than concerted action, and the plain duty of every housekeeper is to rid herself and family of this scavenger and to influence her neighbors in the same direction.

How shall we go about it? That depends, in some measure, upon whether our abode is in the city or country. But wherever placed, we should first of all get after the breeding places. Suppose we consider the problem as it presents itself to the country woman. The common breeding places for her to watch are the stable, outhouses, garbage deposits and other refuse heaps. Under the best conditions, it is not a wise plan to keep animals too near the house.

Manure piles should be sprinkled often with a good disinfectant and removed frequently. Lye, chloride of lime, blue vitriol water and carbolic acid are effective. We have good authority for the statement that such treatment will not render the manure unfit for fertilizing purposes. In the stable, exposed vessels of poisoned water are a good precautionary measure, and will be found to materially reduce the number of flies. Of course children must be kept away from these stables and every other place where poison is used

The very best way to dispose of garbage is to burn it. In populous centers, as well as in country districts, incineration of this form of waste is being urged. If you bury your garbage in a deep hole (as many women in the country do), see that each layer is entirely covered with a disinfectant and dirt. Any one of the disinfectants mentioned above may be used. If you feed chickens, pigs and other animals with food left-overs, at least keep their enclosures in as cleanly a condition as possible. Look after them vigilantly. Let no germ infected particles invite the fly to linger and then distribute his unclean find broadcast.

There are still other anti-fly recipes. Some of them are to be had for the asking, such as those contained in the Special Farmer's Bulletin which the government has been compiling, with the express purpose of aiding the dweller in the country to exterminate the elusive enemy. By all means secure a copy.

Now while a clean dooryard eliminates much of fly activity and danger, too often the breeding places are those of a woman's own household. This applies to the city woman as well as to the country resident. Sticky shelves, soiled dishes lying about for hours at a time, uncovered garbage pails, dirty cloths, neglected corners—all these prove a powerful lodestone to the fly. His presence is really a commentary on bad housewifery. Keep garbage receptacles tightly covered and treat them frequently with chloride of lime. Uncovered milk bottles should not be allowed to stand wherever there is the slightest danger of a fly entering. He can shake off enough germs to reproduce millions of others in a few hours.

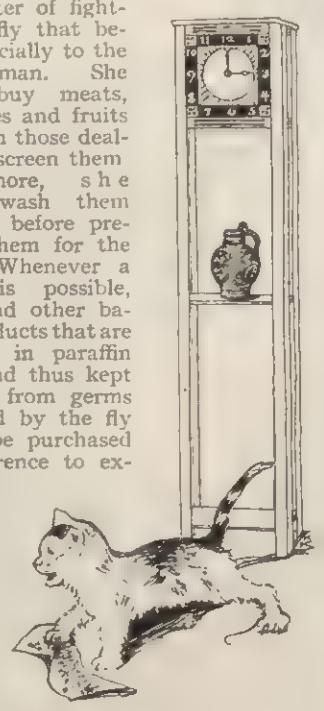
Window and door screens should be used, of course. They ought to be in place early in the season, not after the flies become annoying.

If, with the above precautions, one or two intruders are found within your walls, show them no mercy. Do not deceive yourself into thinking that scarcity of numbers is a safeguard. A single fly has been known to lay one hundred and twenty eggs in fourteen hours, and from one to ten thousand minute fly specks per square foot of window glass is by no means an exceptional condition! The excretions referred to are danger signals as well as the invisible germs.

Pyrethrum powder may be burned to rid the house of flies. Its fumes stun them, so that they drop apparently lifeless. They should be swept up immediately and destroyed before given a chance to revive. Carbolic acid vapor is likewise a good fly killer. A simple means of preparing this remedy is to drop a small amount on a hot shovel. Another inexpensive preparation that can be employed to advantage in the fly hunt is bichromate of potash, One dram dissolved in two ounces of water with a little sugar added will prove an excellent destructive agent. Still another remedy that is coming into quite general use is formaldehyde. If prepared in the proportions of one spoonful to a quarter of a pint of water and exposed in the room, no fly can live in the atmosphere thus created.

The pleasantest way of keeping the fly at a respectable distance must not be forgotten. That he abhors delightfully pungent odors is not commonly known. White clover, mignonette, geraniums and perfumery are always particularly distasteful to him.

There is a duty in this matter of fighting the fly that belongs specially to the city woman. She should buy meats, vegetables and fruits only from those dealers who screen them Furthermore, she should wash them carefully before preparing them for the table. Whenever a choice is possible, bread and other bakery products that are wrapped in paraffin paper and thus kept immune from germs deposited by the fly should be purchased in preference to exposed food. An attitude of indifference in this matter is out of the question.



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No Trouble Now To Wait When You Are Late

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The only way we can prove to you the **Acme Sectional Fireless Cooker** is the best, most practical and in the end the cheapest fireless cooker made is to place one in your kitchen for a thorough tryout. It's impossible to do justice to it in description or illustrations here. If satisfactory, **keep it**, if not, **send it back.** The trial will cost you nothing.

The **Acme** boils, stews, roasts, fries and bakes, cooks any dish possible on your stove, retains all flavors, food more delicious and one-third the work, worry, and saves 75% in fuel alone. Makes your kitchen work a pleasure instead of drudgery.

Our new 1912 model with its recent improvements and exclusive features makes the

ACME SECTIONAL FIRELESS COOKER

In every way the best, most practical ever offered the American housekeeper. The construction of the **Acme** is all metal—steel, and pure sheet aluminum, positively sanitary; no wood to absorb the odors or harbor the germs; absolutely rust-proof, special insulation and heat retaining features, patented perforated heating elements, automatic steam valve, oven regulation; safe, easy to operate, wonderful labor saver. Equipped with pure sheet aluminum vessels Ask your dealer. If he does not handle it, write us for full particulars of our **30 days home trial plan** and **Free Book** full of valuable information on fireless cookers. Don't buy a fireless cooker of any kind until you learn all about the advantages of the **Acme** over all others. Write today.

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30 Days' Free Trial

Five times faster than ironing by hand and better. It saves health, strength, beauty, time and money. Servants better contented, more efficient. Heats by gas, gasoline or electricity. Operates by hand power or motor. Moderate priced.

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When equipped with Vudor Shades and lighted, it makes the most popular room in the house—a place to receive guests, play games, smoke, eat or even sleep.

It is the coolest spot anywhere, day or night, entirely shut off from the gaze of inquisitive passersby. But not from air, or in day, from light. Do not confuse the flimsy ordinary bamboo shades with

***Vudor* Porch Shades**

There is no comparison. The twine used in Vudor is strong—the same used by fishermen in their nets. Vudor Shades are made so well they last many years—while the imitations seldom last a single season. Vudor Shades cost $2.50 up, according to width.

Write for Our New Free Book, in handsome colors—describes and illustrates Vudor Shades, and their uses.

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Folding BATH TUB

Costs little, no plumbing, little water. Weight 15 pounds, folds into small roll. Full length bathe far better than tin tubs. Lasts for years. Write for special agents offer and description. Robinson Bath Cabinet Co., 2038 Adams Street, Toledo, O.

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COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

gives you their delicate perfume as well as the cooling refreshment of a perfect talc.

Éclat (new)
Cashmere Bouquet
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In Colgate's you have the widest choice of perfumes—a variety in which every individual preference is met and satisfied.

Cools and soothes baby's tender skin—relieves the smart of sunburn by its soothing qualities—removes hot weather stickiness by its gently absorbent action.

A dainty trial size box mailed for 4 cents postage. Mention the perfume desired.

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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

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The musical tone and the magnificent construction of the Vose Player Piano, with its latest control methods, enable you to play your favorite selections with true musical expression. We deliver when requested, direct from our factory, free of charge, and guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Liberal allowance for old pianos. **Time payments accepted.**

FREE—If you are interested in pianos or player pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

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A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views as actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing $2,000 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps.

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Save Steps One trip WHEEL TRAY serves meal, another clears table. Loaded with dishes rolls easily anywhere. Black gloss finish. Height 31 in., 8 in. rubber tire wheels. Trays, extra heavy steel, 25in. and 28in. Write for booklet. Patented—beware of infringements.

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Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $2.50. Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 50c.

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Home-Making and Household

Summer Floor Coverings

By May Emery Hall

NOTHING more disagreeably emphasizes the warmth and sultriness of summer than heavy, thick napped floor coverings in the home at this season of the year. They are decidedly out of place. Not only do they give you a sense of discomfort, but they are difficult to handle and clean as well. The housewife is perfectly justified in eliminating as much extra labor as she can during July and August, and she is unwise if she does not include in the list of duties that can be dropped temporarily the care of Oriental, velvet and similar rugs and carpets. Why not roll them up and after safeguarding them against moths, put them away till the cool days of autumn? Bare floors are preferable, but are not, however, the only alternative.

Under such names as "bungalow," "cottage," "boudoir" and "Colonial" rugs, the very things in floor coverings are being manufactured to-day to tide over the trying summer season. Inexpensive, attractive in coloring and of light weight, these rugs are, for the most part, both artistic and practical. Their use need not be limited to two or three months of each year, for in certain rooms they are appropriate at all times.

At the head of the list is a pleasing rug, made in either wool or camel's hair. The latter, in natural colors, is specially intended for country and seashore homes, where dampness or strong sunshine must be reckoned with. In wool, a wide range of standard tints (sixty, to be exact) gives the buyer little chance for dissatisfaction. The purchaser makes his selection of colors, states whether a self-toned or contrasting border is desired and chooses the size; the manufacturer does the rest. As these products are reversible, seamless, and can be woven in practically any size up to 12 x 18 feet, it is obvious that they meet the most exacting needs. The beautiful soft olive shades, rich terra cottas, delicate buffs and blues are such as to appeal to every woman. The lighter tints are meant particularly for bedrooms; the duller, for rooms like dens and halls. Similar in design, only with hand-woven figures inserted on the plain background, are good imitations of the Navajo rugs that are now so popular.

Next may be mentioned floor coverings woven of *cotton* yarn. These, too, are without seams. They can be ordered in any width from two to nine feet, and any length wanted. An approximate idea of the cost can be gleaned from the fact that rug material of this sort sells for a dollar and a half a square yard. While the colors are warranted fast, that does not mean that the housewife can afford to be careless in cleaning floor coverings of this description. Chemicals must be strictly avoided and only warm, soapy water used. Several rinsings should follow, and the rug then be hung out-of-doors and allowed to remain until thoroughly dried. If care is observed, results will be gratifying, for the original shades will stand out with surprising clearness.

One economical way to provide summer floor furnishings is to collect old scraps of carpet and send them to a reliable factory to be rewoven into rugs. In this connection, it may be stated that, as a general thing, manufacturers prefer ingrain and Brussels carpet, so that both sides of the rug will be alike. Wilton and Axminster can be used with ingrain or Brussels in the proportions of half and half; but the finished rug will not be reversible. The makers thoroughly cleanse the material sent them before weaving it, and if your supply falls short, will furnish additional carpet at five cents a pound. It should be understood that the process of remaking involves considerable shrinkage, so to speak, and on an average, five yards of carpet will make but one square yard of finished rug. For weaving, about a dollar a square yard is charged. Fringed ends may be had, but a more sanitary and pleasing finish is a woven-in binding.

Harking back to our grandmothers' day for ideas—a habit we seem to have developed of late—we have begun to copy the rag rugs they used so commonly. The modern output is manufactured from new cloth, the best quality selling at practically the same prices charged for the washable cotton rugs. Cheaper grades are likewise obtainable. Or if you care to send your own rags to the factory, as with the carpet left-overs, you can have them made up at the rate of fifty cents per square yard—a reduction worth considering. White rags should first be dyed to give the best effect. Plain or mottled backgrounds can be had as well as the so-called "hit-and-miss" colors, all with borders. Either a lavender, pink or pale green rug of this kind makes an acceptable floor covering for the daintiest chamber.

The braided, oblong, square and round rugs, so familiar in the kitchen and sitting-room of our childhood home, are now quite up-to-date. Their wearing qualities are proverbial. As I look back, I cannot remember one that ever really wore out! The work of braiding and sewing the strands together may be done easily at home, but if the occupation does not appeal to the housewife, she can pay to have it done. Certain firms that make a specialty of Colonial furnishings receive orders for this class of work.

Newer than matting is the jute rug, a Japanese importation of hemp fiber. Oriental colorings and designs are reproduced so faithfully that at a short distance these rugs look like the genuine article. The 3 x 6 size sells for two dollars and a quarter; the 9 x 12, for thirteen dollars and a half. Conservative dealers estimate that they are good for four or five seasons, though many customers have been known to use them for double that period.

Another hempen rug, much thicker, without the carpet-like surface of the jute, and at a slightly higher price, is imported from India, and may also be recommended on the grounds of durability. This style is specially adapted to hard porch wear.

Still a third rug—inexpensive and easy to care for—is made of "wire grass," a tough, jointless fiber grown in the western section of our country, that seems peculiarly fitted for the purpose to which it is put. It is manufactured in pleasing shades of red, blue, brown and green, and comes in all the standard rug sizes with selvage edges and fringed or plain ends. The popular size, 9 x 12, can be purchased for ten dollars or even less. In combination with wicker furniture to match, a grass rug gives any room an artistic finish. In narrow width with bound edges, this material makes excellent hall runners. As it sells by the yard, no waste is entailed.

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The Entertainment Page

For a School Entertainment

Mae A. Corgan

HERE is an account of the original way in which the high school teachers entertained our class one evening during the winter of our last year in school. Juniors who have to consider an entertainment to the Seniors will find this kind of a party a good solution of their problem.

Each student was asked to be at the school gymnasium at eight o'clock, accompanied by a friend. (If the party is given by the Juniors, it will be a good idea to assign a Senior to each Junior, let the latter call for her partner and bring her to the scene of the party.) The walls of the hall, when we reached there, were tastefully decorated with some two hundred banners procured from the other students of the high school, and the electric lights had been trimmed with tissue paper in the class colors and dimmed with fancy paper shades made by the teacher.

The first fifteen minutes were spent in paying our respects to the hosts and hostesses and in becoming acquainted. Then, as soon as every one had been introduced, our principal called for order and announced that this evening we were to begin high school over again. As a first step, he asked each couple, in turn, to procure enrolment cards from the office. The "office" was a small booth in which one of our instructors was seated, handing small, dark green cards to each couple. These were our Freshman, or first year, cards. At the top corner of each were the words "A Comedy of Errors," while in smaller print at the bottom of the card were the names of two classes we had to attend, Manual Training and Mathematics.

Rows of seats had been placed in various positions around the sides of the hall, and these constituted the classrooms. The name of each class was printed on a large piece of cardboard and placed above the chairs on the wall. The pupils took their seats in the rooms assigned to the various courses, and when a gong was struck, began the work given them, working until the gong struck again to mark the end of the period. Then they handed in their papers to the teachers, who marked them. Those who passed got their second year slips at the office and went on to the second year courses. The work of this year was outlined on a card of a lighter shade of green, bearing the inscription "Much Ado About Nothing," and naming below two more classes, Spelling and English. Almost white cards were used for the third year. They were headed "As You Like It," and had Music and Zoology written at the bottom of the page. The Senior cards, lastly, were pure white, bore the inscription "All's Well That Ends Well," and announced courses in Art and Geography.

Let me give you an idea of the work that was done in the different classes. All of it was, of course, done for fun, and not to test knowledge. The arithmetic class, for example, was given a paper containing a number of problems in rapid addition and multiplication, which had to be finished in fifteen minutes. In manual training the work of the girls consisted in hammering a nail into a board without denting the surface around it, while the boys had to thread a half dozen needles each in a given amount of time. The spelling class had for its task straightening out a list of words whose letters were placed out of order, as for example b-j-e-l-m-u, which, straightened out, gave "jumble." These lists had to be handed in at a certain time to insure promotion. Our English work consisted in writing the last two lines of an original rhyme, of which the first two lines were given. In music, twelve old-time songs were chosen. One of our instructors played a bar or so of each, and as fast as they were played we had to write their names on a slip of paper. Nine out of the twelve had to be correct before a student could pass. When we reached the zoology class, each pupil found at his place a card on which were fastened twelve small, cooky animals. We had to write the name of each on a slip of paper, and promotion or failure depended on whether or not we guessed nine of the names correctly. For the art course each pupil was given a pencil and a piece of paper which had written on it the name of some object which the holder had to illustrate to the best of his ability. And lastly, the geography course required each person to draw a map of the state in which he lived, putting in the principal cities and the rivers.

Beside the regular courses, classes in physical culture were held from time to time between classes, while the pupils who were finished waited for the others to complete their work. These classes were much enjoyed, for the main work consisted in dancing to music furnished by the school orchestra. But the most popular course of all was doubtless that in domestic science, which came as a reward at the end of the high school course. For in this classroom, separated from the rest of the hall by means of prettily decorated screens, refreshments were served.

A Farewell Party

Pearl Howard Campbell

THIS party was originally given for a girl who was to take a trip abroad, but it can well be used as a farewell party to a bride about to start on her honeymoon.

The usual cards were sent out, except that they bore in the lower left-hand corner the sentence "Please wear something to represent a city or a country." The cards were then placed in the tiny, inch-wide suitcases that are sometimes used for candy boxes, the name of the girl for whom each case was intended being fastened to the handle, like a baggage tag.

When the guests arrived, each wore an emblem, as suggested. A girl in bright green was easily recognized as Ireland. Another, with a picture of a galloping horse and a strawberry, represented Canterbury. A gondola stood for Venice, etc. The guests were given pencil and paper and asked to guess the places which the various people represented. Two prizes were awarded—one for the best representation and one for the most correct list of guesses.

A geographical game came next in order. With the company seated in a ring, a player gave the name of a city, mountain, river, lake or anything else geographical, located in any part of the world. The next player then had to supply a name beginning with the final letter of the given word, and the third in turn give one beginning with the last letter of the word mentioned by the second, etc., as for example: Mississippi, Ireland, Dover, Rochester, Russia, Albany. Each player, as his turn came, had to give his word within half a minute, or drop out of the game. The one who kept his place longest was the winner. Any player could at any time challenge any other player to locate the place he named. If the player challenged could not comply, he had to pay a forfeit, which was redeemed later.

After this, the girls began to tell the story of the adventures in store for the traveler. One of the girls began the story, making it up as she went along; then she stopped, and the girl at her left took it up, stopping at a certain point for some one else to go on, until every one had contributed.

The room where refreshments were served had been beautifully decorated. The national flag was festooned about the chandelier over the table, which was lighted by means of candles with crêpe paper shades. The centerpiece was a bowl of water on which a toy sailboat floated, bearing on its prow the name of the traveler's steamer. Narrow ribbons of red, white and blue led from this to the corners of the table. On entering, each girl was given the name of a country, and told to seat herself by finding its flag. Pretty silk ones, laid at each place, did duty both as place-cards and as favors. Toy suitcases were again used to hold salted peanuts.

At the end of the meal a much belabeled suitcase was brought in and placed before the traveler. While the company hummed "Auld Lang Syne," the guest of honor unpacked the bag and found such gifts as a pin roll, bathroom slippers, a collar bag, etc., all of which would prove useful on a journey. A clever verse, attached to each article, was read aloud.

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Tooled Leather Novelties

By Mary H. Barkdull

LEATHER is one of the most fascinating of mediums. When I have the wild art impulse which drives me madly to some form of self-expression, I don't know of any sensation that delights me more than to feel my tools sink into the responsive plasticity of a good, thick piece of moist leather.

For the tooled parts of the articles shown on this page, Russian calf was used. Cut each piece one-half inch larger all around than the pattern. Sponge the back with clear water till it has absorbed *all the moisture it can hold.* Then tack the leather to a smooth board, putting the tacks one inch apart in the surplus half inch. Allow the leather to dry until it is merely soggy and receives the impression of a tool without having water come to the surface.

The pattern is made from the perforated pattern on tough, thin, smooth paper. Lay the pattern over the leather and fasten it securely.

For leather work, two tools will do very well to begin with—an outlining tool and a background tool. No tool used on leather should be sharp enough to scratch or cut the surface of the kid. A small, dull paper-knife or nut-pick would do very well for outlining, while the ball-like end of a crochet hook could be used for background work.

When you have the pattern fastened to the leather, take the outlining tool and run over the lines of the design firmly, using enough pressure to make a clear line on the leather. When the design has been traced through to the leather, remove the paper. Then, with the crochet hook, press back the background. Take each little mass of background and by outlining it deeply and then pressing it down firmly, throw the rest of the design up into relief. After this much is done, take the tacks from the leather. Have a pad of some six thicknesses of wet blotting paper ready. Certain parts of the design, such as the three heads of the comma-like figures in the handkerchief case, the petals of the triangular rose motif on the opera bag, and the outside edges of the petals of the briar motif on the shopping bag, should stand out in high relief.

Place the damp leather, which has the background all pressed back now, face down on the blotter. The tooling on the front will have indicated the design on the wrong side of the leather. After laying the leather face down on the pad, use the end of the tools to bore into the parts that you wish to have stand out. Keep turning the leather over onto the right side, to sharpen the outlines and details, and to keep the background down. When you have the modeling worked out, put in with a sharp line such detail work as the stamens in the shopping bag and the veins of the leaves. If the contrast is not great enough to satisfy, the background may be made more effective with a grounding tool. This stamps a pebbly surface into the leather. A small, hollow key, such as a watch or clock key, makes a good substitute for the grounding tool.

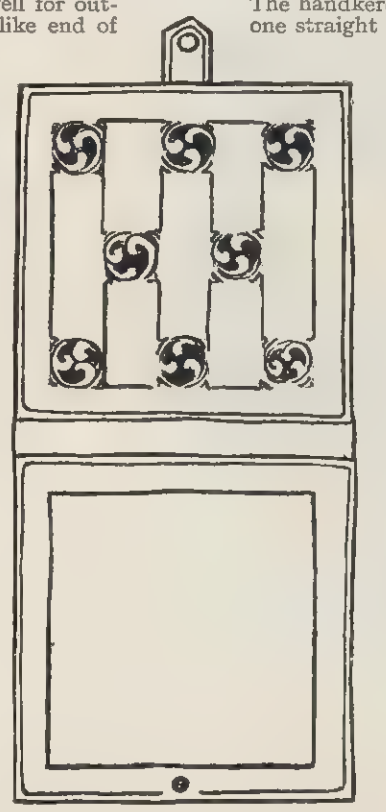
When the tooling is done, flatten the leather, without spreading it, and tack it down again until it dries flat. It will harden, and your work is there to stay. Then cut off your extra half inch of leather with a sharp knife.

The construction of the articles on this page will prove very simple. The handkerchief case is made of one straight piece of tobacco colored Russian calf. When the leather is dry, cut two square pieces of soft paper, ⅛ inch smaller than the outside squares. Cover them with tan satin, basting it around the paper. Then glue the lining onto the leather. Put under pressure for several hours and stitch the lining onto the leather. The snapper can be put on at any leather shop.

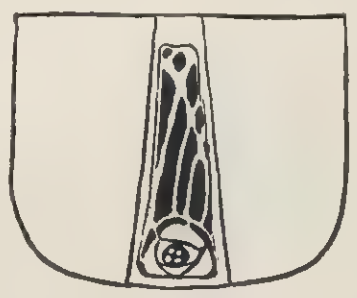
After the tooling is done for the opera bag and the pieces stitched together, sew up the lining. Slip this inside the leather bag and make two rows of stitching at the top on the machine, making an inch and a half heading, and a hem an inch and a half deep for the gray satin ribbon which draws the bag closed at the top.

The pieces of the shopping bag can be eyeleted at any harness shop, according to the pattern, and then laced up with long thongs of the suède or of the calf, one-eighth inch wide.

Perforated patterns of these designs are twenty cents each.

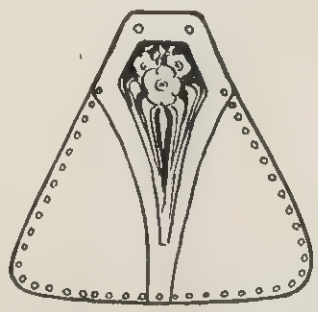


No. 11796—Handkerchief Case

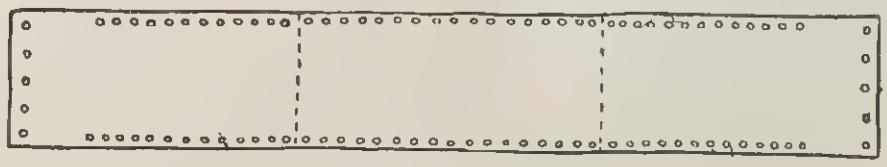


No. 11795—Opera Bag Lined with Dull Burnt Rose Satin

The shopping bag is made of black suède and black Russian calf, the latter being used only for the decorated portions. After tooling the parts for front and back of the bag, stitch them onto the suède. Then stitch an oblong piece of black sole leather to the narrow strip to form a stiffening for the inside of the bottom.



Gray calf was used for the tooled parts of the opera bag and silver gray suède for the rest. After the tooling is done, stitch the wedge shaped pieces onto the other parts. Then sew up the bag, overstitching the edges as in the seams of a glove. Use twist of the same color as the leather for overstitching the edges of the bag.



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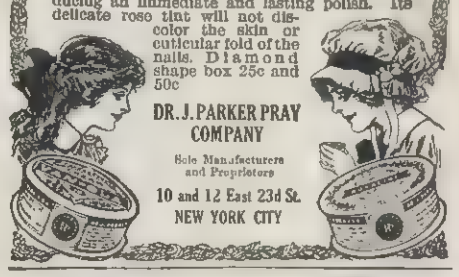

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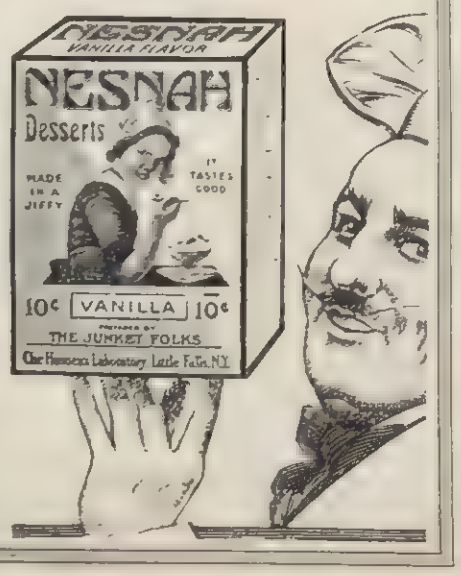


Mother and Child Papers—III

The Efficient Mother

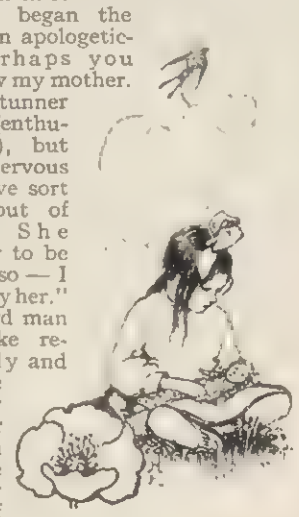
By Mrs. Burton Chance

THREE traveling men were heard discussing their boyhoods one day in the lobby of a large hotel. The subject of "mothers" came up.

"What was your mother like?" said the youngest of the three, addressing one of his companions who bore the appearance of a well-to-do business man.

"My mother? Why, it is hard to make a picture of her in a few words. She was always kind to me—affectionate to the day she died. But I never had a word of sensible advice from her in my whole life. If I had followed her plans for me, I don't know where I would have been now—certainly not here." He looked around him contentedly, with eyebrows raised at the thought of the possible alternative. "I believe *your* mother is still living. What is *she* like?"

"Well," began the young man apologetically, "perhaps you don't know my mother. She is a stunner all right (enthusiastically), but she is so nervous that I have sort of kept out of the road. She can't bear to be worried; so—I don't worry her."



The third man then spoke reflectively and just a little sadly, "My mother was an artist. She died only a couple of years ago. I had to bring myself up. I often wondered why it was she didn't take the same interest in making a man of me that she did in making pictures. She gave me money and all that. But it was *time* I wanted. She never could bring herself to give me *that*."

It seems to me that the three characteristics most destructive to efficient motherhood were unconsciously described in the few words each one of these men used to draw a picture of his mother—the foolish mother, the ill mother, the selfish mother! Fortunately these three characteristics are seldom met with in the same woman, but two of them often are, and even one is enough to cause much unhappiness in the little family of which the ill mother, the selfish mother or the foolish mother is the director.

The Foolish and Ill Mothers

IT is as natural for the child to turn to his mother with his eternal "Why," as it is for the flowers to grow toward the sun. The child is born with an absolute belief in the efficiency of his mother to meet all problems, settle all disputes, answer all questions. To be wise, is to keep this belief always; to be foolish, is to lose it almost on the threshold of the child's life. We all know mothers who are continually saying to their sons—sons manfully struggling to keep up under the crushing anxieties of hard work, big families and small pay—"Why don't you take a holiday, my dear? A month in the mountains would do wonders for you. I can't bear to see you so foolish. You really *should* take a vacation."

A month in the mountains, with the coal bill and doctor's bill and the provision bill still unpaid!

The foolish mother petulantly upbraids her daughter in the same way: "I don't see *why* you can't marry Mr. B. Here you are throwing yourself away on that young bank clerk, with not the prospect of a cent anywhere. You know that Mr. B. has a comfortable income. You are really *too* silly. I have no patience with you."

The foolish mother has not troubled to look below the surface, even far enough to see the corruption of old Mr. B.'s heart, to compare it with the manly, high-minded, but penniless young clerk's. The foolish mother makes mistakes even in the nursery and in the schoolroom. You hear her say:

"I don't see why it is that our children are not pretty. And why can't they be at the head of their class? They don't seem to be a bit clever. I wonder why our children never get any prizes!"

In this way, the foolish mother, kind and affectionate though she may be, soon loses all influence over her children. She expects from them results for which they were never created. She sees only the superficial. She can give no advice, no encouragement, no incentive. I do not believe that a really foolish woman, no matter how generous and pure at heart she may be, can ever be a helpful or successful mother.

There are two kinds of ill health, nervous and organic. The nervous diseases are many of them induced by an improper way of living, rather than by actual disease, and can be overcome if realized in time. Nervousness and ill health are great stumbling blocks in the road to efficient motherhood. To be strong, to have the point of view of health, gives a balance which of itself does away with many of the trials of motherhood. The worrying, nervous, nagging mother—alas, we all know her! And what of the little children whose tender, green shoots of character and personality must struggle to life in the face of such a blight? They will bear the marks of her hand until their dying day. Peace and serenity should crown the brow of every mother. We expect from her calmness in disaster and strength in adversity. If she is affected by organic disease or if she is a prey to the workings of overstrained nerves, she will find it almost impossible to do her work in the family life. To be strong, then, is a blessed help to the mother; to be ill, the greatest impediment to her success.

The Mother Who is Selfish

THE mother who will not give *time* to her children is defrauding them of a right. Every little child should have at least one pair of arms always ready to respond to his; a place where he can go at any hour of the day or night to whisper out his fears, to seek assurance and support to conquer them. A mother who allows society, charity, art, work or selfish indulgences to rob her children of their right to her companionship, not only harms them and perverts their development, but at the same time injures her own being, for a selfish mother is one of the least lovely of all sights. Few of the blessings and rewards of motherhood will find their way to her side. She cannot be a success.

I do not believe in mothers allowing themselves no liberty, no recreation, no time; but I do believe most emphatically that every woman who is responsible for the upbringing of a family of little children should reserve her best for them alone. To indulge in any form of work or pleasure that distracts her best self from them, and leaves only a weary sediment for them at the end of the day, is wrong. Mothers should not work outside the home unless driven to it by the hard hand of necessity, and not then until they have tried every other method of living. And pleasure is the last form of temptation to which they should yield.

But what of talent? Be sure it is a talent first. Genius knows no law, but a so-called "talent" is often only another word for selfish personal indulgence. I think preoccupation, regular hours spent daily outside the home, pleasure or work which does not concern the family is detrimental to a mother's success.

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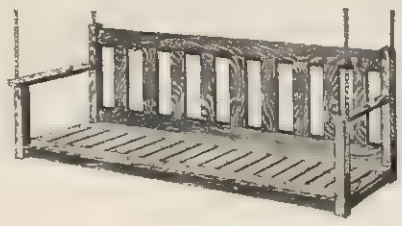
Handy Things for the Home

Editor's Note—Manufacturers of household articles are invited to send samples of their products to the Household Editor. They will be tested, and if found of practical value, will be described in these columns.

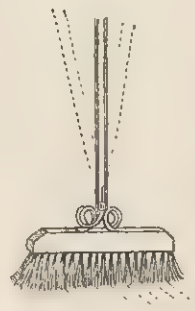
A LAMP like the one shown here is not only ornamental, but also very useful. In appearance it is exactly like a small electric lamp fixture. It is made entirely of brass, is in Old English style and has a globe six inches high. The lamp may be lifted easily from the wall fixture which holds it and carried from room to room, or set upon a stand or table, so that it can be used for many different purposes. It burns its own gas by means of a patented burner which automatically vaporizes either kerosene or coal oil. Three attractive features of this lamp are that it is absolutely odorless, that the cost of burning it is exceedingly small and that once well filled, it will burn for a whole week without refilling. The wick is regulated from the outside and can be lighted without removing the globe.

THE man who has to look after his own garden will appreciate the advantages of this latest garden tool, known as a lawn edger. It is a most necessary article, for there is always turf to be trimmed in fixing up any garden, especially after as hard a winter as this last one. The chief features of this instrument are the revolving disk at the end of the handle, which cuts the turf quickly and evenly, and the prong on which the foot is placed to push the lawn edger along. It cuts the toughest sod cleanly.

THINK of the joy of removing a cake from a tin without having it stick! Such an ideal condition is easily possible with a pan having a removable bottom. After your cake is baked, you simply loosen it a bit on the sides, push up the bottom, and your cake will come out with unbroken edges.

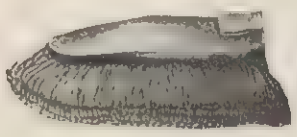


IN selecting a swing for your porch, you can hardly do better than choose this one. Just a glance will assure you that it is simple, serviceable and comfortable. Fit it up with a pretty cushion and some pillows and you will look far to find something so reasonable in price and yet so luxurious.

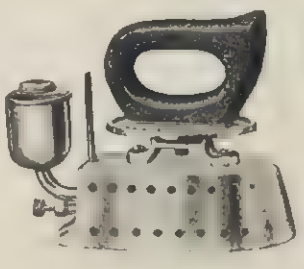


SPRING housecleaning is over, to be sure, but that is no reason why an up-to-date housewife should not invest in one of these brush-brooms. They are so called because they combine the qualities of both a brush and a broom, and may be used for the purposes of either. The bristles are of the type used in ordinary household brooms, but are specially prepared and of a very high quality. The handle is joined to the brush by two strong, double-coil wire springs, which give the device the same elasticity as a broom, though still enabling it to keep its qualities as a brush. This instrument should prove ideal for cleaning such things as kitchen floors, porches, etc.

HERE is something entirely new in the ladder line, designed especially for the use of women, but rapidly being used as a safety ladder for all kinds of purposes, even outside of the home. The illustration shows the ladder locked, ready for use. It suggests a ladder that is handy, light and comfortable, and safe for a woman to use. There is a large platform, 12″ by 16″, and the sides of the ladder, which continue up to the work shelf, form practical hand rails. Standing on the platform, protected on three sides, the person using the ladder can work in full confidence, without fear of losing his balance. The lock on the ladder is positively secure, holding it perfectly rigid. When unlocked, the ladder falls flat.



NOTHING could be more practical for furniture polishing than this brush. There is a pocket on the back into which the hand can be slipped while using it, and a chemical preparation in which the brush is boiled makes it dustless.



AMONG the latest housekeeping helps is this flat-iron, which is heated by denatured alcohol. An advantage of this iron, which is of polished nickel, is that you can fill the font with denatured alcohol, apply a match, and in a few seconds the iron will be sufficiently hot to be used. The heat will continue as long as the fuel lasts. Just think of not having to have a coal range going on ironing day this summer! A second advantage is that it can be used in the open air, for winds and draughts do not affect the flame. Try it sometime and be convinced.

Any information as to prices of these articles and places where they may be obtained will be gladly furnished to readers upon receipt of a letter addressed to the New York office, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply.

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Saves you *hours* every day. Just put in your foods—cold, raw and uncooked—and "Manson's All-Aluminum" does the rest. You *don't need to heat the food* before putting it in this Cooker. No sweltering over a hot stove. You can attend to more *pleasant* duties—or go *shopping, calling* or *visiting*, while everything cooks to perfection. No watching needed. Utterly impossible to burn, scorch or undercook food.

And—at one stroke—you wipe out ¼ your fuel bills, ⅓ your *meat* and *grocery* bills. *Pays for itself quick.* And such *meals! Delicious beyond description!*

And Prices Literally SLAUGHTERED!

Merely send your name and those of two other housekeepers and get the bargain of your life. **Manson's big-capacity All-Aluminum Fireless Cooker for $4.15 less than a dependable, ample-sized fireless cooker ever sold for before. And you get 90 days' free trial, money back if not satisfied.**

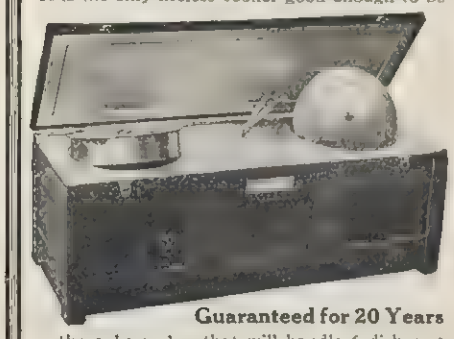
$4.15 Saved You

You Can Even Get One FREE!

We have one plan where, by co-operating with us, you can actually own Manson's Cooker **FREE.** Free Book explains.

Manson's ALL-ALUMINUM Fireless Cooker

is the cooker that's lined throughout with *pure aluminum* (**aluminum costs 40c per pound. Tin, Terneplate, "Aluminite," "Aluminoid," etc., used by others, costs less than 4c per lb.**). It is the only fireless cooker good enough to be



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—the only cooker that will handle 6 dishes at once—the only cooker that bakes *perfectly*, light bread, rolls, cake, pies, cookies, puddings; roasts beef, veal, mutton, pork, chickens; cooks any and all kinds of *vegetables* and *breakfast* foods; prepares any dish, from *soup* to *dessert*, whether *boiled, baked, roasted, fried, stewed* or *steamed.*

And you cook in your own way, like you always have. Nothing new to learn. The lining as well as cooking vessels being pure *Aluminum*, this cooker never rusts. Always bright, clean and sanitary. Easy to *keep* clean. No odors. No "mussy" water from condensed steam. Cooks fast and handles largest variety of dishes at once. So compact it goes under ordinary table. And our radiators are *indestructible.*

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Now get all the facts about this wonderful Fireless Cooker. Simply send coupon below or postal for Free Book and Special Price Proposition. Do it today if you want to get in on this great Bargain Offer, *for it may be withdrawn any time.* Be sure to give names of *two* other housekeepers.

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Hot bread is the severest test of any shortening—in it, the slightest odor can be detected.

fried in Crisco. Letters have been received from over a hundred women in one month commenting on the improvement Crisco has made in their doughnuts or crullers.

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One of the most pleasing features of Crisco is its delicate aroma. Crisco biscuits or Crisco short-cake, served hot, will be most convincing proof.

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Do not keep Crisco in the refrigerator. Like butter, it hardens quickly with cold, but works perfectly at the usual room temperature. For cake, use a little less than you would of butter; for pastry, one-fifth less than lard. When used instead of butter, add salt. In making pastry, cut Crisco into the flour with a knife; use as little water as possible and handle lightly.

Should your results not be wholly satisfactory, vary your way of using Crisco. Crisco has been tested so exhaustively, that it reasonably can be said that unsatisfactory results will not be the fault of the product. Most women follow their usual recipes and secure remarkable results.

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The Cookery Department

Dishes Suitable for Breakfast

By Marion Harris Neil

BREAKFAST is undoubtedly one of the most difficult meals of the day for the housekeeper. Not only is the appetite hardest to tempt early in the morning, but unless a certain amount of care is exercised, this meal is apt to develop into a continuous round of eggs and bacon, the former never being served in any other way save boiled, poached or, occasionally, fried.

Breakfast dishes ought to be easy to digest, and at the same time as nourishing as possible. Hurrying over breakfast is a thing to be avoided if we would take proper care of our health. Yet it is a habit easily fallen into by business people and children going to school. We hear a great deal nowadays about "not being very hungry at breakfast time." What is the reason for this? In the majority of cases I believe that sheer weariness of the monotony of the diet set before us morning after morning is the cause of the want of appetite. Often a good, substantial dish becomes distasteful from being constantly served up in the same style.

Dormers Made of Scraps of Cold Meats

Toast

Old as this dish is, it is seldom supplied to perfection. If the cook were aware of the principle and aim of toasting, it is quite possible that we would be spared the infliction of burnt, tough or greasy pieces. The aim of all toasting is to get out of the bread the remainder of the water contained in it. Before making toast, take care that the fire is clear and hot. Prepare it, whether dry or buttered, not longer than six minutes before serving, or it will be either tough and hard or greasy and sodden. Serve dry toast in its rack. Serve buttered toast on a plate standing over a basin containing boiling water.

Sausage Cakes

Take one pound of sausage meat; add to it one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a few chopped herbs, a little grated lemon rind and one well-beaten egg. Mix well and make into small, round, flat cakes of even size. Place them on a well-greased baking tin and bake for about twenty minutes. Dish up on a bed of mashed potatoes. Pour tomato sauce around the base of the dish and serve hot. For the tomato sauce, slice one carrot, one turnip and two onions. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter and fry in a pot for five minutes; then add to it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir till smooth and add two cupfuls of stock or water, one bay leaf, a blade of mace, one can of tomatoes or half a pound of fresh ones, and a bunch of sweet herbs. Stir till they boil; then cook slowly for thirty minutes. Rub through a sieve, add a little pepper and salt and serve.

Dormers

Dormers are excellent dishes for using up scraps of cold meat. They may be served for breakfast, lunch or even for dinner. If for breakfast, serve them garnished with fried parsley; but if for lunch or dinner, send them to the table with a tureen of good, brown gravy.

Three ounces of rice, half a pound of cold meat, two ounces of suet, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one egg, bread-crums, salt and pepper. Wash the rice well; put it into a saucepan with plenty of fast boiling, salted water and boil until it is tender. Then drain off the water, chop the meat and suet finely and mix them with the boiled rice. Season the mixture nicely with salt, pepper and parsley. Roll into shapes like small sausages; brush them over with beaten egg and cover them with white bread-crums. Have a pan of frying fat on the fire; when a bluish smoke arises from it, put in one or two of the dormers at a time and fry them to a pretty golden brown. Drain on brown paper, and serve as directed.

Egg Rissoles

Boil five eggs for fifteen minutes. Let them cool in cold water; then shell and chop them, but not too finely. Put them into a basin and add four tablespoonfuls of fine bread-crums, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, four chopped mushrooms and one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Mix well and season to taste with salt and pepper; then add four tablespoonfuls of white sauce. Heat the mixture; add the yolks of two eggs and stir for just a few minutes.

Spread on a plate and put in a cool place to set. When cold, divide into even sized portions and make into neat croquettes. Brush each over with beaten egg and toss in bread-crums; reshape and insert a small piece of uncooked macaroni at one end of each croquette. Fry carefully in smoking hot fat till of a golden color. Drain and put on a dish garnished with fried parsley. Serve with a tureen of hot tomato sauce.

Bacon Toast

Cut some bacon into rather thin slices; place them in a frying pan with just enough water to cover and boil for a few seconds. Then drain the slices and fry quickly over a hot fire until the bacon is a delicate brown. Have ready some slices of well-buttered, toasted brown bread trimmed to the size of the bacon; put the hot bacon on the toast. Place a small slice of fried tomato (this can be fried in the bacon fat) on the top of each slice of bacon and send to the table very hot.

Ham and Egg Tartlets

Six ounces of cooked ham, two tablespoonfuls of bread-crums, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, five eggs, a grate of nutmeg and a pinch of pepper.

Chop up the ham very finely and put it into a basin; add the bread-crums, pepper, nutmeg and milk and work to a paste. Butter some molds or plain gem pans and line each thickly with the mixture. Carefully break one egg into each of the molds, put a small piece of butter on top and sprinkle with a small pinch of red pepper. Bake for ten minutes. Unmold carefully and serve hot.

Pork Cheese

Cut, but do not chop, two pounds of cold roast pork into small pieces, allowing a quarter of a pound of fat for every pound of lean. Pack this into a mold, adding pepper and salt to taste, four sage leaves, and two finely chopped onions; fill the rest of the mold with good, well-flavored gravy in which one tablespoonful of powdered gelatine has been dissolved. Bake for forty minutes; then leave it till cold, and turn out carefully.

Beef may be treated in exactly the same way, allowing four ounces of ham or pork to each pound of beef.

Brawn

Choose a small pig's head, or half of a fairly large one; clean it thoroughly, removing the eyes and the brains, and soak for half an hour or more in cold water. Put it into a saucepan with four tablespoonfuls of salt and sufficient water to cover it; bring to a boil. Then draw the pan to one side and let it simmer for three and one-half hours. Now lift it out onto a hot dish; remove every bone (if properly boiled these will come away quite easily) and cut or tear up the meat.

Meanwhile pour away three parts of the liquor in which it was cooked and boil up the remainder rapidly till reduced to a third part. Put into this one bay leaf, three cloves, a blade of mace, one teaspoonful of whole peppers and a few grains of red pepper. Arrange the tongue in the middle of a tin or mold and pack the meat tightly around it, pouring in the liquor gradually. Cover the tin with a plate, standing a fairly heavy weight on it, and leave it to set; then dip the mold in hot water and turn it out.

Haddock with Tomatoes

Take a good, fleshy haddock and put it into a dish large enough to hold it; nearly cover the fish with water and put it in a moderate oven. At the end of half an hour remove and drain it; take away all bones and skin and lightly flake it into a clean saucepan. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter and season with salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

Have ready some tomatoes that have been skinned, sliced and fried in hot butter. Turn the fish lightly onto a hot dish and arrange the tomatoes on top; garnish with sliced, hard boiled eggs and serve very hot.

Grilled Chicken and Mushrooms

Any remains of cold, cooked chicken will serve for this dish. Cut it in neat joints and sprinkle with red pepper and salt; brush over with melted butter and toss in fine bread-crums. Grill or place in a hot oven with butter over it. Cut the stalks from half a pint of mushrooms; peel and wash them and place them in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a dust of powdered mace, pepper, salt, a squeeze of lemon juice, one-quarter of a cupful of stock or water and one tablespoonful of flour. Cook gently for five minutes; then pour onto a small piece of toast. Place the chicken around and serve the dish hot.

Stewed Lentils

Soak two cupfuls of lentils in tepid water for three hours. Put into a saucepan with one quart of water, one tablespoonful of butter, and salt; boil for two hours. Drain and return to the saucepan with a small, chopped onion previously fried in one tablespoonful of hot butter. Cook gently and moisten with two tablespoonfuls of milk; season with salt and pepper and stir in the yolks of two eggs to bind the mixture. Serve hot.

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Fruit Foam

½ box **Knox** Gelatine — 2 eggs
1 cup cold water — Sugar
3 cups crushed strawberries, raspberries or currant juice

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Heat crushed berries, or juice; pour over gelatine, sweeten to taste. Stir until gelatine is dissolved, let stand in cool place until nearly set. Then add whites of eggs, beaten stiff, and beat well into the jelly. Mold and serve with whipped cream or a custard sauce made of yolks of the eggs.

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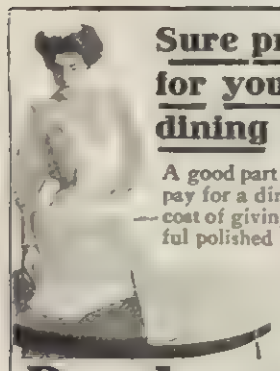

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The Cookery Department

Salads for Many Occasions

THE coming of warm weather brings with it a rise in the popularity of salads. These dishes, so tempting and so refreshing, are always well liked, but never more so than in the summer time, when light but substantial, rather than heavy, heat giving dishes are wanted.

The first requisites for a good salad are fresh ingredients. Whether fish, meat, vegetable or fruit be used, it should be freshly cut and be in the freshest possible condition. Secondly, the materials used, if previously soaked in water, should be thoroughly dried by shaking them in a clean napkin before putting them into the salad. And lastly, the salad should be mixed only a short time before it is wanted, and the dressing put on at the last possible moment. Many housekeepers, realizing the value of this fact, have the ingredients brought in and mix the salad at the table.

Below are given a number of salad recipes and dressings of sufficient variety to provide for almost any occasion.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Yolks of 2 Eggs — Few Drops of Vinegar
½ Tablespoonful of Salt — Salt and Red Pepper
1 Pint of Good Salad Oil — Lemon Juice

BEFORE beginning the dressing, thoroughly chill the plate, eggs, oil and even the fork. Put the yolks of the eggs, carefully freed from the whites, into a deep soup plate; add one-half tablespoonful of salt and stir with a silver fork until the yolks are well broken and mixed. Then begin to add the oil, drop by drop at first, being careful to always stir in the same direction. Add a few drops of vinegar whenever the mixture begins to look oily. As it becomes thick, you may add the oil faster, always stirring, not beating it, and adding only sufficient vinegar to keep the dressing from separating. The two eggs will easily take a pint of oil. Season to taste with salt, red pepper and a bit of lemon juice. When finished, the dressing should be thick and smooth, and not have an acid taste, as that destroys the flavor of the oil. Keep covered and on ice until needed.

French Dressing

½ Teaspoonful of Salt — Dash of White Pepper
1 Tablespoonful of Vinegar — 3 Tablespoonfuls of Olive Oil

MIX the salt, pepper and olive oil. Stir for a few minutes and then gradually add the vinegar, stirring rapidly until the mixture is slightly thickened and the vinegar cannot be noticed. If not used at once, the oil and vinegar will separate; see that they are well mixed again before pouring over the salad.

Chicken Salad

2 Cups Cooked Chicken — Lemon Juice
Tender Celery Stalks — Mayonnaise
Salt and Paprika — Lettuce Leaves

REMOVE the chicken carefully from the bones, rejecting all skin and fat, and cut the meat into half-inch cubes. Measure by cupfuls and allow an equal amount of washed and scraped celery, also cut into half-inch cubes. Use only the tender part of the celery, as the tough, outer pieces will spoil the salad. Keep in separate bowls until ready to serve. Just before sending to the table put a few drops of lemon juice over the chicken and sprinkle with a bit of salt and paprika. Then put in the celery and one-half of the mayonnaise, and mix thoroughly by tossing the salad with two forks. Line a salad bowl with fresh lettuce leaves, turn in the chicken and pour over the rest of the mayonnaise. Garnish with celery tips, hard boiled eggs, heart lettuce leaves, boiled beets or olives.

Turkish Salad

2 Full Tablespoonfuls of Gelatine — Dash of Red Pepper
3 Large Cucumbers — ½ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Teaspoonful of Onion Juice — Few Sliced Tomatoes
1 Cupful of Boiling Water — Crisp Lettuce Leaves
1 Tablespoonful of Vinegar
Red Mayonnaise
1 Cupful of Cold Water

PEEL and slice the cucumbers and place them in a saucepan with the cold water; bring to a boiling point and cook slowly until soft. Dissolve the gelatine with the boiling water and add the onion juice, vinegar, seasonings and cucumbers. Strain and add a few drops of green coloring pressed from boiled spinach leaves; then pour into a wet ring mold and chill thoroughly. When stiff, remove from the mold, fill the center with red mayonnaise and garnish with sliced cucumbers, tomatoes and lettuce leaves. The red mayonnaise is made by cooking a can of tomatoes, straining them and cooking the juice again until it is reduced to two tablespoonfuls. When cold add to the regular mayonnaise until the desired tint is obtained.

Walnut and Cheese Salad

½ Lb. of English Walnuts — Fresh Lettuce Leaves
1 Cake of Cream Cheese — French Dressing

CRACK the nuts, being careful to keep the meats in unbroken halves. Work a sufficient amount of cream cheese with a bit of butter to make it smooth, and roll it into balls about an inch in diameter. Put half of a walnut on each side of each ball, as in cream walnut candy, and lay the balls on crisp lettuce leaves. Pour over French dressing and serve with hot, toasted crackers.

Czarina Salad

2 Full Tablespoonfuls of Gelatine — ½ Cupful of Grapefruit Juice
2½ Cupfuls of Water — Pecans
4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar — Celery
Stuffed Olives — Lettuce
Mayonnaise Dressing

PUT the water, sugar, gelatine and grapefruit juice into a saucepan and stir over the fire until dissolved. Strain and cool; then coat a wet ring mold with this jelly and set it on ice. Cut the olives in half, dip each in the jelly and arrange them around the mold; when they are set pour in one inch of jelly. After this has set, place in some pecan meats and small pieces of the celery, and then some more jelly. Continue until the mold is full. Turn out when ready to serve and garnish with curled celery. Fill the center of the mold with crisp, small lettuce hearts and mayonnaise.

Mixed Salad

1 Cupful of Chopped Tomatoes — ½ Cupful of Chopped Apples
1 Cupful of Chopped Cucumbers — 2 Tablespoonfuls of Small, Pickled Onions
½ Cupful of Thinly Sliced Radishes — 1 Cupful of Mayonnaise
Fresh Lettuce Leaves

MIX all of the ingredients except the lettuce with the mayonnaise. Arrange the lettuce leaves around the edge of the salad bowl and pour in the salad. Top with mayonnaise and serve.

Salad in Tomato Cups

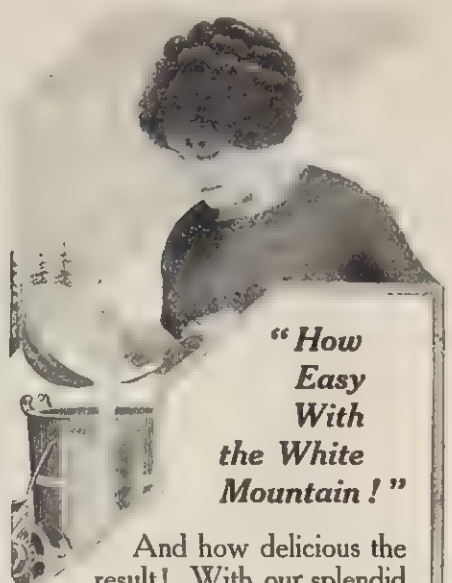
Large, Firm Tomatoes — Mayonnaise Dressing
1 Cupful of Apples — ½ Cupful of Chopped Nut Meats
½ Tablespoonful of Lemon Juice — Lettuce Leaves
½ to 1 Cupful of Celery

REMOVE the skins of the tomatoes by putting the vegetables into boiling water. Scoop out the pulp from the center at the flower end of each and sprinkle the inside with salt. Set on a platter and put on ice to chill. Mix the apples, peeled and cut into very small pieces, with the lemon juice, to keep them from discoloring. Pick out only the tenderest celery stalks and cut enough of them into quarter-inch slices to give a cupful; then add the apples and the nuts and mix the whole with mayonnaise. Fill into the scooped tomatoes and top each with a bit of stiff mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce on individual plates.

Salmon Salad

Can of Salmon — French Dressing or Mayonnaise
Lettuce Leaves

REMOVE the bones and skin from the salmon and drain off the liquid. Mix with sufficient French dressing or thin mayonnaise, and set aside for a while. Make cups of small, blanched leaves of lettuce, fill with the salad and garnish with mayonnaise. Keep on ice until served.



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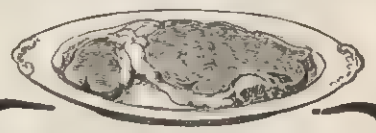

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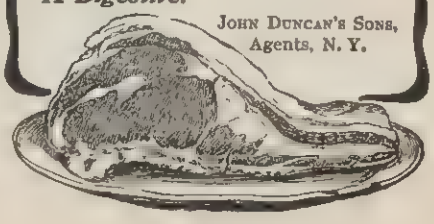

The Cookery Department

Summer-Time Sandwiches

THERE is a knack about making really good, appetizing sandwiches, just as there is about making anything else. One of the most important things to be considered is the bread. Any kind may be used, depending on the kind of filling put in. For the very best sandwiches, however, it should be at least one day old and should be cut into the very thinnest possible slices. Then, after the filling is in, the crusts should be trimmed off and the sandwiches cut, either in strips, triangles, halves, or in fancy cooky shapes. Should the sandwiches not be wanted for immediate use, they should be wrapped up in a clean, dampened cloth and put in a cool spot until needed.

A list of the very best-known fillings would include (1) cold meats, such as ham, veal, roast beef and lamb, laid on the bread in very thin slices with a leaf of lettuce, or finely chopped and worked with sufficient mayonnaise, cream or butter to form a smooth paste; (2) cheese; (3) jam or marmalade, and (4) salad, as lettuce or watercress, covered with a thin layer of mayonnaise. Besides these, however, there are countless other sandwich combinations, some of the most popular of which are given below.

Sardine Sandwiches

6 Tinned Sardines
Lemon Juice
2 Hard Boiled Eggs
5 Olives
French Mustard
Sardine Oil
Salt
Buttered Rye or White Bread

SCRAPE the skin lightly from each fish and cut off the tail. Split open and remove any bones. Chop the eggs and the olives finely; then add the sardines and mix the whole well, adding enough of the sardine oil to bind it. Flavor with lemon juice, French mustard and salt. Spread on thin slices of bread. If desired, the eggs may be omitted and the boned sardines alone be spread on the bread. Cover with a leaf of lettuce and flavor with a few drops of lemon juice before the top layer of the sandwich is put on.

These sandwiches, and for that matter all sandwiches, should be made with creamed butter. To prepare it, place the butter in a bowl and work it with a silver fork until it is soft and creamy. Then drain off the moisture at the bottom of the bowl, and with a knife spread the butter thinly and evenly on the bread.

Cream Cheese, Olives and Nuts

Thinly Cut Boston Brown Bread
Cream Cheese
Pitted Olives
Piece of Butter
Lettuce Leaves
English Walnuts

WORK the cream cheese with sufficient butter to soften it. Chop the walnuts and the olives finely, and when the cream cheese has been worked smooth, add them and work the paste some more until all of the ingredients are well mixed. Then spread on thin slices of buttered white or brown bread, add a leaf of lettuce to each sandwich to moisten it and press the pieces of bread together.

Sweet Sandwiches

½ Lb. of Chopped Dates
½ Lb. of Figs
1 Cupful of Cocoanut
1 Tablespoonful of Sweet Chocolate
1 Scant Cupful of Sugar
1 Cupful of Pecan Nuts
Rye Bread or Crackers

MELT the butter in a saucepan and add the rest of the ingredients. Put the mixture over the fire in a double boiler and stir well. After simmering for about ten minutes, remove from the fire and allow to cool slightly. Then beat to a creamy consistency and spread on crackers or fresh rye bread.

French Cheese Sandwiches

Brown Bread
Cream Cheese
Jam, Marmalade or Preserved Ginger

Slice the bread thinly and spread it with a layer of the marmalade or jam. Strawberry or peach flavor should be used for the best results. Spread a layer of very fresh cream cheese over the jam and cover it with another slice of bread. Press and serve for afternoon tea.

Orange Marmalade Sandwiches

Orange Marmalade
Buttered White Bread

CUT the bread into thin slices about ⅜ inch thick and spread orange marmalade on one. Put over another slice of bread and cover this with marmalade. Do this until you have four slices on top of one another. Then put under a weight, and when well pressed, trim off the crusts and cut down in thin slices with a sharp knife. The slices will look like jelly cake.

Pepper Sandwiches

3 Green, Sweet Peppers
3 Hard Boiled Eggs
Small Cupful of Mayonnaise
Thin Slices of Buttered Bread

RUN the peppers and the eggs through the meat chopper or chop them finely in a chopping bowl. Cover the chopped material with sufficient mayonnaise to give it the proper consistency for spreading. Trim the crusts from the buttered bread and put in a substantial layer of the filling.

Delicious Sandwiches

1½ Cupful of Light Brown Sugar
Scant Teaspoonful of Butter
¾ Cupful of Water
½ Lb. of Shredded Cocoanut
½ Lb. of Chopped Figs
½ Cupful of Chopped Walnuts
Whole Wheat Bread

BOIL the sugar, butter and water together until they form a thick syrup. Then remove from the fire and add the cocoanut, the figs and the nuts. Stir until creamy and pour into a buttered dish. When cool, spread between thin slices of the bread.

Chicken Sandwiches

Left-over Roasted or Boiled Chicken
Cream to Soften
Piece of Butter
Salt and Pepper
Buttered White Bread

MINCE up the chicken and put it into a saucepan with sufficient cream (or gravy, if there is any at hand) to soften it. Then add a good sized piece of butter and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Put over the fire to heat, working the mixture constantly until it resembles a paste. Pour on a plate, and when cool, spread between thin slices of the bread.

Cream of Chicken Sandwiches

½ Cupful of White Chicken Meat
1 Teaspoonful of Gelatine
½ Pint of Whipping Cream
1 Cupful of Milk
Seasoning of Salt
Buttered White Bread

DISSOLVE the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Pound the chicken finely and add the liquid gelatine and salt to taste. Put over the fire and stir until it begins to thicken; then remove from the fire and add the cream, previously whipped, a little at a time. Stand away to cool, and when very cold spread on thinly cut, buttered bread.

Nut Sandwiches

English Walnuts or Almonds
Lettuce Leaves
Bread and Butter
Mayonnaise Dressing

CHOP the nuts finely and mix them with mayonnaise. Spread between slices of bread and place a lettuce leaf between the parts of each sandwich. Sprinkle over with a bit of cayenne pepper. Variations may be obtained by first mixing the nuts with very finely chopped celery, with chicken, with olives or with figs. First mince the ingredients finely and add the nuts; then soften with sweet cream or with mayonnaise to a paste that will spread easily before putting it on the bread. Season with salt and pepper or paprika.

Brown and White Sandwiches

Boston Brown Bread
White Bread
Creamed Butter
Chopped Olives
Celery Salt
Red Peppers

SEASON the butter with a bit of celery salt, finely chopped red peppers and olives; work to a paste. Cut the brown and white bread into thin, even slices, and trim off the crusts until the pieces of bread are of the same size; then spread on the butter. Place the slices alternately, first a white and then a brown slice, until you have five layers. Press these down firmly but evenly and with a sharp knife cut down slices about half an inch thick.

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For the June Bride's Trousseau

4551–4562—The fashionable costume at the right is adapted from a Paquin model. It is illustrated in blue satin charmeuse with blue chiffon veiling the lace trimmed waist. A bride needs such a gown for afternoon and semi-formal affairs. The three-piece skirt is gathered at the top, and the side seams may be left open a short distance above the lower edge as shown. Two and three-eighths yards is the width. The waist closes at the center back. Waist No. **4551** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 1½ yard of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4562** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 3¾ yards of 45-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4337—A charming bridesmaid's dress is illustrated at the bride's right. It is simply designed and daintily developed of dot-embroidered voile, with embroidered bands, and plaited ruffles of valenciennes lace. The center front and back V sections are of very fine tucked net with satin buttons the color of the girdle. Tucks in the fichu give it a graceful draping over the shoulder, its soft folds disappearing under the girdle. The waist closes at the center back and the two-piece skirt on the left side. Two yards is the width of the skirt. Bordered silks are adaptable. No. **4337** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4505–4564—Black and white bordered foulard was elected for the bride-to-be gown shown above. The petticoat bodice has a tiny white satin vest, over which fine cambric ruffles and net form the yoke, collar and elbow sleeves. Crystal buttons trim the front of the vest, which hang straight and tight and other. The model may be copied in a plain or figured taffeta or messaline. The pattern provides for a high collar as well as for the round neck, and for the regular waist length or round length. In deep length the width is two and a fourth yards and the lower edge straight, without regard to gores. Waist No. **4505** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; skirt No. **4564** is in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 44-inch material. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4533–4537—Lace in white and ecru is always in demand for the bride. The time honored requirement for a wedding gown is elaborately trimmed in the modern manner, as the picture shows. The long court train of heavy white satin is lined throughout, hems for the sweeps, which only touch the floor in front. It is extremely full, but its beauty is enhanced by the rich lace and white silk over it. The dress itself consists of a satin skirt with a nineteen-inch train, and is two and one-quarter yards wide at the lower edge. tunic of princess lace flouncing gathered at the waist line. Wide lace bretelles elaborate the shoulder and half length sleeves. No. **4533** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. Flouncing 45 inches deep and 2 yards 15 inches wide for bretelles. Price, 15 cents. Court train No. **4537** is cut in small medium and large sizes and may be in round or square outline at the lower edge. A 72-inch train requires 2¼ yards of 45-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4361–4357—Nothing could be more charming for a bridesmaid or maid of honor dress than this frock of net top lace flouncing. The wide fichu is also of the flouncing and forms a graceful drapery over the shoulders and bust, being caught at the left side in front with flowers just above the girdle. Fine tucked net is used for the shield in the front and back. The straight skirt is slightly gathered and is lengthened by a flounce two yards wide at the lower edge. For a dress made of plain material the flounce may be cut slightly circular according to the pattern; but when bordered goods or flouncing is employed it is desirable to keep the lower edge straight, therefore the entire flounce may be straight. Ladies' Waist No. **4361** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4357** is in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. As illustrated the costume requires 4½ yards of lace flouncing 40 inches deep and 2 yards 15 inches deep for fichu.

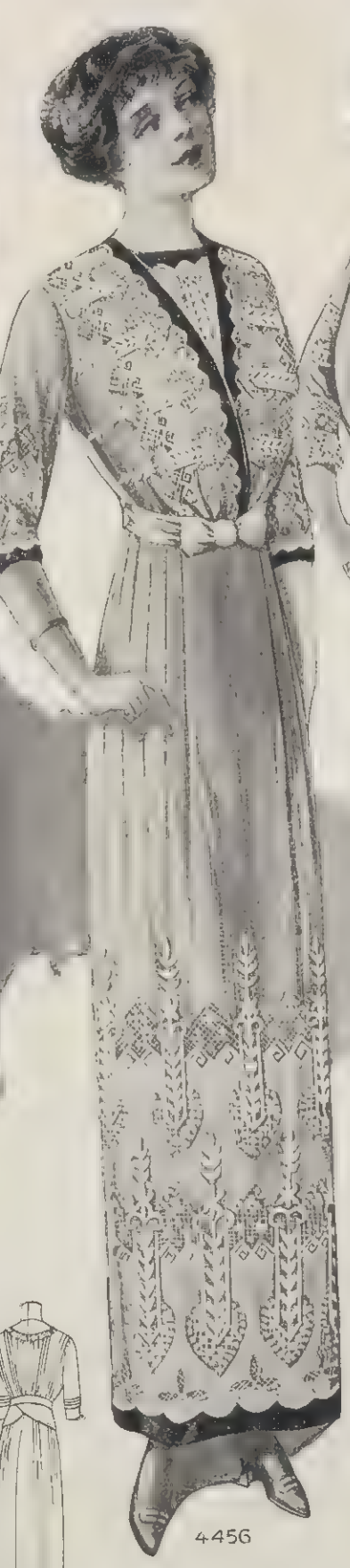
For a complete assortment of Costume Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SUMMER NUMBER: for sale at all agencies at 20 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 30 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Cool Gowns for Warm Days

4558—The peplum prevails on lingerie and silk dresses and on smart separate blouses. It is seen in various forms, sometimes being quite short, and again, as in this model, it is long like a cutaway jacket and slopes to a slightly pointed back in postilion style. This feature is greatly approved by women who think the plain ungathered skirts are unbecoming about the hips, as the peplum lessens the severity of line. Then, too, it affords a means for graceful trimming effects. In this instance the gown is of white cotton voile trimmed with wide bands of filet outlined on each side with very fine, narrow Irish crochet insertion. A hem of black satin is set under the lower edge of the skirt in the popular style and a narrow fold borders the square neck, though this may be omitted. Two and an eighth yards is the width of the three-piece skirt, which is attached to the waist. No. 4558 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Besides being a feature of voile and marquisette lingerie dresses, the peplum is especially effective for gowns of satin and crêpe because these fabrics hang in soft lines and cling to the figure. Folds and quillings of the goods may trim them.

4456—Cotton marquisette is used to illustrate this design. It is a favorite material for lingerie dresses, and is elaborate here with embroidery. There are two widths of the embroidery, the narrower being used for the waist sections, which have straight edges, and for the short sleeves. When this model is developed in taffeta, charmeuse, foulard or similar fabrics the V sections in the front and back may be of dotted or shadow net with a layer of fine net underneath it. The pattern includes a high collar also. Tucks in the top of the skirt adjust the fulness becomingly, and two yards is the width at the lower edge. The dress closes at the back. For silk or crêpe dresses the narrow plaiting or shirred puffs would trim this model very attractively; there could be two rows on the waist, one on the edge and another over the top of the armhole and extending to the waistline, thus simulating bretelles. No. 4456 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3¼ yards of material 44 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4558



4456

4373

4517

4560

4560—A very dainty Summer frock of white cotton voile with narrow cluny insertion is shown above. White crochet buttons add quite a distinctive trimming note and detachable folds of Alice blue satin on the sleeves, neck and belt are a pleasing contrast. An unusual feature in the sleeves is that they are in one with the narrow shoulder yokes and are doubly effective by the outlining of Irish *entre deux* or "laddering." The attached three-piece skirt is gathered and is two yards wide at the lower edge. No. 4560 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material with 8 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated. Price, 15 cents.

4456 4558 4373

4373—Although white dresses of every material have a great vogue this Summer, those which have a touch of color are most distinctive. This bit of color for contrast may be in the form of embroidery, as in this attractive model of batiste, where the bands are embroidered in pink and outlined with cluny insertion. In other instances a black satin or velvet hem may be set under the scallops of the embroidery or finish the lingerie skirt. Sometimes a satin or chiffon fold in pink or blue is the added bit of color. In this costume small tucks in the waist below the round yoke and in the top of the skirt arrange the fulness so that the slenderness of the figure is retained, yet there is also an effect of softness in the folds. The pattern provides for a high collar or a round neck, and adjustable undersleeves may be attached to the one-piece sleeves. The shallow peplum lends a note of individuality. A slightly gathered flounce lengthens the straight skirt and is one and seven-eighths yard wide. No. 4373 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4517—The combination of white eyelet embroidery with plain blue linen and heavy lace will make a charming copy of this model and emphasize its excellent style. An all white linen frock would be equally effective. Should black or colored crêpe meteor, charmeuse, taffeta or foulard be selected for copying this design, the underbody could be made of heavy or fine white lace as preferred, and veiled with chiffon the color of the dress, the outer fronts being of the silk Also a touch of bright contrasting color could be introduced between the lace and the veiling. Soft wool voile could be combined with satin, striped cotton voile with a touch of plain color and lace, shot taffeta with lace or tinted chiffon, and such popular silks as foulard and radium may be used to copy the model. The sleeves are set in rather deep armholes in the underbody. Two yards is the width of the flounce on the four-piece skirt. No. 4517 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch plain goods and 2¼ yards of 36-inch all-over embroidery. Price, 15 cents

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Smart Styles for Summer Silks and Cottons

4469–4112—Every requisite for an up-to-date gown is apparent in this Paris model of quaint flowered silk. Narrow folds of satin in a dark shade of American Beauty outlined the graceful circular tunic and the surplice edges of the waist, harmonizing with a tone in the figure. The decidedly new sleeves are set in a short kimono drop at the shoulders, and slightly shirred on cords at the lower edges. There is a box-plait panel in the back of the circular skirt which, in sweep length, is about two and three-fourths yards wide. Waist No. **4469** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2¾ yards of goods 36 inches wide, with ¾ yard of 27-inch net. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4112** is in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4531 Plain, one piece sleeves set in deep armholes with welt seams, the front closing slightly to the left side, and an applied back section with postilion, are features that at once stamp this model as a leader. Then it is shown in the wide, flat ribbed pique which is a very fashionable material this Summer Black satin collar and cuffs, and black inlaid buttons in sharp contrast to the white piqué, give a snappy tone. The four-piece skirt is two and a quarter yards wide at the lower edge. White and colored linen, or white and striped serge are appropriate for frocks of this type. Costume No. **4531** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5 yards of piqué 36 inches wide. Price, 15 cents

4379–4380—White and black striped silk with black satin folds and valenciennes lace yoke composed this dainty costume to which pearl buttons and cerise silk cord loops gave a touch of contrast. The deep round yoke is a favorite feature that is found on many smart Summer dresses. Gibson plaits covered with the satin lend breadth to the shoulders. The three-piece skirt consists of a front section gathered at the top and lengthened by a flounce, and a back panel. Two yards is the width. Waist **4379** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material with ⅝ yard of 36-inch lace. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4380** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4419—The peplum blouse is a very fashionable adjunct of silk frocks, whether they be of the simple or elaborate order. In this blue and white foulard dress, the peplum is slashed at the center front and slopes upward to the closing at the back. The one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs and are set in with plain, flat seams. There is an inverted plait at each side seam of the three-piece skirt, which is two and a half yards wide at the lower edge. Waist and skirt are joined, and the peplum may be omitted if preferred. Costume No. **4419** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 44-inch material with 3 yards of Battenberg lace banding. Price, 15 cents.

4444—Biscuit color silk serge would be an excellent choice for a costume like this model, and sage green linen for the collar and cuffs would give an effective contrast. The shield is of fine dotted net. The dress closes in front and the four-piece skirt, which is two yards wide, is attached to the waist. An attractive feature of the model is the slightly diagonal line where the front and back gores lap. Linen, plain or striped piqué, white serge, blue and white striped serge and taffeta are suggested for this model, and each may be trimmed with lace, hand embroidery or contrasting material. Costume No. **4444** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Jacket and Casaque Effects in Dress

4267–3816—The waist in Goupy style is a smart feature of this white linen frock. Extreme simplicity characterizes the dress, which is embellished with hand embroidery and finished at the neck with a wide, finely plaited net frill held in place with a black cord and velvet bow. The waist closes at the back. The five-gored skirt has an inverted plait at the right side, closes at the left of the front gore and is about two yards wide. Waist No. **4267** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch linen. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **3816** is in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Perforated embroidery pattern No. **11776**, price, 35 cents.

4323–4437—The blazer coat is ideal for all kinds of outing wear and is smart with wash skirts as well as those of wool or silk. Blue and white striped French flannel is the material of the one illustrated on this page. It has a notched collar and two-seam sleeves. Serge and worsted are also appropriate. The skirt with which it is worn is a five-gored model in white corduroy, closing at the center back, and is two and one-eighth yards wide at the lower edge. Blazer No. **4323** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4437** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 4⅛ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4566–4564—Another adaptation of the Goupy style waist is shown in this costume of black satin charmeuse and écru lace. These lace waists effect a transformation when one is worn with a plain taffeta or satin frock. The slightly puffed sleeves are inserted below the long kimono shoulder, and they may be short or full length as preferred. The skirt is circular, slightly gathered at the top, and the pattern is perforated for round length. Two and a fourth yards is the width in sweep length. Waist No. **4566** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3 yards of lace 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4564** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. In sweep length it is adaptable to bordered goods.

4545–4093—The Country Club waist is the smart feature of this white serge costume. Black velvet collar and cuffs and a patent-leather belt lend the desirable contrast. This waist is one of the most fashionable designs of the season, and is adaptable to both woolen and wash goods. The six-gored skirt is two and three-quarters yards wide. Waist No. **4545** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4093** is in sizes 22, 24, 26 28 and 30 inches waist measure: size 26 requires 2⅝ yards of material 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4543—The extreme simplicity of this linen crash frock heightens its charm. It has no trimming other than the black satin buttons and satin tie which are a sharp contrast to the red checked linen. The sleeves are short and are set in deep armholes. Two yards is the width of the four-gored skirt, which has a high waistline. Skirt and waist are joined, the closing being in front. Costume No. **4543** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. This model would be charming for country wear if made of corduroy piqué which has a wide, flat rib. This strongly suggests corduroy, but is very light-weight, cool and easy to launder. A red tie and red bone buttons, or black satin tie and buttons, might add a dash of color.

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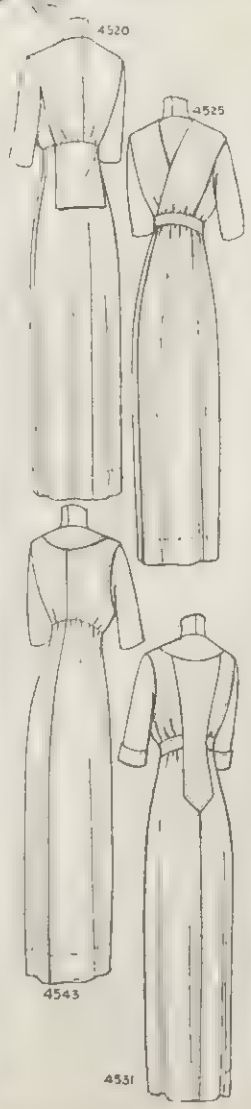
Noteworthy Fashions in Tub Frocks

4520—Each detail of this model shown in black and white linen crash proclaims the frock as distinctly new. The sleeves are the one-piece style, so straight at the bottom as to seem slightly bell shaped. The front and back trimming pieces, which at once suggest the peplum and the postilion, are extremely becoming over the plain top of the three-piece skirt. Buttons are a leading factor in the majority of trimming schemes and these, in a bright cherry red, were grouped at the side seam in the lower part of the skirt, on the sleeves, trimming pieces and next to the net yoke. A small bow of cherry color added a dainty finish. The wide plaits over the shoulders are generally becoming. A standing collar as well as the round one is included in the pattern, which also provides perforations in the trimming pieces for a pointed outline. Two yards is the skirt width at the lower edge. Corduroy piqué, tissue gingham and galatea are appropriate. Costume No. 4520 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material, with ½ yard of 18-inch net for yoke and standing collar. Price, 15 cents.

4525—The simplicity of this house-dress made of lavender and white striped cotton voile, at once commends it to those who favor artistic lines. Besides this, the design is easily adaptable to taffeta, satin charmeuse, crêpe meteor or other silk with such trimming as heavy thread écru lace, touches of contrasting color in embroidery or piping, and ornamental buttons with simulated buttonholes made of the dress material. On the other hand, charming house-frocks are made of pink, blue, lavender and Nile green linen or tissue gingham with white scallops finishing the edges of front, back, sleeves and down the closing in the skirt. In the illustrated frock, the front and back sections are of all-over shadow lace and separate lace collar and cuffs are applied. Detachable lingerie collar and cuffs may be worn with silk and tub frocks, the nature of the dress governing the style of these accessories. The four-piece skirt is two and an eighth yards wide at the lower edge, and the pattern provides for it to be in regulation or shorter length, as preferred. Costume No. 4525 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4520 4525

4543 4531



4520 4525 4543 4531

4543—White corduroy with red buttons and tie was the original of the Paris model from which this design is made. Corduroy is extremely fashionable for Summer outing dresses and for separate skirts; white or striped piqué is an excellent fabric in which to reproduce this model; coarse crash and other linen weaves, white serge, and taffeta are all appropriate for it. Buttonholed scallops on the front edges and sleeves make an attractive finish for wash materials and taffeta. The one-piece sleeves hang straight and are set plain in deep armholes; the dress closes in front, where there is a bias seam from the extension on the waist to that on the skirt. There are four gores in the skirt and the width is two yards at the hem. The top of the skirt is slightly gathered. Costume No. 4543 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 6¾ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

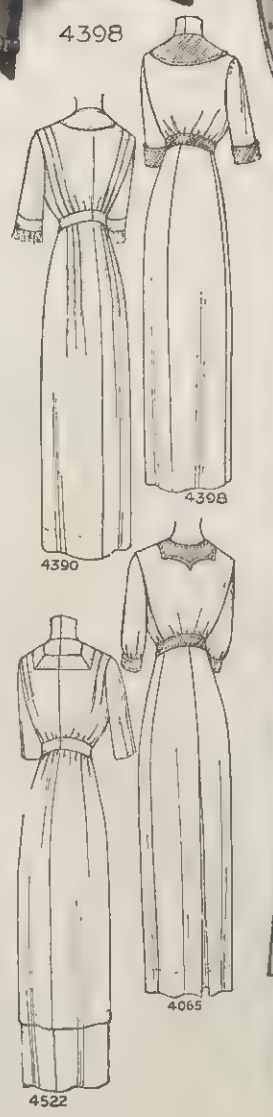
4531—The side closing and large buttons and buttonholes are noteworthy in this costume of many attractive features. Blue and white checked tissue gingham is very simply trimmed with a matching shade of plain blue chambray, this forming the collar, cuffs and piping, and the buttonholes are bound with it. This piping forms a cord effect in the armhole, and emphasizes their depth which, however, is not extreme. There is an applied back section extending below the belt in postilion effect that is very fetching. A few gathers in the waist and in the top of the skirt give it a softness which is very desirable and which render this model appropriate for taffeta, satin and also linen. White serge or mohair would be smart made in this style. The attached four-piece skirt is two and a quarter yards wide at the lower edge, and it may be in regulation or shorter length, as preferred. Costume No. 4531 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Costume Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SUMMER NUMBER: for sale at all agencies at 20 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 30 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

For Seashore and Mountain Resorts

4390—The charm of the frock at the left is owing as much to its simplicity as to its adaptability. Whether in one's own home or on the piazza of a Summer hotel, it is equally appropriate for a dainty morning costume. Blue and white linen crash is the material, and machine-made eyelet embroidery is used generously for the trimming. A band of it is let into the skirt above the hem, another band or narrow panel being inserted in each side seam; it also forms the yoke, belt and sleeve finish. In place of two side panels it might be used at the left side only. There are a multitude of ways this design might be copied. White French linen, flaxon or linaire with yoke, belt and sleeve finish of pink, blue or apple green would be charming for simple frocks; while an entirely different effect may be obtained by using white bands or white embroidery on blue, violet, pink or deep cream linen or lawn. Two and three-eighths yards is the width of the three-piece skirt which is becomingly tucked in groups at the top. It is attached to the waist and the dress closes at the back. This model copied as a lingerie frock will be chic worn with a little silk coat, or in silk, a Goupy lace waist may be worn over it. Costume No. 4390 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4398—Buttons are a craze this season, whether they really fasten a frock or merely supply a trimming effect. But in this wide ribbed piqué dress the blue bone buttons do both. The collar, cuffs and belt are of blue linen the color of the narrow stripe, and the buttonholes are bound with it. Plain white piqué might have collar, cuffs and belt of white linen, the edges buttonhole scalloped with blue, or a white linen may have these edges buttonholed with any preferred color. The style is also a good one for a blue or black taffeta frock. In this case rather large scallops may outline the closing all the way down, and instead of a contrasting color for collar and cuffs, these should be of fine lingerie trimmed with valenciennes or filet lace, or they might be of Irish lace. Ties of velvet ribbon in king's blue or cerise in a four-in-hand drop or a sailor's knot will add a pretty touch. The skirt is the popular four-piece model, two and an eighth yards wide at the lower edge, and is attached to the waist. It is in habit style at the back. No. 4398 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 7 yards of 27-inch piqué and 1¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 15 cents.



4522—The border and small pearl buttons are the only trimming needed for this blue and white foulard model. An adjustable yoke of fine net may be added, this being provided for in the pattern. There are tucks in each side of the waist, and those in the center are held with small buttons. In the same way other small tucks add a quaint touch to the lower part of the sleeves. The border outlines the square neck, and trims the three-piece skirt and the flounce; this is in two sections and is two yards wide. Gathers in both waist and skirt are becoming and render the design suitable for crêpe meteor, charmeuse and crêpe de chine. No. 4522 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 6 yards of 36-inch bordered material, or 4½ yards of plain. Price, 15 cents.

4065—A violet linen dress at once suggests charm and a smartness of style which is fully carried out by the model at the right. This frock is in a deep, rich tone trimmed with shaped bands of white linen embroidered in a violet shade exactly matching that of the dress. The effect is strikingly handsome, yet the design and the development are quite simple. This is an excellent model by which to make up a taffeta or plain color crêpe de chine or meteor to be worn with one of the lace Goupy blouses. The sleeve pattern is in full length, perforated for short length, and the seven-gored skirt is two and three-eighths yards wide. No. 4065 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material with 1 yard for trimming. Price, 15 cents. Perforated embroidery design No. 11399, price, 15 cents; transfer pattern, 10 cents.

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4313—This dainty challis wrapper looks more like a dress than a one-piece lounging robe, as in this instance it is shirred at the waistline under the girdle. Cherry red taffeta revers, buttons, collar facing and sash contributed just the rich note of contrast that the black and white challis needed. When long sleeves are preferred they may be gathered to cuff bands; however, the pattern is perforated for short length. No. 4313 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 7½ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4546—Pink albatross with valenciennes lace edging and insertion was an effective combination in this wrapper. Black velvet ribbon for the sash lent a striking contrast. The large collar is irresistibly charming with its group of small tucks over each shoulder, which end in graceful folds. Two and a half yards is the width of the skirt at the lower edge. The material is shirred at the waistline in a raised point at the back. Crêpe de chine, challis and cotton crêpe are appropriate. No. 4546 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4556—Very fine French flannel in narrow blue and white stripes was chosen for this maternity waist, and the flat collar and turnback cuffs were of corded cream silk, making a warm waist for cool days. Silk or cotton crêpe, lawn, satin and striped wash silks are also appropriate. The pattern includes a standing collar also. A casing an inch wide should be stitched across the front and back underneath at the waistline, and elastic inserted in it. No. 4556 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, size 36 requires 4 yards of 27 inch goods. Price, 15 cents.

4548—A fetching little dressing sack of red and white figured challis was made by this design. White taffeta collar and sleeve bands were buttonhole scalloped with red silk, and scallops finished the closing edges. The back of the sack is fitted, but the front hangs free, though it may have a ribbon tied about the waist. Cuffs finish the full length and also the three quarter sleeves, besides the pattern includes a cap sleeve. No. 4548 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Scallop design No. 11747; perforated and transfer patterns 15 cents each.

4525—Nothing is prettier or daintier for house dresses than challis, and when it has a border, no trimming is required except a belt ribbon. The model is shown in delft blue and white challis with a border that suggests delft China decorations. The fronts of the waist meet in surplice style, the border being continued to the foot of the skirt, which is two and one-eighth yards wide. Plain three-quarter sleeves are set in rather large armholes with flat seams. No. 4525 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 7 yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4223—Front, back and sleeves in one in regular kimono style is a pleasing feature of this negligee. The skirt sections are tucked at the top and attached to it. Lavender cotton crêpe is very dainty for Summer wrappers, this one being trimmed with bands of eyelet insertion and washable satin ribbon. Flowered crêpe either in silk or cotton, crêpe de chine, figured Japanese silk and albatross are appropriate. No. 4223 is in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 6 yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Designs for Negligees see THE FASHION BOOK, SUMMER NUMBER: for sale at all agencies at 20 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 30 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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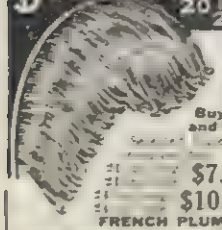

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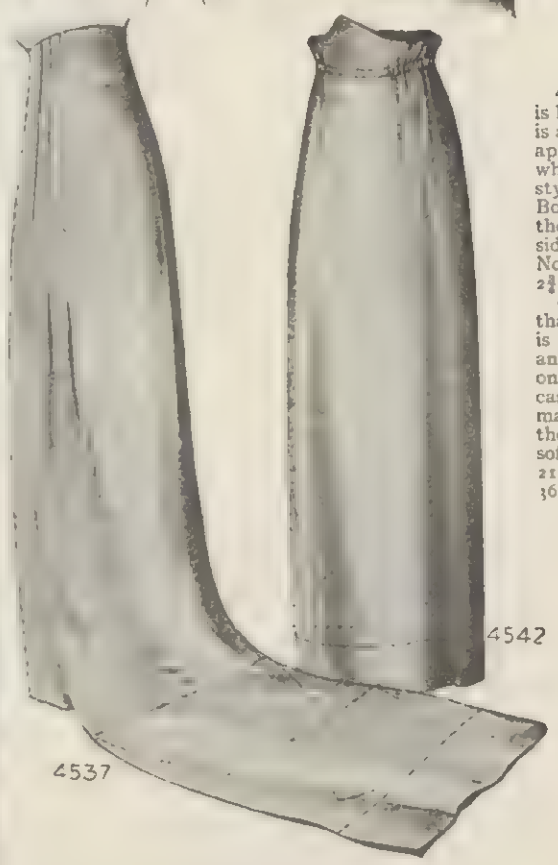
Artistic Blouse and Skirt Models

4566—Of the many dressy waists that the season has brought out, this Goupy model in heavy filet lace is one of the most practical. Note the new sleeve, slightly gathered and inserted below the dropped kimono shoulder. The peplum is also a new and popular feature. Fine or coarse thread lace is especially recommended for the design which, when worn with a simple taffeta or satin frock, produces an elaborate looking costume. Embroidered voile, net, batiste and other novelty transparent fabrics are appropriate, besides linen and fancy cottons when it is part of a frock. No. **4566** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3 yards of 27-inch material with ½ yard of 18-inch net for the round yoke. Price, 15 cents.

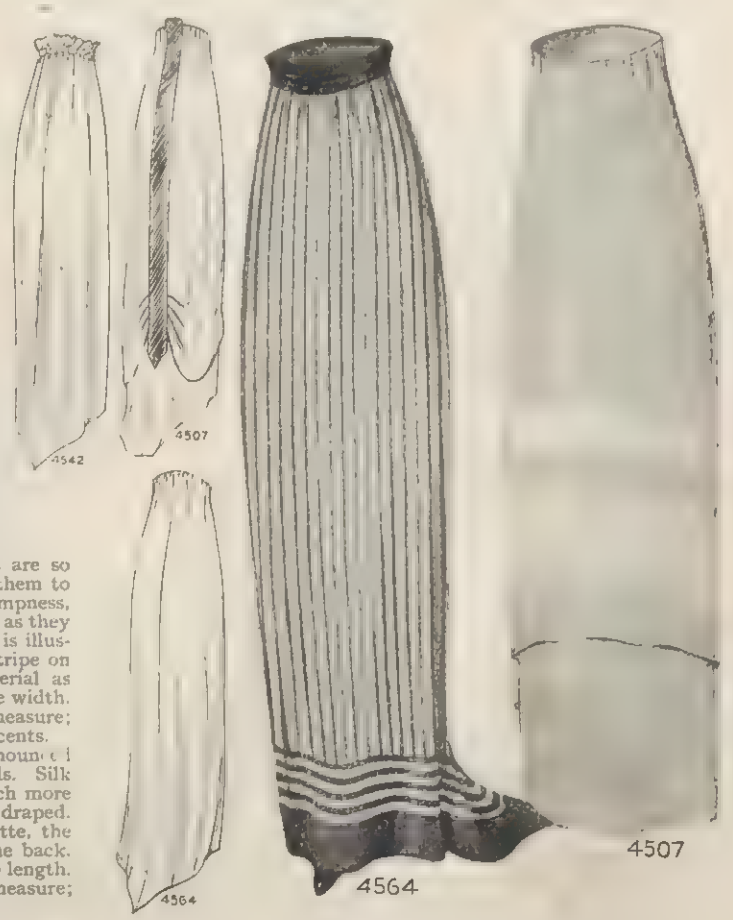
4552—Under this number is shown a most effective veiled blouse which could become part of a costume or be worn as a separate waist with a coat suit. It is made of deep amethyst silk voile mounted on a lining which has one-piece lace sleeves and yoke. The voile sleeves are in one with the shoulder yoke, to which the front and back of the waist are gathered. A white satin vest effect with amethyst buttons is veiled with the softly draped fronts. The closing is at the back. No. **4552** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 1⅞ yard of 44-inch veiling with ½ yard of 36-inch satin for vest and ¾ yard of 18 inch lace. Price, 15 cents.

4272—A white lace waist such as this design represents is a wise investment to wear with a white serge or satin skirt, the latter being one of the fads of the season. This one is made on a white China silk lining, has a crushed panne velvet girdle and tiny velvet loops on the front yoke. Fronts and backs are plaited to the shoulder yoke and are brought down in surplice style, lapping under the belt. Long shoulders characterize the model and the one-piece sleeves are set in very plain. The closing is in front. No. **4272** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 1¾ yard of 36-inch material and 1¼ yard of 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents.



4551—The very attractive blouse model in bordered chiffon, illustrated above, is highly recommended because of its great adaptability. The selvage of the goods is a deep American beauty shade in harmony with the floral border, and provides an appropriate finish for all the free edges of the waist. Eyelet embroidered flouncing, which is unusually fashionable this season, would make a charming waist in this style, with folds of cerise chiffon or black velvet under the edges of the scallops. Bordered voile, bordered foulard, challis and lawns are especially appropriate for the model which is cut so the borders may provide the trimming. The side front, side back, and sleeves are cut in one, and the pattern includes a standing collar. No. **4551** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2¾ yards of bordered goods 22 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4542—Most all women who sew consider a seven-gored skirt pattern a necessity that can be depended upon for general utility skirts. This new model in crêpe meteor is especially made for maternity wear. It has an inverted plait at the center back and a graduated extension at the upper edge for lengthening. The skirt is gathered on a casing at the top which renders it more becoming, as the folds are soft. This casing is five-eighths of an inch wide and has elastic run in it. When this skirt is made part of a house-dress, it may be cut with a sweep—which the pattern provides—the width then being about three yards. Albatross, challis, crêpe de chine, pongee and soft wash fabrics are appropriate, as well as serge and surah silk. No. **4542** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



4537—Court trains which are made separate from the gown are in the height of style for ceremonious and formal occasions. They are often made of brocade or other expensive material entirely different from the gown over which they are worn, such as velvet with a satin gown. On the other hand, the train may be of the dress material if preferred. This pattern provides for a train 90 inches long and is perforated for 72, 63 and 50-inch trains. It is also perforated for a round lower edge. Pattern **4537** is in small, medium and large sizes; the 72-inch train requires 2¾ yards of material 30 or more inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4564—Soft satins, crêpe, foulard and other clinging fabrics are so firmly established in popular favor that many women prefer them to the newer taffetas. Where there is a decided tendency to plumpness, the softly finished, dull surface materials are more becoming, as they make one seem more slender. This model for a circular skirt is illustrated in bordered black and white voile which has a satin stripe on the selvage. In sweep length it is adaptable for bordered material as the skirt is shaped at the top. Two and one-fourth yards is the width. No. **4564** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 2¾ yards of material 44 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4507—Draped skirts as well as waists are having a pronounced vogue and are preferred for all soft or transparent materials. Silk or cotton voile, marquisette and foulard with borders are much more effective and becoming if gathered at the top and slightly draped. This design at the right is shown in bordered écru marquisette, the tunic, which has a straight lower edge, being draped low at the back. The three-piece skirt is two and one-fourth yards wide in sweep length. No. **4507** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 4¾ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Waist and Skirt Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SUMMER NUMBER: for sale at all agencies at 20 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 30 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Trim Waists and Skirts for Tailormades

4545—The frequenters of Summer resorts will appreciate several smart blouses which have been designed for outing purposes, of which the Country Club waist at the right represents the best features. It is made of white linen crash, with blue collar and cuffs. A black patent-leather belt passes under the applied box plaits. The patch pocket, large collar and short sleeves with turned-back cuffs are in keeping with the character of the design. Piqué, French flannel and ratine are appropriate materials for copying it. Waist No. **4545** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 15 cents.

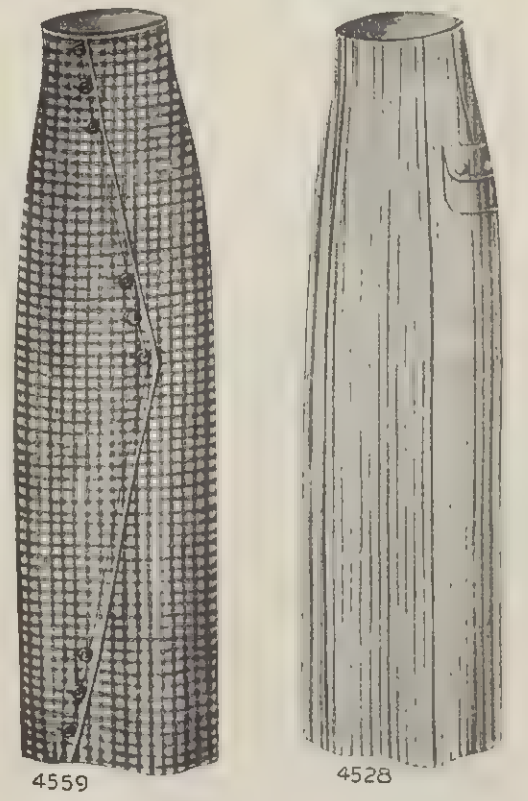
4540—Severe but very smart is this new tailored shirt-waist model of Irish linen. It closes a trifle to the left of the center front, and there is a group of small tucks at each side. A Gibson plait passes over the shoulders. Regulation shirt sleeves have straight cuffs and the turn-down collar may be fastened with links and worn with a four-in-hand tie. The pattern is perforated for a round neck. Wash silk, madras, pongee, linen crash and other washable fabrics are appropriate. Waist No. **4540** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

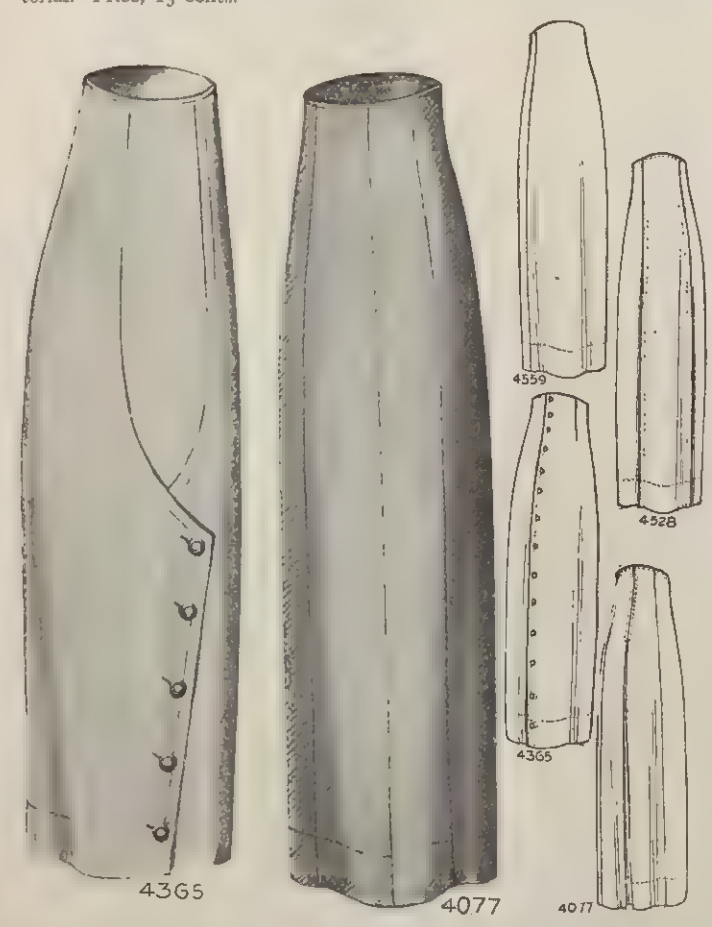
4554—Lingerie waists of the better class are replete with hand embroidery this season. Sometimes there is a little cluny or Irish lace introduced to add daintiness, but just as often there is only the hand-work as shown in the illustration of this model. The wide plaits over the shoulders leave an unbroken front, which is embroidered with an appropriate design for the dainty batiste. Waist No. **4554** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. **11740** includes 14 sprays; price, 15 cents for either perforated or transfer patterns.

4232—Blue and white wash silk would be charming for a waist made by this design, and worn with a blue coat suit. The stripe in wash silk waists should match the color of the suit material, just as a satin waist should. These mannish silk waists are also worn with white serge having a colored stripe, and with piqué or linen. For outing wear French flannel is also appropriate and satisfactory. The design has a turn-down collar and shirt sleeves set plain in the armholes with stitched flat seams. Waist No. **4232** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material or 2½ yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 15 cents.

4365—Two-piece skirts which have an irregular line in front and a lapped seam at the center back with buttons the full length, are extremely fashionable this season. The model of this number is shown in white linen and is also appropriate for serge, whipcord, worsted, linen and wide ribbed piqué. It has a high waistline, is dart-fitted on the hips and measures two yards in width at the lower edge. It is adaptable for separate use or to be a part of a suit. Skirt No. **4365** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4077—For a general utility skirt and one that is in good style as well, this nine-gored model is recommended. It is admirable not only for serge, worsted, whipcord and similar fabrics, but is ideal for wash goods, as the narrow gores effectually prevent sagging or stretching in laundering. An advantage for the woman with large hips is that the number of seams apparently detracts from her size. Two and five-eighths yards is the width at the lower edge. This is an excellent model for a tailored skirt with a jacket to match. No. **4077** is in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.





4559—Some three-piece skirts have a plain, broad front gore with two pieces at the back; but this design is just the opposite. The back is the plain gore, while the right front laps on the left diagonally and the lower part is cut away. This broken line in front is emphasized by groups of black buttons, the material being black and white checked worsted. The closing is in front and the skirt is about two yards wide at the lower edge. Wide, flat, ribbed piqué, either plain white or with a stripe, crash and other coarse weaves of linen, white corduroy and ratine will make smart separate skirts in this style to be worn with outing blouses, flannel blazers and the smart Country Club waists. White serge and mohair are also appropriate. No. **4559** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. A tailored jacket may also be worn with this design.

4528—This skirt design is illustrated above in wide ribbed piqué with a black hairline stripe between the ribs. It is a four-piece model with the front and back gores outlined with tuck seams, giving the effect of applied panels. An applied pocket at the left side further indicates its adaptability as a skirt to be worn with a Country Club waist or other blouse for outdoor sports. However, it is not limited to such uses, as it can be made of serge or whipcord and have a jacket to match, in which case a silk or lingerie blouse is in order to wear with it. The closing is at the left of the center front under the plait and the width at the lower edge is about two yards. No **4528** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure; size 26 requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material or 2⅝ yards of material 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 325 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 510 Locust Street, St. Louis; 135 Kearney Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 4 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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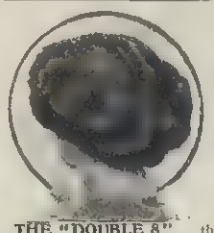

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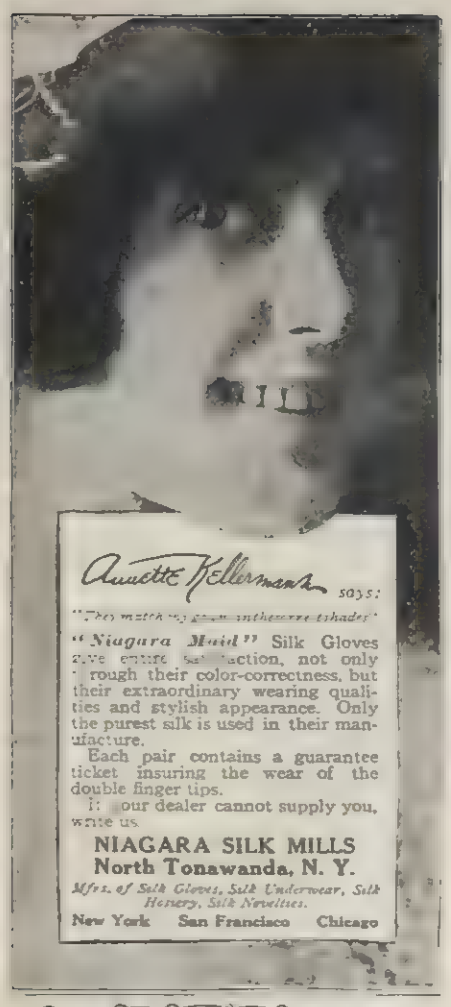

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Charming Wash Frocks for Young Girls

4555—Young girls as well as women have quickly taken up the mannish, tailored shirt-waist. They can't resist its soft, turn-down collar and shirt sleeves with turn-back cuffs which are set in the armholes quite plain. This one is illustrated in wash silk. No. 4555 is for 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; the 16-year size requires 3 yards of 27-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

4408—Every girl needs a smart, well-tailored skirt, rather plain, that she can wear with a shirt-waist or blouse. This six-gored model has welt seams, high waistline and is one and seven-eighths yard wide. No. 4408 is for 14, 16 and 18 years; the 16-year size requires 2¼ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

4535—This attractive frock of blue and white checked tissue gingham is embroidered in white, and trimmed with white pearl buttons and net frills. The three-piece skirt has an inverted plait at the right side seam and is 2⅜ yards wide. No. 4535 is for 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; the 16-year size requires 4 yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11776, price, 35 cents.

4538—Blue embroidery and buttonholed scallops, blue buttons and white linen made a most effective trimming for the girlish frock of wide ribbed white piqué. One and seven-eighths yard is the width of the five-gored skirt. No. 4538 is for 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; the 16-year size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11751, price, 15 cents.

4557—Striped piqué trimmed with blue linen matching the stripe would be very effective for this model. A net shield and lace collar over the blue one set off the waist. One and seven-eighths yard is the width of the deep flounce on the four-piece skirt. No. 4557 is for 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; the 16-year size requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4553—Contrasting inserts at each side seam of the two-piece skirt are a smart feature of this twilled linen frock. The blue linen trimmings are doubly effective with white soutache. White serge is adaptable. No. 4553 is for 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; the 16-year requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch linen and ½ yard of 27-inch blue linen. Price, 15 cents. 2⅜ yards is the skirt width.

4453—Blue linen bands embroidered with white emphasize the surplice lines and the side closing of this smart tissue gingham frock. Two and a fourth yards is the width of the attached six-gored skirt. No. 4453 is for 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; the 16-year size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11751, price, 15 cents.

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 325 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 510 Locust Street, St. Louis; 135 Kearney Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 4 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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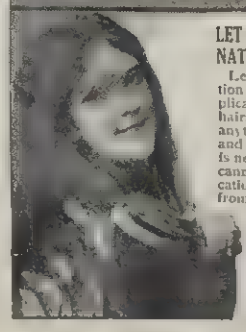

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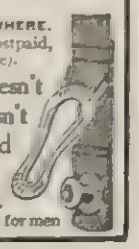

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Dainty Designs for the Wee Tot

SMALL children should wear simply designed clothes. The material may be nice and the workmanship should be the best the mother can do, but the little garments should be comfortable. They require very little trimming, and nothing makes a prettier finish than buttonholed scallops. It is appropriate for all kinds and colors of linen, piqué, chambray and tissue gingham, either with embroidery, dots, or alone.

4549—Sheer batiste with fine tucks, bands of needlework and hand embroidery were combined in this frock for a little maid. The design provides for a high neck also, but of course the square neck is preferred for Summer. A wide plait at each side extends over the armhole seam and is stitched to the waistline. Waist and straight skirt are joined by a belt. Tissue gingham, flaxon, linaire, dotted swiss and linen are appropriate for these dresses. Dress No. **4549** is for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years; the 8-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. **11744**, price, 15 cents for either perforated or transfer pattern.

4530—This dainty little one-piece frock is illustrated in fine, white Irish linen with blue buttonholed scallops finishing the edges of the belt, yoke and cuffs on the sleeves. There is also a design embroidered on the yoke and cuffs. The dress is laid in wide tucks at each side of the center front and back and is attached to the quaint little yoke, the belt holding the skirt in place. Piqué, Scotch gingham and knickerbocker cloth are also appropriate. Dress No. **4530** is for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years; the 4-year size requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Perforated embroidery pattern, No. **11355**, price, 20 cents.

4539—The wide plaits at each side, extending the full length of this little one-piece dress, suggest the popular tunic effect. White piqué is the material with white buttonholed scallops finishing the edges of the plaits, the pointed yoke, and the band section which extends down the shoulder and sleeve, and is in one with the turned-back cuffs. A patent-leather belt always looks smart with children's piqué, linen or chambray frocks. This frock is adaptable for both boys and girls. No. **4539** is for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years; the 4-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Scallop design No. **11659**, price, 15 cents, for either perforated or transfer pattern.

4526—A round yoke dress for a little one always suggests a dainty combination of sheer batiste with hand embroidery, hand-run tucks and valenciennes edging. Such a frock was made from this design, though the tucks may be machine made and the little yoke cut from all-over embroidery. The sleeve pattern is long, but is perforated for short length. Flowered lawn and dimity are also appropriate for the design. Dress No. **4526** is for ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years; the 2-year size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

4544—This infant's set consists of a pattern for a dress which has a pointed yoke; a long kimono in one piece perforated for short length; a petticoat; a barrow coat, the body of which extends in tabs that are fastened about the child's body; a one-piece shirt fastening in front, and bootees. The patterns for the entire set (**4544**) are in one size only; the dress can be made from 2½ yards of 36-inch material; the long kimono from 1¼ yard of 36-inch material, and the short kimono from ¾ yard; the petticoat requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch nainsook; the barrow coat 1¼ yard of 36-inch flannel; the shirt 1 yard of 27-inch material and the bootees ¼ yard. Price, 15 cents.

3923—Two distinct patterns are included in this number, an underwaist and drawers which are for girls and small children. A feature which at once commends the underwaist is the underarm section extending around the armhole, seamed on the shoulders, thus eliminating a seam under the arms. The waist has a short peplum and may have one or more rows of tape for buttons. The drawers may hang free or be gathered to a band at the knee. No. **3923** is for 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; the 8-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material with 4 yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

4424—Rompers made of stout wash material are indispensable for the child's Summer outfit. This model is represented in blue and white galatea with blue bands piped with white. It closes at the back and the body and sleeves are cut in one, seamed on the shoulders and under the arms. If preferred, the rompers may have a high neck, as the pattern makes provision for both. The bloomers and body are attached to a belt. Natural linen, gingham, chambray and kindergarten cloth are excellent for this purpose. No. **4424** is for 1, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years; the 4-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

3865—Little girls sometimes prefer an apron with bloomers to the regular rompers as shown at the right. However, both the apron and the rompers are worn by little boys as well as girls. Checked gingham in any fast color is a practical fabric for this set. The apron is in regular sack style with long sleeves and pockets, and the bloomers are drawn in at the knees and button to the underbody. No. **3865** is for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years; the 4-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents

Rompers, bloomers and long aprons should be a part of every child's play outfit. Small boys and girls may wear the rompers alone, but when girls are a little older they should wear bloomers made of the same material as their dresses.

For a complete assortment of Children's Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SUMMER NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 20 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 30 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

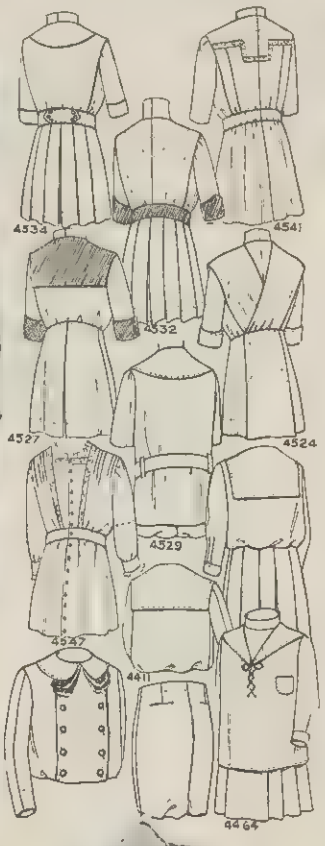
Where Good Taste Is Shown by Simplicity

4534—White linen is an excellent fabric for wear and possesses good style. There are a great many adaptable trimmings for it, chief of which is hand embroidery. So fashionable is this combination that the hand-work ranges from the simple buttonholed scallop to various designs. The work is in blue, light green and pink as well as in white. In this little white linen dress, the front of the waist, the round collar and the cuffs are embroidered. The waist and plaited skirt are joined and the pattern includes a standing collar. No. 4534 is in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years; the 10-year size requires 4¼ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11741 includes 18 different sprays; price, 15 cents for either perforated or transfer pattern.

4541—A square yoke of unusual shaping is an attractive feature of this little white batiste frock. Valenciennes insertion outlines the yoke, the round neck and covers the joining of the tucked body and the gathered skirt. The latter is of embroidered batiste flouncing. Small blue satin bows lend a dainty touch of color. For a simpler dress dotted swiss or plain lawn might be selected, the waist finished with lace and the skirt having a two-inch hem. No. 4541 is for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; the 8-year size requires 1¾ yard of embroidered flouncing 16 inches deep with 1¼ yard of 36-inch plain lawn. Price, 15 cents.

4532—Her little ladyship has smart frocks made with the diagonal trimming effect as well as her mother. This little model is of blue and white plaid tissue gingham trimmed with bands of blue and white embroidery, blue piping, white cord loops and pearl buttons. It is a charming design for knickerbocker cloth or galatea with colored stripes, colored linen and light-weight piqué; the last two are appropriate for buttonholed scallops. The pattern includes a standing collar, and the closing is at the back. No. 4532 is for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; the 8-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4527—In this little piqué dress, the up-to-date diagonal line in front also marks the closing. This is set off with groups of small blue buttons matching the blue linen folds on the square collar and cuffs. Galatea with a tiny blue stripe is a most attractive dress material also, and white piqué, colored or white linen crash, gingham and chambray are quite as adaptable. The four-piece skirt is attached to the waist. No. 4527 is for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; the 8-year size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material with ⅜ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.



4524—This dainty but durable frock is of blue linen with no other trimming than white buttonholed scallops and dots finishing the bretelles, front gore and cuffs. It is a charming design which may be copied in piqué or challis. The closing is at the back and the six-gored skirt is attached to the waist. It is unlined, and a standing collar is included. No. 4524 is for 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years; the 8-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. The scallop and dot may be copied without a pattern.

4547—Such a dainty frock as this model represents would supply the little maid with a charming party dress and one that could be worn on other gala occasions. As illustrated it was of fine batiste with cobweb cluny insertion, edging, and pink messaline belt and rosettes. The straight gathered skirt and waist are joined, the closing being at the back. Dotted swiss and dimity are very appropriate for these little frocks. No. 4547 is for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; the 8-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material with 7½ yards of insertion. Price, 15 cents.

4411—Knickerbocker suits of white linen or galatea are ideal for boys' general utility suits; they are smart looking and wear splendidly. This one of linen crash has a navy blue collar and shield trimmed with white braid, and a blue tie. The blouse closes at the left side and has an elastic or drawstring in a hem casing. If desired the shield may have a standing collar, or a round flat collar instead of the sailor. No. 4411 is for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; the 8-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch linen. Price, 15 cents.

4529—Blue and white striped galatea makes adorable suits for little boys, of which the one in the center is a good example. The blouse of this suit closes at the right side and is finished with buttonholed scallops; a black patent-leather belt gives a smart finish. The white linen collar is embroidered and buttonhole scalloped. Piqué, natural linen, crash and other substantial wash fabrics are appropriate for these suits. No. 4529 is for 3, 4, 6 and 8 years: the 4-year size requires 4⅜ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4464—A blue cashmere or light-weight serge made in sailor fashion is always popular with little girls. In this model the blouse may hang free on the outside of the skirt in middy style if preferred. It is to be slipped on over the head. The straight side plaited skirt is attached to a sleeveless underbody. For warm weather, linen, piqué and mercerized cotton fabrics are practical. No. 4464 is for 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years; the 8-year size requires 2⅞ yards of 44-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch lining for underbody. Price, 15 cents.

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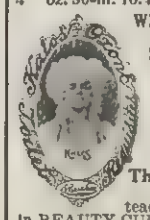

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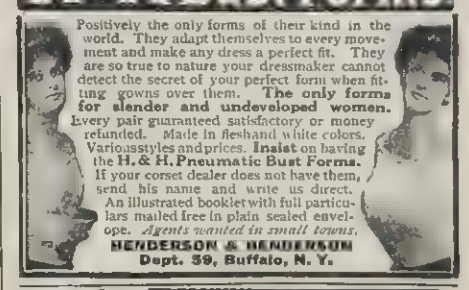

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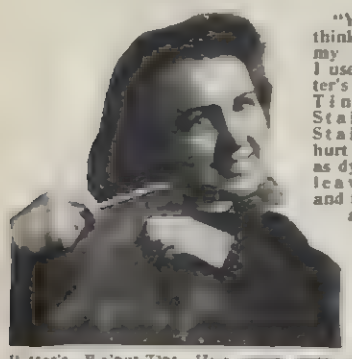

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4523—Fortunately for women, there has been a genuine awakening lately as to the value of aprons. Long and short aprons, those so full as to cover the entire skirt and others little larger than a postage stamp, all now find a place in the practical woman's outfit. The woman of today is progressive and prides herself upon knowing how to do things, so she possesses a supply of checked or plaid gingham aprons of generous size and length. This design covers the dress skirt and includes deep pockets and sleeve protectors. No. **4523** is in sizes 24, 28, 32 and 36 inches waist measure; size 24 requires 5¼ yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

3304—Readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW often write to the Fashion Editor, asking if the slip should be close fitting or cut like the dress. In all cases the slip should be fitted like the one above. A slip should not be confused with the thin silk, net or chiffon foundation or lining upon which a dress is sometimes made. This model is shown in French nainsook with a flounce of embroidery, hand embroidery on the body, lace edging and ribbon-run beading. No. **3304** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36 or 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Perforated embroidery design No. **11553**, price, 15 cents; transfer, 10 cents.

4441—This simply designed corset-cover has several commendable features, one of which is the shield sleeves. These are so small that they merely give a pretty finish to the armhole and as they are cut in one with the cover there are no additional stitches in sewing. It is seamed under the arms and on the shoulders. Corset-cover No. **4441** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 1⅛ yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Perforated and transfer embroidery pattern No. **11728**, price, 15 cents each.

3671—Every woman who aspires to have a trim looking figure and well-fitted clothes now knows the value of the brassiere. It is close fitting and is indispensable for the stout or even plump woman. Fluffy waists and soft drapery may be worn over a brassiere and the good lines of the garment be retained. This model may be trimmed with hand embroidery and lace. No. **3671** is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; size 36 requires ⅞ yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Perforated and transfer embroidery pattern No. **11730**, price, 15 cents each.

4550—An important feature of the combination garment is the elimination of belts at the waistline. Corset-cover and drawers are united in this model, with the additional advantage that both are made at the same time, and with very little more work than two separate pieces require. Nainsook, dimity and crêpe de chine may be used for these garments, with lace edging for a finish. Combination No. **4550** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

3762—This dainty nightgown is made of checked dimity with hand embroidery, lace edging and beading run with pink baby ribbon. Crêpe de chine is very fashionable just now for the better nightgowns. This material may be lace trimmed or hand embroidered. The pattern provides elbow length or short cap sleeves, and the gown may be belted across the front or hang free. No. **3762** is in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Perforated embroidery design No. **11615**, price, 20 cents; transfer, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SUMMER NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 20 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 30 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

How to Make a Large Hat

By Maude Anderson

THE large hat illustrated is a charming example of the season's style. It is made of white straw with a black velvet binding. Around the crown are pink roses and rich green foliage, while a group of three more roses nestle under the brim at the left side.

The materials required to make the hat are two pieces of straw braid of 10 yards each; ½ yard of velvet on the bias for the binding, or ¾ of a yard of velvet on the straight for a facing; 10 large roses for the crown, 3 roses for the under brim and 3 sprays of green foliage; one large piece of white frame-wire; one spool of tie-wire; one pair of wire cutters and nippers combined, and one yard of white crinolin to cover the frame.

Make the frame first, beginning with the head-wire. For this, cut a piece of wire 30 inches long, then form it into a circle by lapping the ends until it measures 25½ inches around and fasten the overlapping ends with tie-wire. Cut 4 pieces of wire each to measure 25 inches long, for A, B, C and D wires, as illustrated.

Wire A is the front wire. On this wire measure 6 inches for the brim, bend and measure 1½ inch for the height of the crown, measure 8 inches across the crown, measure 1½ inch down from the crown, and measure 6¼ inches for the back brim of wire A.

Wire B is the left-side front wire. On this wire measure 6¼ inches for the brim, bend and measure 1½ inch for the height of the crown, measure 8 inches across the crown, measure 1½ inch down from the crown and measure 6⅛ inches for the back brim of wire B.

Wire C is the right-side front wire. On this wire measure 6 inches for the brim, bend and measure 1½ inch for the height of the crown, measure 8 inches across the crown, measure 1½ inch down from the crown, and measure 6⅛ inches for the back brim of wire C.

Wire D is the side wire. Measure on the left side 6¼ inches for the brim, bend and measure 1½ inch for the height of the crown, measure 8 inches across the crown, measure 1½ inch down from the crown, and on the right side measure 6 inches for the brim.

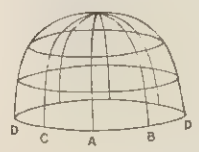
Tie these four main wires A, B, C and D to the head-wire by bending each wire around the head-wire with nippers, arranging them equal distances apart. Tie them at the center of the crown with tie-wire to keep them in place. Join each brim-wire to the head-wire as soon as you measure it off, so you will get it in the right place.

For the edge cut a piece of wire 63 inches long, lap the ends in a circle until it measures 59¼ inches, tying the overlapping ends with tie-wire. Join it to the brim-wires A, B, C and D, using the nippers to bend these wires over the edge-wire. Cut a piece of wire 30 inches long, lap the ends in a circle until it measures 26 inches, securing them with tie-wire. Tie this to the top of the small crown. Then cut out the cross-wires, leaving enough on each wire to bend around this wire. This allows the frame to sit down on the head. Next, put two brace-wires in between the head-wire and the edge-wire.

To make the separate crown, cut four pieces of wire each 15¼ inches long. Then cut a piece of wire 33 inches long, lap it in a circle until it measures 29½ inches and fasten the overlapping ends with tie-wire. This is the base-wire of the crown, to which the four wires are fastened with nippers. Tie the center of the crown-wires with the tie-wire. Put two brace-wires around the side of the crown.

To cover the brim with crinolin, pin the crinolin on the underside to the edge-wire; cut out the head-size and make little slits up to the head-wire. Sew the crinolin around the edge-wire and the head-wire. It is only necessary to cover one side of the brim, as a foundation to sew the braid on. To cover the crown, take a circular piece of crinolin 16 inches across, and sew the center to the center of the wire crown. Bring the edges down in plaits to the base of the crown-wire, and sew it evenly all around. Bind the edge-wire with a bias strip of crinolin. Next, sew the crown on the frame. Cut three bias strips of velvet 4 inches wide. Join together. Start at the back of wire A and stretch the velvet around the edge-wire, pinning it on first. Have two inches of velvet on the top brim and two inches on the under brim. Join the velvet neatly at the back, then sew it all around on the two raw edges. Start the straw braid where you joined the binding, and sew the first row of straw braid to cover the raw edge of the velvet. Lap the next row just enough to hide the edge, and continue until the top brim is covered. Then start at the base of the crown and sew the braid around and around. At the center of the crown make a small hole just large enough to draw the end of braid under. The under brim is covered exactly as the top brim was, starting the braid at the back and bringing it into the head-size.

Sew the roses around the base of the crown, leaving a little space next to each one for a small spray of foliage. Sew the three roses and a little foliage at the left side, on the under brim, just back of the ear and not too close to the hair.



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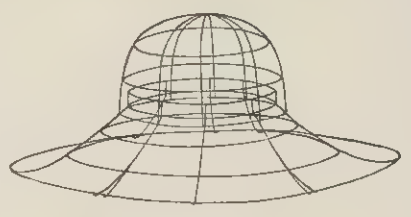

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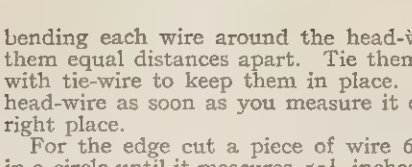

2

1. Wire Crown
2. Wire Frame
3. Crown Joined to Brim
4. The Frame Covered with Crinoline and Bound with Velvet

4

4561

4561—This tourist hat is in ladies', misses' and girls' sizes. It can be made of washable goods, tweed, corduroy or worsted. The brim is to be stitched and rolled in any style preferred, and trimmed with a feather or quill. For the misses' size ½ yard of 44-inch material is required. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

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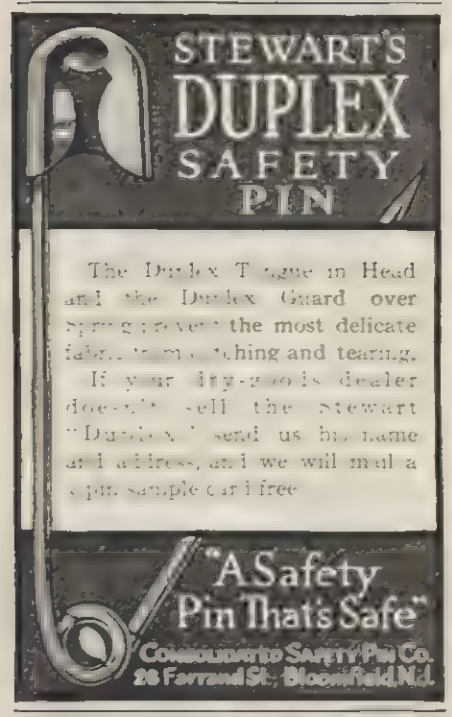
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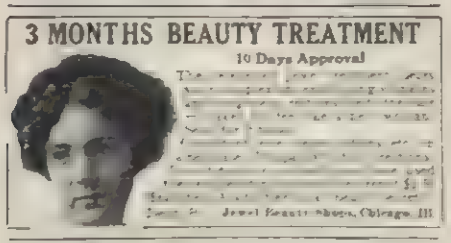
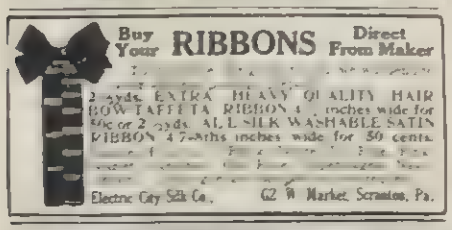
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White Net Graduation Frock. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 4325. Price, 15 Cents

A Graduation Outfit for $4.41

By Mary W. Watkins

KIND, but foolishly indulgent parents have let their daughter's graduation and her outfit for the occasion become a burden to the whole family. This, of course, refers to families of modest income and those to whom the expenditure of every dollar should mean careful planning as to how far it will go to do the most good.

Of late years the spirit of ostentatious display at High School and College Commencements has been gradually growing—unconsciously, let us hope—until the amounts spent on one girl's dress, flowers and little accessories would more than pay the family rent and grocery bill for a month.

Now this is not only foolish and unintelligent, but it is setting a pace of extravagance for the girl to live up to, which will work a great hardship both to the parents and to the girl herself. This lavish expenditure has become such an oppression that many schools are repudiating the unwise practice, and the girls themselves now limit the amount that may be spent for the entire outfit. This may be one dollar, five or ten, though the latter is exceptional. If we only knew the girls who had had many heartaches and shed bitter tears because they did not have the lovely trifles their classmates wore on Commencement day, both mothers and girls would be more than glad to leave these little vanities ungratified.

The blame for encouraging extravagance in girls is upon the parents. No doubt it requires intelligent forethought, judicious planning and a willingness to ply the needle, if expense in dress is to be kept down. But it is a requirement of every mother to be intelligent, judicious and willing to do a reasonable amount of sewing that her children may be clothed in sensible and becoming style. Every woman who sews at all knows that she can make her children's clothes for a third or a fourth of what she pays if she buys them ready made. Furthermore, the garments she makes wear better.

With the object of helping the mother to provide a dainty, girlish graduation dress for her daughter, I have visited a number of shops—neither the highest priced nor yet the very cheapest—to get prices of pretty and suitable materials. I have selected such things as the girl will be able to wear all through the Summer, as this is an important item in economy. The making of the dress will not be an expense, for out of the abundance of mother-love and mother-pride the work is a privilege and a joy.

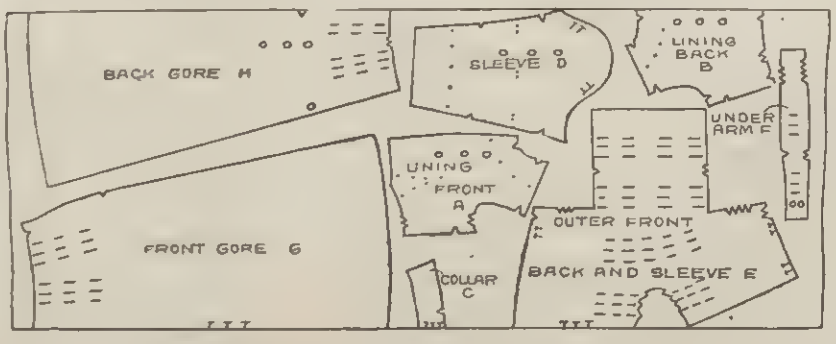
As this magazine comes out the middle of May, the girl's outfit should be taken up at once for consideration of expense and planning. If the work be started early, the mother may take her time and not be tired out. The dress should be kept simple, and the girl herself may be able to help on it at times.

For the frock itself I advise net—not the figured or dotted kind, just plain, fine net. It is daintier looking than the figured and is very fashionable for girls' Commencement and party dresses; so after the eventful day the young miss will have a party frock ready for the round of dances that always follow the closing of school. If she prefers white pumps and stockings, get them, as these, too, may be worn all the Summer. Well-made canvas slippers with an ankle strap and half high heels can be bought for $1.50. White lisle thread stockings in fine, smooth quality cost 35 or 50 cents a pair. Lisle thread stockings may be sheer enough to be dainty, but don't be persuaded into getting the thin, sleazy white silk stockings which look as if there were no stocking covering the flesh at all. They look shoddy, cheap and immodest, whereas the lisle thread ones are refined

Satin ribbon five inches wide for the girdle can be bought at 29 cents a yard. A yard and a half is enough for the girdle and a chou at the left side. The same amount of two-inch ribbon for the hair can be bought at 10 cents a yard.

A net or even a lingerie dress of any kind should be worn over a slip. This serves the purpose of corset-cover and petticoat, and conceals the belts of underwear, making an unbroken line at the waist. A slip need not be of expensive material, and the same one may be worn with different frocks. If a pink or blue slip should be preferred get a very light shade; otherwise the color will be too dominant, the net being very thin.

After looking at several pieces of net at prices from 30 to 98 cents a yard, and which were from 36 to 72 inches wide, I selected a piece 72 inches wide costing 59 cents a yard. It is firmly woven, yet fine and sheer. Three yards of this goods will make a dress for an 18-year old girl, including the shirred puffs for the skirt, waist and sleeves. You see from the drawing there is no lace or insertion on the dress. As we are planning an economical frock, I do not advise the use of lace, as it makes the cost of the dress jump up alarmingly if you buy a quality nice enough to go with the net; whereas a cheap quality would



Pattern No. 4325 Laid on 72-inch Net Folded Lengthwise

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cheapen the whole dress. The net itself is nice and with a self-trimming it is indescribably dainty and girlish. The tucks in the waist and top of the skirt prevent any look of plainness or severity, and the puffs add still further to the softness. Two folds on the skirt the width of a two-inch hem might trim the skirt instead of the shirred puffs, if preferred.

An appropriate design for the dress is PICTORIAL REVIEW pattern No. 4325. This is cut in sizes for 14, 16 and 18 years, so the pattern should be selected according to age.

Compare the pieces of the pattern with the cutting and construction guide which is contained in the pattern envelope. A cutting guide for the net is here shown by which you can cut goods 72 inches wide. If you are using this wide goods, fold it lengthwise and lay the pattern on it as shown in the illustrated guide. Cut the pieces of the skirt to allow for a two-inch hem. While the pattern is pinned to the two folds of net, mark the places where the tucks are to be with colored thread. Take two or more stitches through the slots, and with a long stitch skip to the next slot. Mark all the tucks in this way. Do not cut notches in the net, but mark where they should be with colored thread. Cut a lining of the same net, as all net or lace waists are made over a layer or lining of net. The effect is finer and better. Instead of taking up the dart as in a close-fitting lining, leave the lower edge to be gathered in with the outside. Fold and run all the tucks by hand a quarter of an inch from the edge.

All seams in the net should be French seams, or else turn in the edges of the seam and run them together. This detail of making is absolutely necessary to insure the neatness of work required for a net dress.

The puffs on the skirt may be any width desired. If the strips of net are cut four inches wide, three-quarters of an inch may be turned under on each edge and the shirring made half an inch from the edge. This will leave a puff two and a half inches wide. Those on the waist need be only half as wide. An extra half yard of 72-inch goods is necessary for the wide and narrow puffs, but this is included in the three yards.

Lawn Princess Slip. Pictorial Review Pattern, No. 4021. Price, 15 Cents

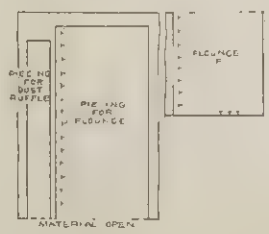
I will give two estimates of the girl's graduation outfit, with and without the lawn princess slip. If she already has one, or if for reasons of economy the slip be omitted, the cost of the outfit will be cut down just that much. However, I do not advise a net dress worn without a slip beneath. Instead, I suggest that the dress itself be made of lawn. The lawn quoted at 12 cents for the slip is a very nice quality for the dress also, and is 40 inches wide. The 15-cent quality in the same width is finer, but not so sheer. You will see that the prices given for net and lawn are not the very cheapest, but they are very nice indeed, and allow a margin for cutting down the cost still further if it be necessary to do this. The expenditure for the dress and accessories is as follows:

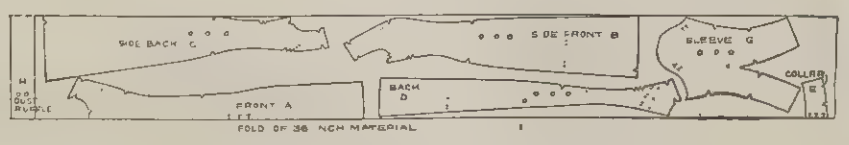
3 yards of net, at 59 cents a yard	$1.77
White canvas slippers	1.50
White lisle thread stockings	.35
1¼ yard of ribbon for girdle, at 29 cents a yard	.44
1½ yard of ribbon for the hair, at 10 cents a yard	.15
1 paper pattern	.15
1 spool of thread	.05
Total	$4.41

For the lawn princess slip in white or tints to wear under the net dress:

5½ yards of lawn, at 12 cents a yard	$0.66
3 yards of lace for neck and sleeves	.15
1 paper pattern	.15
1 spool of thread	.05
Total cost of slip	$1.01

The princess slip shown here is made after the PICTORIAL REVIEW pattern No. 4021, for which the cutting guide is shown at the foot of the page, laid on 36-inch goods folded lengthwise. So you see either the 36 or the 40 inch width is adaptable. The illustration shows the slip made with a deep flounce, but if this is not desired, the dust ruffle only may be used, in which case the slip will require 1½ yard less of lawn. It also shows a neck and sleeve ruffle of the lawn, though I put in three yards of 5-cent lace for that purpose. I feel sure that most of you can find the necessary amount of lace in the sewing box so that you need not buy the lace to finish the neck and sleeves. It is also probable that her young ladyship has white stockings left from last season, a ribbon girdle and hair bandeau, all of which will cut down the present outlay to quite an appreciable degree. This cutting down should be done wherever it is possible, and the expenditures should be guided by future needs. Then the patient, indulgent father will not be unduly taxed, that his daughter may "show off" her finery, and the girl herself may have commendable pride in knowing she is dressed with appropriate simplicity. The charm of sweet, unconscious girlhood needs no lavish adornment and shines more radiantly without foolish gew gaws. Unless there will be future use for the net dress, the more substantial linen finished or mercerized cotton fabrics may be substituted. These are in good taste and are very fashionable.





Pattern No. 4021 Laid on 36-inch Lawn, Folded Lengthwise

Any inquiries concerning materials or suggestions for making garments should be addressed to Mlle. Pratique, care of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

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188 $1.00 Solid Gold Handy Pin, Baroque Pearl
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312 50c. Gold Filled Brooch, Sapphire, Brilliants
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The complete pattern is shown in our large catalog.
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190 $5.00 Solid Gold Pendant, Baroque Pearls
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See March, April and May Numbers of PICTORIAL REVIEW for full particulars, and

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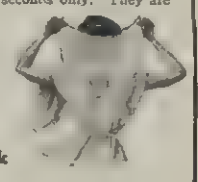

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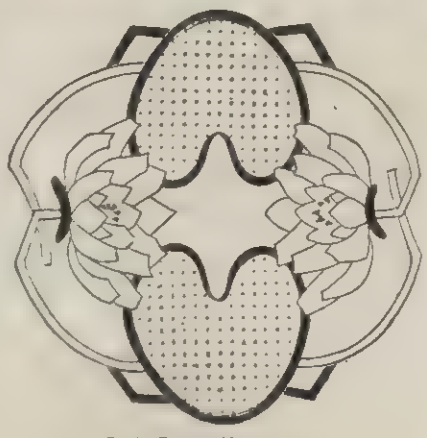
Send 75c for doily design No. 11768 stamped on pure linen with necessary cotton for working, punched work commenced and special large needle; or for 20 cents we will send you a small sample of punched embroidery, Transfer of Doily pattern 11768, and a needle for working.



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When You Are Married

By Marjorie Stewart

WEDDING day superstitions are about as hard to uproot as any others—which is perhaps the reason that they have persisted so long. No matter how rational we are, all of us hate to defy tradition. Even if we do not exactly believe in wedding omens, we always hesitate to openly disregard them, fearing that the threatened *something* might happen to make us wish afterward that we had been a little more believing.

Somehow, rich as wedding tradition is, it has failed to taboo certain years as unlucky for marriage. To make up for this lack, however, the distinctions in regard to months are quite definite. How many of you, we wonder, have joined or will join fortunes under the influence of the rhymes which predict that:

Married when the year is new,
He'll be loving, kind and true.

When February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.

If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.

Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.

Marry in the month of May,
And you'll surely rue the day.

Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.

They who in July do wed
Must always labor for their bread.

Whoever wed in August be
Many a change is sure to see.

Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.

If in October you do marry,
Love will come, but riches tarry.

If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember.

When December's snows fall fast,
Marry, and true love will last.

As for the days of the week, because our mothers and our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers believed it, we hate to reject the old verse which warns us that we marry on

Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses,
And Saturday for no luck at all.

Custom has also set aside thirty-two days of the year as unlucky for marriage, though according to masculine testimony there are 365 of them in each year, except in leap year, when there is one more. But the days of which tradition bids you beware are January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 15; February 6, 7 and 8; March 1, 6 and 8; April 6 and 11; May 5, 6 and 7; June 7 and 15; July 5 and 19; August 11 and 19; September 6 and 7; October 6; November 15 and 16, and December 15, 16 and 17.

Aside from the time of the year and the day of the week and month, it seems that your wedding garments influence your future career in some mysterious way, for does not the old rhyme tell us that:

Married in gray, you will go far away.
Married in black, you will wish yourself back.
Married in brown, you will live out of town.
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead.
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.
Married in green, ashamed to be seen.
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.
Married in blue, he will always be true.
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.
Married in white, you have chosen aright.

A Little Civil Strife

(*Continued from page 5*)

She choked down her luncheon and fled to her room to throw herself on the pillows. But she had drawn only the first breath of the long delayed cry, when her mother paused in the doorway.

"Helena," she said, "I am surprised! When you want to take an afternoon nap, I wish you would remember to take off your boots. That counterpane was clean yesterday."

Helena sat up and began to pull at her shoe laces.

"Yes, Mother," she sniffed.

"And," continued Mrs. Sherman, "your shoes are covered with mud. Helena Sherman, I do believe you have left your rubbers at school again. I declare, you are getting as careless as Fred. You can march straight back again and get them. I haven't said much before, but really, I cannot help reprimanding you like a small child if you persist in acting like one. That's the third pair of overshoes you have lost this month."

"But I have a headache," objected her daughter

"Then the walk will do you good. You may start at once."

As Helena plodded wearily back to the schoolhouse, it seemed to her that no other mortal had ever suffered so many and such grievous woes as she had endured this one day. She was sure her heart would break. She was dimly afraid her mind would give way under the strain and that she would have nervous prostration like Aunt Emmeline

Up the dirty stairway, into the schoolroom, choking with the dust the energetic janitor had raised, she hoped angrily that the rubbers would be gone. It would serve her mother right to have to buy some new ones.

"I took and put three pairs in my storeroom," grunted the janitor, when she had crossly reported her loss to him. "I don't ever want it said that I didn't try to take care of the traps you youngsters leave about. It's an awful tax on me, too, now you gals is over here."

Helena made no reply, save a grim "Thank you," as he handed her the overshoes. She felt as if she had endured the last possible taunt to her sex. Even the janitor despised her.

She sat on the bottom stair to put on the offending overshoes. The left one refused to go on. She tugged at it, yanked at it, stamped at it, and finally jerked it off viciously and pulled a crumpled paper from the toe. As she flung it to the floor, she saw in Bud's sprawling writing: "For Miss H. Sherman." She picked it up again and regarded it at arm's length. She thought she had better burn it unread. But she slowly smoothed the dusty missive and read:

"DEAR HELENA:

"I feel so mean and small that I bet I could most get where I am going to put this note, because I know you would not pay any attention if I passed one to you, and I would get suspended if I was caught, for it would be a third offense. I was a pretty low down thing to bust up your government, and you ought to treat me just as mean as I treated you and even meaner, though you couldn't. There is not anything I can write that will expression how awful low down I feel. A fellow who fights women is awful. I am going to make the dance committee ask your mother to be a paterness at the dance. They will send a carriage for her and it won't cost her a cent, either. Oh, Nella, it is a terrible lot to ask after what I did to-day, but if you would only ride along in the hack with her and let me go with you—I'd just about do anything if you would. Honest, I feel terrible over this.

"Yours respectively,

"BUD.

"P S.—I would even try to boost that gov. up again if you said so. I would get the merry ha-ha from the fellows, but I could stand for it.

"R. B."

The Shermans' front door banged. Some one ran rapidly up-stairs to Mrs. Sherman's room and burst noisily into the alcove. A pink cheeked girl with tumbled curls and shining, brown eyes threw herself tempestuously at her mother's feet.

"Mummie darling," wheedled Helena "Oh, darling, swe—e—eet little Mater! Please don't go and say no! Please don't go and say you'll see! Please don't ask Lou or Papa. Oh, please——"

"Please what?" demanded Mrs. Sherman, smiling into the eager face.

"You know I am awfully tall for fifteen! Lots of girls that are sixteen aren't half so tall as me—I mean I."

"Say," drawled Fred from the sofa, with a nine-year-old's superb disregard for truly great moments; "say, Nell, will you let me have just one of your Chicago postcards?"

"Will you ple—e—ease?" coaxed Helena softly. "'Fore I tell even what it is, will you say, just say, 'Darlin' daughter, yes'?"

"Your old mirror is full of 'em," whined Freddie. "I do think you are a regular old stingy if you don't let me have one."

"Just two teeny, weeny tucks out of my party skirt?" begged Helena pleadingly.

Suddenly the mother leaned over and kissed the little girl.

"Darlin' daughter, yes," she whispered.

"Say, will you?" shouted Fred.

Helena was kissing her mother rapturously.

"Take 'em all!" she sang over her shoulder. "I don't want those silly old things any more!"

Is Your Magazine Late?

SOME of the good folks in our big PICTORIAL REVIEW family are protesting to us very vigorously and rightfully that their copy of PICTORIAL REVIEW arrives late each month. For the last few months we have been almost smothered with that sort of mail. And we can do nothing.

Almost invariably when we investigate these complaints we find the name and address correctly entered on our list and we find that every copy of PICTORIAL REVIEW is being mailed exactly in accord with the schedule furnished us by the Post Office Department, which should bring PICTORIAL REVIEW to you promptly on the 15th of each month. When we write to the subscriber we find generally that the delayed copy arrived a few days after she wrote us.

Here Is The Trouble

One plan of the new management in the Post Office Department is to send magazines by freight instead of by fast mail as previously. When this new order was issued some months ago we were furnished a new mailing schedule by the Post Office Department which, if followed carefully, we were assured would bring PICTORIAL REVIEW to our subscribers everywhere on the fifteenth. At considerable expense and loss we set our first mailing days back sufficiently to comply with the new schedule. We quickly discovered, however, as possibly you have discovered, that this schedule is far from correct. In some cases it has taken three weeks for magazines to reach California, where formerly it required only six days and where the new schedule states that ten days are sufficient.

What is more annoying, frequently a part of our subscribers in a city get their PICTORIAL REVIEW promptly and the rest of our subscribers in that city do not get the magazine until a week or ten days later. This is due to "split mailings"—half of our mail being in one car and the other half in another car which is delayed somewhere in transit.

The Remedy

Now, the Post Office Department *can* handle magazine mail in freight cars, if need be, with expedition and dispatch. They *can* maintain a schedule and they *can* lay your magazine on your doorstep each month on a certain definite date. What the Post Office Department requires is a few traffic managers at various points who are familiar with freight traffic rules and regulations to expedite mail in freight cars and see that it is kept moving by the fastest obtainable freight trains.

The Post Office Department with its tremendous volume of second-class mail (magazines and newspapers) is easily the largest single freight shipper in the country. As such it can demand and secure the very best and most rapid service from railroads everywhere.

Now, when your magazine arrives late, unless you have most excellent reasons for believing it to be lost entirely, do not write to us. We can do nothing to help the situation. Like every other publisher, we have been protesting and suggesting for months to no purpose. But you *can* help.

Make your protest to your local postmaster *in writing*. He is compelled by law to transmit that complaint to Washington. When the millions of magazine readers throughout the country begin, in this way, to demand better service they will get it—they always do. In the meantime we ourselves will continue to labor with the Post Office Department to secure better service for you and all our hundreds of thousands of subscribers.

The Pictorial Review Co.

Books for the June Bride

A SET OF NINE most practical little cook books which deserves to be highly recommended has been compiled and published by George W. Jacobs & Co. The volumes are very attractively gotten up, with marginal illustrations on each page, and the recipes they contain are compiled from all possible sources. Each book gives a recipe for every day in the year. The list of titles contains such names as "365 Breads and Biscuits," "365 Vegetable Dishes," "365 Cakes and Cookies," "365 Foreign Dishes," "365 Breakfast Dishes," "365 Luncheon Dishes," "365 Dinner Dishes" and "365 Orange Recipes."

ANOTHER VALUABLE and beautiful set of household booklets is published by Paul Elder & Co. These are edited with something more than ordinary care and trouble, and the result is a combination of very useful, very tasty recipes. The booklets are entitled "101 Beverages," "101 Chafing Dish Recipes," "101 Entrées," "101 Candies," "101 Sandwiches," "101 Mexican Dishes," "101 Oyster Recipes," "101 Layer Cakes" and "101 Sauces." An extra booklet, which fits in with the rest of the series, is entitled "Spots, or 202 Cleansers."

"HOUSEKEEPING FOR TWO" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the attractive title given by Alice L. James to her latest book for beginners in the housekeeping line. The wealth of detail and the minuteness of the information given in the pages will prove veritable boons to the inexperienced housekeeper in helping her to run her household smoothly. The chapters deal clearly and concisely with system in the house, washday, baking day, care of furniture, the guest chamber, the Sunday dinner and other equally important items.

A NOVELTY in the line of household books will be found in the "Every-Day Cooking Cards" (Every-Day Cooking Card Co.). These consist of a set of twenty large cards fastened together and arranged so that they can be hung on the wall. Each card contains a set of necessary recipes, and has room on the back for the housekeeper to write her own favorite recipes. Page 1 deals with soups, 2 with fish, 3 with entrées, 4 with meats, etc. The last page is devoted to kitchen helps. A page on box lunches for travelers and a children's department are novel features.

"THE MUSHROOM HANDBOOK" (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.), by Elisabeth L. Lathrop, was written for mushroom enthusiasts by a woman who knows her subject thoroughly. If you are at all interested in growing or eating this delicacy, you will find this little volume very useful.

THE "DAME CURTSEY" books are known far and wide as one of the best sets of entertainment books. The "Book of Novel Entertainments for Every Day in the Year," the "Book of Guessing Contests" and "More Guessing Contests" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) are three books which we would recommend to any one wanting good books on entertainment.

WITH FIRELESS COOKING so much in vogue, especially in the summer months, "The Fireless Cook-Book" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), by Margaret J. Mitchell, will be much appreciated. It not only contains 250 recipes suitable for fireless cooking, but gives full and simple directions for making one of these useful, fireless stoves. Twenty pages in the back of the book are left blank for other recipes.

BEFORE FURNISHING her new home, a bride will do well to look carefully through "Hints on House Furnishing" (John Lane Co.), by W. Shaw Sparrow. She will find there many helpful hints on treating walls, floors and ceilings, heating, lighting and other essential features. A wealth of illustrations lends much interest to the book.

ALL COOKS, no matter what their efficiency, will find a lot of help in "Harper's Cook-Book Encyclopedia" (Harper & Bros.). As the title suggests, it is a cookbook arranged like a dictionary, alphabetically, with every recipe carefully placed in its proper class. The combination of this novel arrangement and the good recipes found in the book should make it very popular.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Shampoo with
CANTHROX

and obtain that exquisite cleanliness which comes only from a perfect shampoo. Canthrox cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly, completely and satisfactorily. There is nothing like it for creating plenty of fine, rich lather that will remove every atom of dust, dandruff and excess oil—making a clean, healthy scalp from which beautiful hair will grow.

15 Delightful Shampoos, 50c

Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready—a shampoo that is a natural tonic and cleanser, pure in its ingredients and constructive in its action. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair dries quickly and evenly, and will be ever so soft, fluffy and easy to do up.

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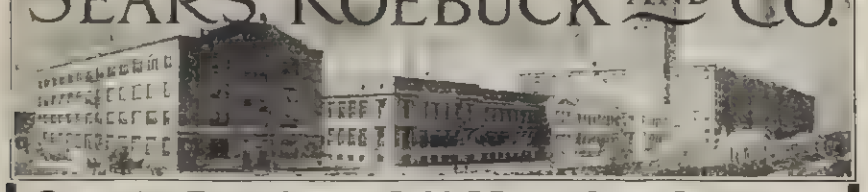

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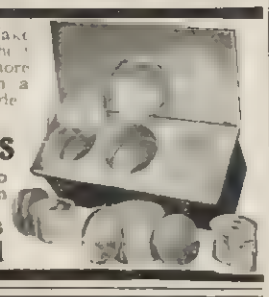

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A. G. A.

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO., 222-224-226 West 39th Street, New York

Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.

It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

That form of home surgery doesn't belong to these intelligent times.

The treatment used by millions is this:

Apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain ends instantly—the corn is forgotten.

Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort.

Fifty million corns have been ended in this way since this famous wax was invented.

Let it remove one for you. That will show you the end of corn troubles forever.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (150)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Books for the June Bride

(*Continued from page 53*)

ONE OF THE VOLUMES of The Young Farmer's Practical Library series is called "Neighborhood Entertainments" (Sturgis and Walton Co.). It is by Renée B. Stern. This book is made up of a host of suggestions for the increase of sociability in country and village neighborhoods, with instructions as to the formation and conduct of social clubs. It contains programs for entertainments and a lot of other matters proper to its subject.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER, be she experienced or not, has to meet the problem of removing stains from and renovating materials of all kinds. A very good book to help meet emergencies of this kind is "Cleaning and Renovating at Home" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), by E. G. Osman.

IN "Art and Economy in Home Decoration" (John Lane Co.), Mabel Tuke Priestman endeavors to help her readers to solve some of the various problems of house furnishing. She treats of the care of floors, walls, ceilings and windows, the selection of rugs, pictures, bric-à-brac and other decorations, and everything in the line of home building that could possibly interest the occupant of a newly furnished dwelling.

SIX HUNDRED RECIPES from foreign countries are contained in "With a Saucepan Over the Sea" (Little, Brown, & Co.), by Adelaide Keen. Lovers of delicious yet easily prepared foreign dishes will welcome the recipes found here.

NO HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY is complete without one or two books on health. A very good one to have on hand is Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "Handbook of Health" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The author treats, among other things, of the maintenance of health, the causes and prevention of common diseases and the safeguarding of the body from accidents and mishaps.

"DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS" (Brewer, Barse & Co.) and "Parties and Entertainments" (Barse and Hopkins) are two books in a series of five on "Novel Suggestions for Social Occasions." They furnish ideas which will enable a hostess to give many enjoyable affairs with little trouble.

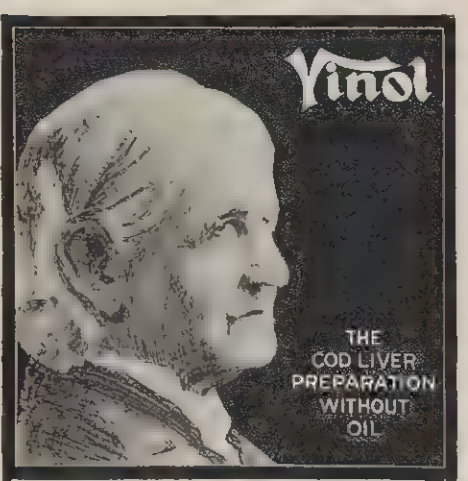
THE AIM OF "SCIENTIFIC LIVING" (The Health-Culture Co.), by Laura N. Brown, is to teach a cook the purpose of her art by explaining to her the needs of the body, the chemistry of food, its nutritive value and other allied subjects. It is one of the best of the books which have as their basis the new domestic science.

VEGETARIANS WILL FIND a choice collection of meatless recipes in "The Golden Rule Cook-Book" (The University Press, Cambridge). The compiler, M. R. L. Sharpe, has collected suggestions and directions for making six hundred dishes. These should find much favor, not only with vegetarians, but also with those who disapprove of the use of meat during hot weather.

ONE OF THE MOST useful cook-books on the market is "Mrs. Rorer's New Cook-Book" (Arnold & Co.), by Sarah Tyson Rorer. It contains seven hundred pages of valuable cooking information, among which are many delicious recipes.

CHRISTINE T. HERRICK'S "The Modern Hostess" (Anderson & Stoner) is a very thorough and complete book on etiquette which ought to be of great help to the woman who entertains. Other women, to whom the complex system of etiquette is not always clear, should have a copy of this book on hand for ready reference.

A VALUABLE ADDITION to any cooking library would be Riley M. Fletcher-Berry's "Fruit Recipes" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). In it the author takes up each fruit separately, gives necessary information about it, including its food value, and then tells different ways of preparing it. There are nine hundred recipes in all.



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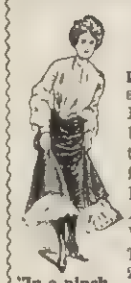

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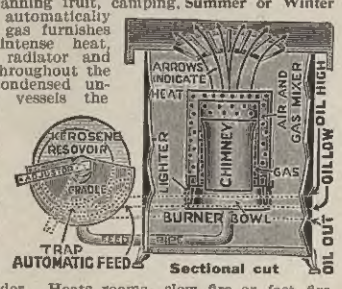

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The Handy Housewife

We want the very best housekeeping ideas obtainable, and in order to get them we will offer prizes of $3, $2 and $1 respectively, for the three best that come in before June 15th. Others accepted and printed in these columns will be paid for at 50 cents each. Write in ink on one side of the paper only, and do not enclose postage, as manuscripts cannot be returned under any consideration. You may send in as many suggestions as you wish, but they must be original.

First Prize

A Garden Help

Mrs. C. W. B.—Ohio

In setting out any vines or plants that are susceptible to dry weather, take old, tin fruit cans, punch several holes in the bottom and set them in the ground near the plant. In dry, hot weather fill the cans with water every morning, so that the water will seep out slowly around the roots of the plants. This method is much better than pouring water on the surface, for watering the plants in the ordinary way has two drawbacks: it causes the ground to bake on top, and it has a tendency to make the tiny roots feed too near the top of the ground, so that as soon as the water dries up, the roots dry up, too, and the plants are injured.

Second Prize

How to Carry Water

Mrs. C. C.—Nebraska

If you want to carry a full pail of water any distance without spilling, or carry water or milk from one room to another in a flat dish, always have something floating on it. If it is a pail of drinking water, a clean saucer will do, while a flat piece of wood is just the thing for a pail of dirty water. For smaller dishes containing liquids of any sort, use a crouton of bread, as porters do in dining cars. It is the little waves that arise from the water's lapping against the sides and then rushing to the other side that make the liquid spill over.

Third Prize

No Ants in the Ice-Box

Miss F. G.—New Jersey

An absolutely safe way to keep ants out of the ice-box is to stand the four legs of the ice-chest in small, tin pans containing plenty of cucumber seeds to which a little water has been added. Should the legs of the ice-box be too thick to set into the small, tin dishes, prop them up on small blocks of wood and set these in the pans. Be sure to keep the chest away from the wall.

If You Are Tall

Mrs. C. S.—North Carolina

If you are a tall woman, don't try to wash dishes or do other work on a kitchen table of the usual height. Have some blocks nailed to the bottom of each table leg, and you will find that you can work with great relief to your shoulders and back.

Easy Method of Mending

Mrs. E. R. G.—Wisconsin

After ironing, take the clothes that need mending and find patches of the material needed. Then cut out the patches, pieces of lace, yarn, or whatever is necessary for mending and pin it to the garments. Put them together in a drawer or mending basket until you find the time to mend them; then, when you come to do the actual work, you will be surprised at the amount that you can do at one sitting.

Hangers for Wash Waists and Skirts

Mrs. C. W. T.—California

Take a rectangular piece of heavy cardboard, 17" by 8", and shape one side of it by a coat-hanger. Cut a small hole in the center, 1½ inch from the top, and tie a piece of ribbon or tape through this to make a loop; then tie a second loop through the first one so that it will hang straight. In the lower edge make two holes six inches apart and insert large safety pins or sew in loops to pin the skirt to. Use this frame to hang up lingerie waists or summer skirts after they are ironed, or make several of them to use in hanging fine lingerie waists in the closet. Should you want to, you can pad these with cotton, put in some good sachet and cover them with some pretty, soft material.

Extra Room in the Kitchen

Mrs. E. E. B.—Texas

It is a splendid idea, if you are crowded for room in the kitchen, to tack a piece of oilcloth around the edges of the kitchen table. You can then screw hooks into the under surface and use the space under the table for cooking utensils. Other draperies than oilcloth may be used if a more decorative effect is desired.

A Practical Idea

Mrs. H. P. T.—Pennsylvania

As I live in a coke country and have much dirt to contend with, I find that I save much work by putting all dishes not in constant use into paper bags, leaving out one to put on top as a sample. This plan saves washing when extra dishes are needed.

Pure Rain-Water on Tap

Mrs. A. A.—Texas

An excellent cask for keeping rain-water in a healthy condition is made as follows: Set the cask or barrel on end, take out its head and at a distance of about one-third from the bottom put in a false bottom pierced with holes. Cover this shelf with a piece of very heavy canvas and put over it a layer of clean, small pebbles, sand and charcoal to the depth of one inch. Over this filtering shelf put another, also pierced with holes, to prevent the water above from rushing down too fast and disturbing the filtering materials. At the bottom of the barrel place a tap or faucet to draw off the water as wanted. The rain-water barrel must be kept tightly closed.

To Keep Spools of Thread

Mrs. M. B. M.—Wisconsin

My husband fitted two of my sewing machine drawers with thin boards through each of which he drove wire nails, driving them to the head. Placed in the drawers with the points of the nails upward, they form a most convenient receptacle for spools of thread. One row holds white thread from No. 24 to 100; another holds black thread and silk, and the two remaining rows are filled with a miscellaneous collection of thread, silk and twist.

For Varied Dinner Menus

Mrs. M. T. S.—Massachusetts

Two intimate friends have an envelope apiece which contains a pencil and a medium sized block of paper. Daily, for a certain period, each person writes the dinner menu she had for her family, each time tearing off the slip of paper and leaving it in the envelope. At the end of the stated period the two friends exchange envelopes and use each other's menus. This system gives the housekeeper a rest from planning the daily menu, a rest which is especially welcome in the summer, and also serves to introduce new dishes and thus prevent monotony of diet.

Useful Tatting Suggestion

Miss A. W. R.—Illinois

Women who make tatting will save much time by whittling a sharp point on the end of their tatting shuttles. They can pull the thread through the picots with this instead of having to resort to a pin or a crochet needle each time.

Spots Removed on China

Mrs. J. W. S.—New York

A cheap, easy and effective way of removing the brown discolorations from old china is to bury the dish in earth, covering it completely. The time required to remove the spots depends upon their color, darker spots naturally requiring more time than lighter ones. This method will not injure the most delicate china.

Windows That Stick

Miss M. G.—Wisconsin

To open a window which sticks from dampness, take each window cord on the upper part of the window in hand at the same time and pull until the weights are up at the top. Let go suddenly, and the force of their fall will start the most obstreperous window.

Handy Tie and Belt Rack

Mrs. F. L. B.—New York

I screw a nickel towel rack to the inside of my wardrobe door to hang neckties, belts and shoe-strings on. The racks are very handy for these articles, and cost only ten cents.

Baby's Bonnet Strings

Mrs. L. D. P.—California

Strings on the baby's bonnet were always so chewed up and unsightly that I invented a "chin strap" of the bonnet material, making a buttonhole in each end of the strap. This buttoned onto the button that also answered the purpose of holding the crown of the bonnet to the head-piece.

Fresh Bread from Stale

Mrs. D. S.—Wisconsin

When bread begins to get stale, it can be easily freshened by wrapping it in a wet cloth and placing it on the grate in a hot oven. This will keep the loaf from getting too hard on the outside.

Doughnuts, cookies, etc., can best be freshened by placing them in a paper bag in a hot oven. Rolls seem freshly baked when covered with a wet cloth and heated.

An Egg Hint

Mrs. H. W. W.—Ohio

When separating the whites from the yolks of eggs, if you accidentally break the yolks into the whites, dip a clean cloth in warm water and wring it dry. Touch the yolk which has dropped with a point of this cloth and it will cling to it at once.

Helpful in Crocheting

Mrs. H. W. S.—New York

Run a hatpin through the hole in your spool of crocheting cotton and pin it to the arm of your chair. The thread will run smoothly; your work will be more regular, and you cannot lose the spool.

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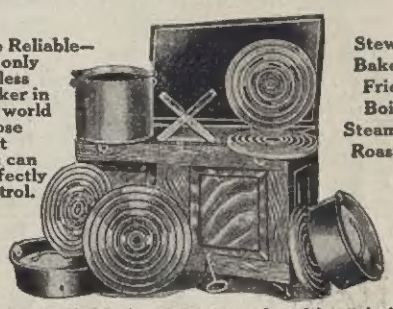

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Pictorial Review Scrap-Book

Cut Out and Paste in Your Scrap-Book for Future Reference

THE aim of this department is to prepare helpful information for its readers in a useful and compact way, so that it may be easily cut out and filed for reference, thus doing away with the needless cutting up of the magazine. It will be our object to present articles on subjects of vital interest to housekeepers from month to month in these columns.

We would suggest filing this and other information found in PICTORIAL REVIEW in a scrap-book divided into various classifications, such as Cooking, Entertainment, Household Helps, etc. Divide these larger topics, in turn, into subheads and keep the front page of the book for an index. In this way the help which the magazine gives you will be of permanent value.

How to Clean Metals

PRACTICALLY every housewife has to meet the problem of cleaning metals of one kind or another, for every home contains an abundance of metal ware. Even if there is not much silver, bronze or aluminum in the house, there is a large supply of other metal. There are, for example, the brass faucets, the nickel-plated bathroom fixtures, the iron saucepans, the tin pans and all the other ware which must be kept clean and shiny if any pretense at good housekeeping is to be made.

Besides the cleaning methods suggested below, there are many preparations on the market, many of which are better than the home-made ones given here. The following, however, will be found very effective where cleaning preparations are not available:

Aluminum

IN cleaning aluminum, be careful not to use any gritty substance, as it will scratch the ware. Also, never use soda in any form, for it will cause a black tarnish to be formed that is impossible to remove.

Wash the pieces to be cleaned in a solution of soft water and soap; then drain and rub thoroughly with a chamois cloth.

Put a little lemon juice on a cloth and rub the utensils well. Polish with a clean cloth.

Mix a little whiting with cold water to form a paste. Rub it on the vessel and polish with a soft cloth.

Brass

BY far the best method of cleaning brass is by means of one of the standard market preparations. Directions for using these are given on each can. Where cleaning preparations are unavailable, however, these home remedies will be useful.

If the brass is merely tarnished, apply whiting moistened with aqua ammonia; then polish with a soft cloth or leather. Do not use too frequently, as ammonia will dissolve brass. Finish with some fullers' earth rubbed on with a soft cloth.

Lay the pieces to be cleaned in a strong solution of soda and hot water and brush over well with soap. Lift out, lay on another dish and pour boiling water over them. Allow to lie for a few minutes; then lift out and dry carefully.

Where brass is not merely tarnished, but also corroded, make a solution of one ounce of oxalic acid, a cupful of boiling water and a tablespoonful of hydrochloric acid. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; then rub clean with another cloth. This preparation is a strong poison; so be careful in using it.

Copper

RUB the copper with a mixture of vinegar and salt; then wash in salt and water and dry well with a soft cloth.

Dip an onion peel into extra fine pumice stone, and apply it thoroughly to the vessel that is to be cleaned. Wipe off with a clean cloth and polish with a chamois rag, rubbing it up to a good shine.

Dip a squeezed-out lemon into fine cinders and proceed as above.

Iron

MANY excellent scouring soaps for cleaning iron may be bought, and should be used if possible. If they are unavailable, try this method:

To clean iron saucepans, remove any food that may be stuck to the inner surface and clean the main part of the soot from the outer surface by scraping it off with a knife. Then rub the pot well with soap, and scrub it with a brush dipped in silver sand or other gritty substance. Rinse well in hot water to remove all dirt, dip into cold water and place upside down in a warm spot to dry.

To prevent iron from rusting, give it a coat of linseed oil and whiting mixed together to form a paste. This may be removed easily.

Gold

GOLD jewelry that is dulled may be brightened by dipping it into a solution of warm soap-suds containing one part of ammonia to three parts of water. Rinse well and polish with a clean chamois rag.

Dull gold may be cleaned by rubbing it gently with a soft brush moistened in bicarbonate of soda and water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Rinse thoroughly and dry in pure, warm sawdust.

Nickel

FOLLOW any of the directions given under "Silver."

Pewter

APPLY onion peel and extra fine pumice stone, or lemon and fine cinders, as described under "Copper."

Make a stiff paste of powdered pumice stone and soap, and add a bit of sweet oil. Wash the pewter thoroughly; moisten the paste with water and rub it well over the pieces. Leave on for several hours; then rub it off with a soft cloth. Polish with a mixture of ammonia and whiting by rubbing with a piece of clean chamois.

Silver

MIX prepared chalk with water and apply to the silverware with a piece of soft leather or chamois. Polish with a clean cloth. Do not use soap, as it dulls the luster.

Mix equal parts of whiting, ammonia and alcohol. Apply with a flannel, allow it to dry and then polish with tissue paper.

Pour sour milk into a tin or aluminum vessel and put in the silver. Allow to stand a few hours; then take out, rinse and rub dry with a clean, soft cloth.

When putting away silver for the summer, paint it with a soft brush dipped in alcohol in which some collodion has been dissolved. It will dry immediately and form an invisible coating on the silver which will protect it from tarnishing and which can be washed off easily by dipping the pieces in hot water. A piece of camphor kept in the silver chest will do much to prevent tarnishing.

Steel

STEEL articles may be cleaned by rubbing with a piece of raw potato, unslaked lime or powdered pumice stone.

Rub discolored steel with a brush dipped in paraffin oil and then in emery powder. Polish with a dry chamois cloth.

To prevent steel articles, such as skates, sled runners, etc., from rusting when they are put away for the season, coat them with lard mixed with pulverized black lead and a little camphor.

To take rust out of steel, rub with salt wet with hot vinegar. After scouring rinse with boiling water and dry thoroughly with a flannel cloth. Then polish with a clean flannel cloth and a little sweet oil. Or rub well with kerosene oil, leaving the articles covered for a day or so, and then rubbing them well with finely powdered, unslaked lime.

Tin

WET a cloth and dip it in common washing soda. Rub the ware briskly and rub dry.

Mix whiting with water and ammonia to form a stiff paste, and apply to the tin to be cleaned. Be careful that all of the powder is wiped off before putting the dish away.

Zinc

WASH with soap and warm water and dry. Rub carefully with a cloth dipped in turpentine or kerosene.

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